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Received
May 1839.

MEMOIRS

OF

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

MRS. HAWKES.

MEMOIRS

OF

MRS. HAWKES,

LATE OF ISLINGTON;

INCLUDING,

REMARKS IN CONVERSATION

AND EXTRACTS FROM SERMONS AND LETTERS

OF THE LATE

REV. RICHARD CECIL.

BY CATHARINE CECIL.

I HAVE CHOSEN THEE IN THE FURNACE OF AFFLICTION.
Isa. xlviii. 10.

FROM THE SECOND LONDON EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. WHETHAM, 144, CHESTNUT STREET.

M DCCC XXXVIII.

J. L. Powell, Printer,
Burlington, N. J.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It was the will of my deceased god-mother Mrs. Hawkes, that I should possess her manuscript books and papers, after her death; not only on account of the numerous passages which they contain relating to my honoured Father, but also on account of that close and affectionate friendship which followed from the relation in which she stood towards me.

The personal obligations conferred upon me, from early childhood, by the deceased, together with my knowledge of the minute details of her life, seemed to make it peculiarly my duty to communicate to others those words of hers which may be compared to a "well-spring of wisdom." And I have felt the less reluctance to engage in a work, from which I should otherwise have shrunk, while acting under a sense of providential direction,—being encouraged and urged to the undertaking by some of the nearest relatives of the deceased, as well as by several of my own particular Friends, whose judgment I could not but respect.

C. Cecil.

5, Little James Street,
Bedford Row.

June 20, 1837.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

At the request of some friends who had purchased the First Edition of this work, a further selection has been made from Mrs. Hawkes's papers, of such remains of the late Rev. Richard Cecil, as may be interesting to the public. This further selection is added, in the Second Edition, to the former Appendix.

PREFACE.

The Christian experience of Mrs. Hawkes which is now presented to the Public, possesses a character common to that of other believers, as it may be traced to the operation of the Holy Spirit. On this account it ought to be considered precious in itself; apart from those considerations which, in the present instance, concur to render it valuable to others. It is not often that so many advantages unite to render the experience of a Christian profitable to the public in general. To find the deepest views of the evil of sin, in a person whose moral character was, through life, the most exemplary;—the clearest views of the doctrines of grace, with a strict and conscientious regard to their practical tendency;—the strongest and most simple faith, ever in connection with the penitence of her who washed the Saviour's feet with her tears;—a love to God truly filial, ever blended with a reverential fear; and a humility which was as the clothing of her soul;—to find the cheerful affectionate friend, ever administering to others, in the same person with the oppressed and afflicted sufferer,—where patience had, by means of constant trial, its perfect work:—these are fruits of the Spirit so precious in themselves, and so rare in their combination, that they require to be made manifest. "Is a candle brought to be put under a bushel, or under a bed? and not to be set on a candlestick?"

The subject of this Memoir was little known out of her own circle. But the same reasons which induced the inspired writers to record the names of Lydia, "whose heart the Lord opened to attend to the things spoken by Paul," apply strongly to the present case. Thus also the Scripture speaks of "the woman named Damaris," and of "Dionysius the Areopagite,"

of whom nothing is recorded except that they "believed." This may appear of little consequence to the world: but the Holy Spirit thus teaches us that the greatest works go on in the secret chambers of the heart, and in private life. When our Saviour bruised Satan's Empire—the greatest work that men or angels ever beheld,—the field of action was narrow, and the world saw little in it to attract attention. Yet to the eye of faith, there is presented in the confined spot of Calvary, a stupendous work of power, wisdom, and goodness, which "Angels desire to look into." And among the names recorded on that solemn occasion, we find those of the few women who attended our Saviour's crucifixion, and who were properly affected by that sight. Matt. xxvii. 56.—Luke xxiii. 48.

Another inducement to the publication of these Memoirs is, that Mrs. Hawkes's records of her experience are left, (without the least idea on her part of their ever seeing the light, but as the natural result of her cultivated and intelligent mind,) in a form suited both to delight and profit the serious Reader. In this history there is not much variety of incident. The design of the work is to exhibit the spiritual exercises of her mind, and to follow out her Christian experience under a continued course of affliction.

The Sermons and other materials of this compilation, which may appear foreign to the Memoir, have not, properly speaking, been introduced by the Biographer. They were found so interspersed and interwoven in almost every page of Mrs. Hawkes's diary, that it would have been difficult to separate them. It is however believed that they will be found interesting and instructive. The same must be observed respecting the various allusions to Mr. Cecil's family, (of which Mrs. Hawkes was for several years a member,) and which could not have been omitted without breaking the thread of her private experience and history.

Neither must it be forgotten that the fine character of Mrs. Hawkes was developed under the immediate training of Mr. Cecil's ministry and converse. She was a "plant of his hand,

a child of his prayer;" and it is not surprising that where there existed the relation of spiritual father and daughter, there should result a degree of mental and moral affinity, giving colour to Mrs. Hawkes's intellectual and religious character, and appearing in her remains.

In Mrs. Hawkes's correspondence there will be found a beautiful specimen of the *communion of saints;* all the letters introduced contain some practical instruction, and breathe the pure spirit of Christianity. She was a person fraught with so much sympathy, and so deeply exercised in the school of affliction, that every mourner sought to her as a general friend. Both her verbal and written admonitions ever contained the most judicious counsel, and were delivered in the most benevolent and affectionate manner.

In the early part of the work there is a large selection from the letters of Mrs. Hawkes's sister, Mrs. Jones,—who was also a very eminent Christian. Her style of writing is both lively and interesting; and her letters ever present religion in an elevating and encouraging point of view.

Should it seem to any one unacquainted with Mrs. Hawkes, that her character has been drawn by partiality, it is here seriously affirmed, that every statement has been made from an entire conviction of its truth; and under a deep sense of the solemn obligations under which a Biographer lies, to add nothing in a way of panegyric.

There are not many who have been favoured with equal opportunities with myself of knowing *intimately* the Deceased, or of partaking so largely of her instructions. It was perhaps a duty, when intrusted with her manuscript books and papers, not to hide the talent in a napkin; but rather to "gather up the fragments" left by this valuable character, and present them to the public in the form of a Memoir.

The employment has furnished both delight and improvement. It is impossible to trace closely "the path of the just" without being cheered, as well as directed, by the light which shines upon it. If a regret arises that a stronger hand was not

employed to hold up this shining light to others, it may be remembered, that a lamp loses nothing of its light from being carried by a feeble hand.

May the GREAT HEAD of the Church condescend to accept, and bless, what has been now done in dependence upon His grace; making it conduce to the encouragement and assistance of his members upon earth, and especially to the promotion of his own glory.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

FROM HER BIRTH TO HER MARRIAGE.

Page.

From A. D. 1759 to about 1785 13

CHAPTER II.

FROM HER MARRIAGE TO HER SETTLEMENT AT HOLLOWAY.

From A. D. 1785 to 1790 17

CHAPTER III.

FROM HER SETTLEMENT AT HOLLOWAY TO HER LEAVING THAT PLACE.

From A. D. 1790 to 1796 37

CHAPTER IV.

HER RESIDENCE IN MR. CECIL'S HOUSE.

From A. D. 1796 to 1802 135

CHAPTER V.

FROM HER SETTLEMENT AT MR. COLLYER'S TO HER REMOVAL TO BETCHWORTH.

From A. D. 1802 to 1811 181

CHAPTER VI.

HER TEMPORARY ABODE AT BETCHWORTH.

Page.
From A. D. 1811 to 1812 221

CHAPTER VII.

FROM HER SETTLEMENT AT PENTON PLACE TO HER REMOVAL TO QUEEN'S ROW.

From A. D. 1812 to 1817 227

CHAPTER VIII.

HER RESIDENCE AT QUEEN'S ROW, PENTONVILLE.

From A. D. 1817 to 1828 265

CHAPTER IX.

HER REMOVAL FROM QUEEN'S ROW, AND SUBSEQUENT RESIDENCE IN CROSS STREET, ISLINGTON.

From A. D. 1828 to 1832 326

CHAPTER X.

CLOSING PERIOD OF HER LIFE.

From Jan. 1832 to Oct. 16, 1832 359

CHAPTER XI.

Concluding Remarks 369
Appendix 381

MEMOIRS, ETC.

CHAPTER I.

FROM HER BIRTH TO HER MARRIAGE.

FROM A. D. 1759, TO ABOUT 1785.

Introductory remarks—Her birth—Piety of her parents—Concern for the conversion of their children—Gaity of Mrs. Hawkes in her younger years—Her love of music and reading—Her marriage.

THE devout and discerning reader will not have proceeded far in this volume, without feeling that it displays a character of unusual vigour in the christian life; and it is believed that no such reader will close the volume, without thanking God for the examples which it offers of faith and wisdom in his servants, and the evidence which it gives of His own gracious dealings.

The subject of the following Memoir evidently belongs to that company spoken of in Rev. vii. 14. "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb:" and the precious faith which she obtained, "though tried with fire, will be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." 1 Peter i. 7.

The intention of the following pages is to manifest, chiefly by a reference to the diary and letters of the deceased, the supporting and purifying nature of that faith which she had embraced; and the genuine humility which accompanied her high attainments in the school of Christ.

Three sources of affliction may be marked in the history of this eminent servant of God. In the earlier part of her married life, she enjoyed worldly prosperity,—but was severely exercised by domestic trials. To this course of discipline succeeded the loss of affluence and ease; which reduced her to a state of dependence on the bounty of others. These trials

were augmented during the latter years of her life by very acute and unusual bodily sufferings;—and throughout this course, it is most instructive and encouraging to witness the power of religion in sustaining her spirit, and in raising her above all her complicated and lengthened trials.

Mrs. Hawkes was born in the year 1759, at Broad Marston in Gloucestershire, where her parents resided. She was the youngest of thirteen children, five of whom died in childhood. Her father, Mr. Thomas Eden, was a person of strong sense and real piety. He was intimately acquainted with the Rev. John Wesley; and his house was always open for the reception of that eminent servant of God, and his accompanying preachers, in their annual circuit visits to that place. Mr. Wesley used to preach, on these occasions, at Pebworth church, in a neighbouring village: but to provide more frequent opportunities for preaching the gospel, Mr. Eden built a small chapel at Broad Marston, near to his own house, the services of which were always performed by Mr. Wesley's preachers.[1] Mr. Eden also left an estate, of about £60 a year, to be expended in several parishes, for the education of children, from the age of five years, until they were able to go to work.

We may revert with equal pleasure to the christian character of Mrs. Eden. It appears that devoted piety, and strict attention to maternal duties, rendered her equally valuable both as a wife and a mother. The instructions which she gave her children were continually watered by her prayers and tears, as well as illustrated by her example.

Though there are sad instances to the contrary, yet it has been often seen that eminently pious parents have been blessed with eminently pious children. The command "Train up a child in the way that he should go," is connected with the promise, "and when he is old, he will not depart from it." St. Paul, when bearing testimony to the unfeigned faith of Timothy, calls to remembrance that which also dwelt first in his grandmother Lois, and his mother Eunice. A short extract from a letter of Mrs. Eden's, dated Dec. 1781, addressed to her second daughter Mrs. Jones, will enable the reader to form some idea of Mrs. Eden's feelings both with respect to herself and her children. She writes as follows:—

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[1] The reader will remember that at the period when Mr. Eden lived, the Church of England was in a lamentably torpid state, which induced many of its pious members to encourage lay preachers.

"I thankfully acknowledge the loving-kindness of the Lord, in carrying on his good work in my soul. Truly can I say, it is my desire to live *entirely* to his glory. Blessed be God, my health is much mended of late; and I trust the Lord will spare me longer, to make me fitter to enjoy his blissful presence in a glorious eternity. I hope you and Mr. Jones go on well, and press after greater depths of humble love, and more of the image of your heavenly Father. I have many cares and fears: but I cast them all on him who careth for me. The souls of my dear children lie heavily on my heart: but through mercy, I find myself more than ever resigned to the will of God; and I desire to leave all to him, and live only to his glory."

In this case, however, as in many others, the faith and patience of these pious parents were to be tried by not witnessing the speedy conversion of those children, for whose spiritual life, they had indeed "travailed in birth until Christ should be formed in them." The bread cast upon the waters was, nevertheless, found after many days. Not only the subject of this memoir, but several of the other children of these pious parents lived to become ornaments to society, and died in the faith of the Gospel.

It may seem surprising that, with so many religious advantages, the younger days of Miss Sarah Eden, afterwards Mrs. Hawkes, should have been marked by the love of gaity and amusement. But it must ever be remembered, that true piety is not hereditary. How good soever the seed may be which has been sown, and how diligently soever it may have been watered, God alone can "give the increase." The same work of regenerating grace which was needful for the conversion of the parent, is equally indispensable for the conversion of the child. This truth needs, perhaps, to be more deeply considered by Christian parents. An entire reliance on the work of Divine grace, without any abatement of those efforts which are the absolute duty of parents, might cause the blessing to descend more speedily. Still, it must be acknowledged, that grace is sovereign; and this respects both the time and manner of conversion. The subject of this memoir was left for a season to seek satisfaction where it could never be found. To gratify her strong intellect by reading,—though disregarding a wise selection of books; to indulge her passionate fondness for music: and to give herself to the society of those equally gay and young friends, who, captivated by her peculiar sweetness of disposition, were ever ready to seek her acquaintance;—oc-

cupied those early years of health and vigour, which she afterwards, justly lamented, as having been lost in vanity and folly. In looking back upon them, she was ready to exclaim with the Poet,

> "Oh! the dark days of vanity! while here
> How tasteless! and how terrible when gone!"[1]

But Divince mercy had designed that her own ways should correct her. While intent on choosing the world for her portion, and listening only to the Siren voice of earthly allurements,—she formed a connexion in marriage entirely in conformity with such views.

The prospect was flattering as it regarded worldly advantages; and, for a short season, opportunities were thus afforded her for drinking more deeply of the perishable pleasures of this world; of which, however, it may be said, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again." John iv. 13. In the midst of her career of worldly prosperity, the day of trouble was fast approaching; and but for that special mercy which designed to "bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably to her,[2] and give her vineyards from thence," Hos. ii. 14, 15, she would indeed have been made, "like the heath in the desert, and would have inhabited the parched places in the wilderness." Jer. xvii. 6.

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[1] Young's Night Thoughts.

[2] "Speak to *her heart*."

CHAPTER II.

FROM HER MARRIAGE TO HER SETTLEMENT AT HOLLOWAY.

FROM A. D. 1785, TO 1790.

Her trials—Her conduct under them—Taken by her sister to hear the Rev. Rich. Cecil—Receives deep religious impressions—Becomes a constant attendant at St. John's Chapel—First interview between Mr. Cecil and Mrs. Hawkes—Begins to keep a Diary—Her entire change of character—Cautioned by Mrs. Jones against going to the Theatre—Her value of ordinances—Letter to Mrs. Jones—Visit to Broad Marston, her native place—To Dudley—Correspondence between Mrs. Hawkes and Mrs. Jones—Mrs. Hawkes goes to Birmingham—Sermon of the Rev. C. Simeon's at St. Mary's—She visits Honeybourne and other places, and returns to London—Mr. Cecil's visit—His remarks—His illness.

THE connexion which Mrs. Hawkes had formed was of a nature very unlikely to promote her happiness. The union had not been preceded by that serious consideration with regard to suitableness in feelings and principles, so strongly recommended in our wise and holy Liturgy. It cannot therefore be thought surprising that her chief trials should arise from this quarter.

During this dispensation, two features of her character were particularly manifested, namely, a capacity for *patient endurance* of evils which she could not remedy; and a delicacy of feeling which made her bear *silently* that sorrow which was ever springing up afresh from deep and hidden recesses: she could not so forget the relation in which she stood, as to discuss with her fellow creatures the peculiarities of her case.

But when more than human sympathy became needful, she was to receive the instructive consolation; "My grace is sufficient for thee." In her case was to be exhibited that grand prerogative of the Gospel, in making "all things work together for good" to those who receive it. She was taught to "cast her burden on the Lord," and was enabled to understand, in some measure, the design of present trials, as effecting a medicinal process, in order to bring about the gracious results proposed in that Scripture, "Behold I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." Isa. xlviii. 10.

While Mrs. Hawkes's mind was in this state, a circumstance took place, which though seemingly of small importance, proved, by its results, to have been overruled by that Divine Providence which ever guides and directs human events. Mrs. Hawkes had a pious sister, who, with her excellent husband, Mr. Jones, belonged to the congregation of St. Mary's Church, Birmingham: attending the ministry of the Rev. Edw. Burn.

Mrs. Jones having mentioned to Mr. Burn her intention of visiting her sister in London, Mr. Burn particularly recommended her going to hear the Rev. Richard Cecil, while she was in town. In compliance with this recommendation, Mrs. Jones went to St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, accompanied by Mrs. Hawkes. This occurred in the spring of the year 1787.

The impression made upon Mrs. Hawkes's mind, on this occasion, was deep and abiding. She entered into the sanctuary "a woman grieved in spirit:" Isa. liv. 6. She returned thence no longer sorrowful, but with new and powerful impressions of the efficacy of Scripture consolations; and with earnest desires to become a partaker of spiritual blessings. From this period Mrs. Hawkes constantly attended St. John's Chapel.

Mr. Jones, delighted to discover the deeply serious state of her sister's mind, and truly anxious to promote her spiritual interests, was induced to write to Mr. Cecil, after an interval of two years, and to request he would call upon Mrs. Hawkes.

Mr. Cecil's answer will be found included in the following letter, sent by Mrs. Jones to her sister, in the month of February, 1789, wherein she writes:—

"I have been considering that if 'to obtain a friend is worth all hazards we can run,' I surely ought to venture something towards procuring for you, if possible, the advice and counsel of Mr. Cecil. I have therefore written to beg the favour of him to call upon you; for I think that the state of your mind particularly requires it. I did this with much fear: which I find by his kind answer, there was no need for. I will transcribe a part of his letter for your encouragement. 'I most heartily join in rejoicing on the happy occasion of your letter; and the angels, we are certainly informed, join us both. It has been matter of much grief to me, during nearly nine years constant labour among the people of St. John's, to observe how few, comparatively speaking, believe the Gospel report to any saving purpose. Some indeed, I have observed awaking as from a dream, and setting out in good earnest towards the kingdom. Others seem roused a little, but soon fall down again in faster

slumber than before; and some seemed determined to sleep at any rate. Happy indeed shall I be if Mrs. Hawkes is found of the first class,—that when the bridegroom cometh, she may, as a wise virgin, be prepared for all consequences.

'I shall hope, Madam, for that assistance which I am persuaded your prayers will afford—together with those encouragements and admonitions which young converts need from every quarter. *My* assistance can be but general to one whom, at present, I know only by name; but *yours* may be particular and appropriate: and all will be found little enough as means, to secure a profession which has to grapple with the disorders not only of the careless, but religious world.'

"You see how glad the servant of God is, to hear of your setting out. Do not fear to speak to him with freedom; the good of souls is the chief desire of his heart, as well as the object of his endeavours. Though I cannot be present with you in person, on Friday, I hope for particular access to *Him*, who presides over your conversation, and who will Himself be present by his Spirit. I mean particularly to observe that day with much prayer. May the Holy Spirit be poured out upon us in rich abundance. I shall be almost one of your party; the ethereal part is not detained by cumbrous clay. I have been much mortified on account of my forgetfulness of your request;[1] but you know my weakness."

Mrs. Hawkes's first interview with Mr. Cecil took place shortly after; and thus commenced a sacred friendship, begun indeed in time, but reaching to eternity; a relationship between a father in the Gospel, and a spiritual child, who was to be his joy and crown at the appearing of Jesus Christ.

The advantages which Mrs. Hawkes derived from Mr. Cecil's ministry and private instructions, will best be seen by a reference to her diary. Many of her memorandums being in an obsure short hand, must unavoidably be lost. Some extracts from those which are written at length, will show the progress of Divine grace in her mind. The following was an account of her first interview with Mr. Cecil.

Feb. 17, 1789. "A DAY TO ME VERY MOMENTOUS: I look upon myself to-day as having entered the list of public professors of Christianity; i. e. to have declared myself as a follower of Christ.

"For many years past I have been much stumbled by mark-

[1] An engagement to meet at a certain hour for prayer.

ing the spirit, temper, and conduct of some professors. This may have been partly from my own ignorance of human nature, and partly from erecting too high a standard for professors in general. For though that religion connot be *real* which does not in some degree make old things become new, yet I have expected, perhaps, that it should change men into angels. This view, however, has made me to say to myself over and over, If ever I am religious, I will keep it a secret; for I will never make a profession, lest I too, should fall below the mark, and disgrace that sacred cause. A dread of this has, for many years, made me silent when my heart was at times stirred: but more especially since I first heard at St. John's, two years ago. My mind before this period, was merely transiently impressed, and the impressions wore away, and vanished like the morning dew; but from the first time of hearing Mr. Cecil, I earnestly began to cry out, 'WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED.'

"During the last two years I have literally 'roared with anguish of spirit.' The arrows of the Almighty have stuck so fast in me. Temptations from the world—temptations from within,—and most horrible temptations or suggestions from my spiritual enemy—have made my flesh tremble. The only thing that seemed to save me from absolute despair and distraction, was the reading Christian's fight with Apollyon; and his walk through the dark valley, in the PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

"It is generally believed among many of my acquaintance that I am mad. I *have been* mad with vanity and folly, but I trust that *now* the Lord is bringing me to a right mind.

"Though I have many very godly acquaintance and friends, I could never speak my mind to them; and I durst not speak to my minister, whom I never fail to hear, because of my determination to keep my religion to myself. At length, however, after much sorrow, and many prayers, He that promises help in time of need, sent his faithful and kind messenger to me, the least of all, with words of admonition, comfort, and instruction; which, while they are, I trust, engraven on my heart, I am also desirous to retain in my memory as to the *particulars:* and thus to secure to myself the advantage of often looking them over.

"In conversing, I first named my great and long predominating fear of making a profession, lest I should dishonour God. To which Mr. C. replied,—'Every Christian must meet with difficulties, temptations, and trials; and so will *you.* But what then? Is not God able to defend you? We, as ministers

of the Gospel, greatly rejoice to direct and assist our flock; but in a thousand cases, it is utterly out of our power to do it, even where we are most intimate. You will frequently find yourself *alone* in your journey, and feel that you can turn to no friend on earth for direction. In such cases, you must not be dismayed, but trust in God; and feel out your way like one groping in the dark; take a step at a time.

'On the other hand, take care, when you receive help from any friend, or your minister, that you do not lean too much upon them, nor be too anxious for their support. We are all poor earthen vessels.

'Watch and pray against failures; but take heed of desponding under them. Be content to travel as you are *able*. The oak springs from the acorn; but does it become a tree at *once?* Because the stage waggon cannot travel to York as fast as the stage coach, would you therefore say it will *never* get to York? The mushroom springs up in a *night;* but what is the *mushroom?*

'You must not look for perfection either in yourself or others. Not to allow for the infirmities and defects of a fallen nature, is not to understand any thing about the matter; nay, it is to speak directly contrary to the Bible, the standard of all truth. There never was more than one perfect character upon earth, and he was the most tender and compassionate towards the imperfections of men. He knew what was in man, for he looked at the heart; and if he saw *that* right, he pitied, where those who judged only by the *outward apperance*, blamed; and defended, where they condemned.

'There is one distinction you should keep very clear in your mind—that religion itself, in its essence, is perfect; as our rule and standard it is unerring; nor can it be affected by the inconsistences or imperfections of its professors: the standard remains the same: the balances are true: but when its professors are weighed therein,—even the very best of them,—they are found wanting. Our aim must be to get every day nearer the standard; for whoever does not *labour*, not merely desire, but *labour* to be a better Christian every day, is not yet a Christian at all. Yet in this you must exercise *patience*. Do not measure yourself by a false standard. There are no doubt giants in the Christian world,—but would you be a giant at once? Do not be satisfied to be a dwarf; but remember there must be time to grow.'

Question to Mr. C. respecting dress.

Answer: 'Religion takes root in the heart, and when it has once got deeply rooted, it will be sure to regulate every

thing *without*. It will so occupy the mind, that every thing else will begin to lose its importance. Religion puts every thing in its proper place; and makes present things lighter than vanity. Even business, or literature, or science, if any one of these takes full possession of the mind, it makes dress a very insignificant thing; and often neglected even to slovenliness. How much more indifferent will *religion* make us about it. Nevertheless, it is good to avoid *singularity* of habit. No real Christian can give into the butterfly fooleries and extravagances of dress,—any more than they can run into the dissipation of worldly company. Religion does not bid you turn hermit, but rather to ornament your station.

'Be careful, in your commerce with the world, to act up to the character you profess. Do not put on a Pharisaical manner of, "Stand by, for I am holier than thou." Yet let it appear, that while you are under the necessity of hearing their vain conversation, you have no taste for it; no delight or interest in it. A humble, kind silence often utters *much*.

'None can pretend to say how far you may intermix in worldly company, and get no stain or soil. Situation, circumstances, &c., must all be taken into consideration. But *this* may be said, that he only mixes with the world with *safety*, who does it not from inclination, but *necessity*.

'As to amusements, and what are called recreations, a really awakened Christian will neither find taste nor leisure for them. Religion furnishes the mind with objects sufficient to fill up every vacancy. Yet as you name them, I would have you mark carefully every thing that *disposes* or *indisposes* the mind to holy pursuits. Persons of tender health are very careful to avoid whatever is hurtful; such as damps—infectious rooms—blighting winds. They attend to the injunctions of their physicians, the cautions of their friends, &c. If people were but as careful about their spiritual health as they are of their bodily health, we should see much stronger and taller Christians.

'Above all, before you become a pilgrim, sit down and COUNT THE COST. Your journey is up-hill every step of the way. You have foes within, ready to join with foes without to hinder, perplex, alarm, and distress you. Wisdom *in* the fight, is only to be gained by fighting. If the young convert could learn from the old Christian, what experience alone can teach, he might have a far easier journey; but each one must learn it for *himself*, and often by very painful discipline. Nor must we think our case hard, if we are made to

pass through much tribulation; since it is the way of *all* believers—nay of Christ himself.

'No doubt God *could* have led his people by an easier method. But since he has chosen *this*, it must be the best. He could have brought the Israelites into the land of promise by a shorter and a smoother way: but what he did was intended to prove them; to show them what was in their hearts—and to be a lesson to us.

'Take care that you never harbour hard thoughts of God. It is one of Satan's chief devices, to make you think dishonourably of God. Nothing is more displeasing to God, nor more injurious to the life of religion. See the slothful servant in the Gospel.

'Throughout the Scriptures you see how gracious God is: How he stoops to the poorest creature that comes to him through a mediator: How small an offering he will accept; if there can be *but* a small one. A single sigh from a contrite heart will penetrate his ear.

'Wherever God gives faith he will *try* it; and whoever becomes a follower of Christ, must deny himself, and take up his cross—must make great sacrifices—such as right hands, and right eyes: must expect opposition, persecution, mortification, cruel scoffings,—not only from the world, but from nearest and dearest friends. A man's sharpest and bitterest foes are "those of his own household." You must set your face like a flint against threatenings, and against allurements.

'But I would warn you of another danger arising from a quarter you may least expect—namely, from THE RELIGIOUS WORLD ITSELF. There are stumbling-blocks even in the church; there are many professors, who, when they see a person setting out in religion, will advise, one *this* course, and one *that*. One sort says, "religion is in its best estate among *us*." Another sort says, "among *us*;"—and the young convert, having a tender conscience, desirous of being right, is often greatly perplexed; for he finds that in the religious world there is a party spirit. Instead of obtaining the *milk* of the word, he has to distinguish between *bones* of doctrine; till at last he begins to doubt if there be any true spirit of religion at all.

'Do not form too high expectations from the professing world. Do not be in haste to form connexions—to make acquaintances—to place confidence—to turn to every professor and say, *lead me*.

'Do not enter into the list of religious *gossips*; who may not only puzzle you about hard points of doctrine, but may

lead you to waste your time to no purpose, in going from house to house, talking, instead of getting into the spirit of unity. There are too many of this sort; whose chief religion lies in going from church to church to hear, and from house to house to *prate;* but who are too seldom in their closets, too seldom in close converse with God. *Retired* Christianity is the *truest.* It is easy to fill the head with notions; but to sit still like Mary, at Christ's feet, and be a learner, is far better. Always be afraid of a specious religion.

'However high the cost may be of becoming a pilgrim, do not be disheartened. Remember, greater is He that is for you, than he that is against you. The Gospel requires nothing which it does not give you strength to perform. You must either wear Christ's yoke, or the devil's yoke; and it need not be told you which is the easiest. Godliness is great riches even in this world; and what shall you share in the next? If you be heartily on God's side, he will be on *yours.*'

Ques. "But suppose I should be in the number of such as shall 'seek to enter in, and not be able?'"

Ans. 'Observe, there is a material difference between one that only *seeks* to enter in—and one that *strives* to enter in. It is said, "*strive* to enter in at the strait gate; for many shall *seek*, and not be able." Here *striving* is distinguished from *seeking*. Do not be a listless uncertain seeker: but strive determinately—constantly—earnestly. Be like the merchant, whose head and heart are always on his merchandise. He watches wind and weather—seizes every favourable turn in business. He is all energy—all pursuit—nothing can divert him from his point. They that thus strive to enter in at the strait gate, taking God's way and help, shall never fail.

'But the Christian must *wait* as well as pursue. He must exercise faith and patience as well as diligence. The husbandman waiteth long for the harvest. You must have patience with yourself. You must have patience with God. There is nothing which young Christians are more apt to fall into than impatience. If they do not immediately see an answer to their prayers, they say, "The Lord does not hear—he does not regard." Whereas, you must fix your faith in the promise and word of God; which declares, *he does hear*, whatever appearances may be. He may not answer your prayers in *your* time, but he will answer them in the *best* time. Do not judge from your frames and feelings; but by the word of God, which says, "I will hear them that call upon me."—"Faithful is he that hath promised."'

Ques. "How far those persons are right, who insist upon our ascertaining *the precise time*, and *manner*, when the pardon of sin is actually received?"

Ans. 'The best evidence of the pardon of sin, is, that we bring forth the fruits of righteousness. Evidence is the child of experience. Those who talk of sudden and instantaneous assurance, talk at random. Assurance is a fruit and effect of righteousness. It is progressive.'

Ques. "How far I might, with safety, indulge my strong passion for *music?*"

"Mr. Cecil replied with solemnity, 'You may indulge that as well as every other taste, as far as it tends to the glory of God, and does not interfere with the progress of the soul in divine things.'

"I feel self-condemnation, and captivity. But by Divine help, I will endeavour to set this rule before me; and will make a *stand*, whatever it may cost me, against what I think I may call *my ruling passion.*

"I count it a snare, and a misfortune, for a young woman to be in the habit of exhibiting any talent she is peculiarly famed for. I have felt its evil, and I know that a good voice has many temptations. Mothers and friends are too apt to gratify themselves and their daughters, at the expense of discretion and propriety. Not that this was the case with my dear and honoured mother; for she never would allow me, if she knew it, to sing any thing but Psalms and Hymns. But alas! this did not satisfy me. I now see my folly."[1]

The next extracts mark the entire change of character and taste which a true reception of the Gospel will always effect; as well as that opposition frequently manifested by those who are unacquainted with its efficacy.

April, 1789.—"Certain friends who have been in the habit of dining, and dawdling away the Sunday with us, think I am mad, or at least that I am a dreadful bigot. 'I used,' they say, 'to be amiable and obliging. Why not, as formerly, go to the Foundling—the Asylum, the Magdalen—or drive in the park. Off to Church in the morning—hurry over your dinner, off again in the afternoon—then off to Church again in the evening! It is too much of a thing. Mr. H. ought not to suffer it. Never any woman was so changed!' Ah so I had need to be; so I desire to be. I have dawdled away too

[1] Mrs. Hawkes observed to a friend, that *the singing of songs* was a part of worldly conformity—*the last she was able to give up.*

many Sabbaths. I now begin to taste the comforts of this change; and by the help of God, I will persevere, however I may be ridiculed or hated."

Wed.—"I prize my Wednesdays, and long for their coming round, because of the delightful evenings at Long Acre Chapel. Ah, how much more comfort have I *now* than formerly in going to the *theatre;* which I was so immoderately fond of, as to believe I could never become indifferent to it. A letter from my invaluable sister Jones did me much good upon this point."

Extracts from the religious correspondence between Mrs. Hawkes and Mrs. Jones having been preserved, and kindly furnished by a member of Mrs. Hawkes's family, an opportunity is afforded of supplying that part of Mrs. Jones's letter to which allusion has just been made; it is as follows:—

"You ask me respecting the innocence of going to hear and see Mrs. Siddons. For my own part, though my taste might be pleased, I should be afraid to frequent the theatre, because of the evil *influence* attending such places. I apprehend that if, in such an assembly, our eyes, like those of the servant of Elisha, were opened, we should see a host of evil spirits differently engaged, according to the variety of dispositions and propensities they had to encounter; and we might reasonably expect, that if any of the worshippers of God had dared to venture into a place so consecrated to Satan, that he would appoint some of his first engines to attack them."

Mrs. Hawkes next notices in her diary, a visit to a clergyman in the country, who had "run well," but who from her reflections seems to have been a backslider. Her remarks show that her own conscience was truly tender, and keenly alive to the concerns of her soul.

May 3, 1789.—"Arrived at ——, a beautiful rural spot. Much money has been expended to beautify the house and gardens:—but alas! I perceive that though their possessor has recourse to employment—to music—to company—he is like the dove that found no rest for the sole of her foot. Oh, that he would return to the ark!"

Sunday.—"A beautiful little church, on an enchanting spot of rising ground, very picturesque and interesting. But, the waters are bitter; nothing grows!

"My prayers and tears will not avail, but who can tell!"

June 25.—"Returned to town. My revered minister, and the Rev. Mr. Burn, breakfasted with us. 'The tongue of the just is as choice silver.'

"My trials at home seem heavier after an absence. 'The heart knoweth its own bitterness.' When shall I have attained that seemingly hard lesson, to *do well* and suffer for it *patiently?* I can suffer for it *silently*, but where is patience, love, resignation? 'Fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.'

"The brightest morning has often the darkest evening. So it has been with me to-day. So feeble is the texture of my mind, that it is easily thrown into disquietude: but many tears will not compose it again. No wonder that such a poor, rebellious, proud, sinful creature as I am, should need, and have, correction: but how far less have I than I deserve! I would desire to receive chastening as my necessary food, for 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.'"

Mrs. Hawkes's dispensation was indeed one of varied and long-continued suffering. *He*, however, who for wise ends had so ordered it, had given her a willing and obedient spirit, ready to take the appointed yoke and wear it patiently; which disposition was in itself a special blessing. Consolations of the highest order were also provided for her. In her knowledge of Christ she found, "A tabernacle for a shadow in the day time from the heat, and for a place of refuge, and for a covert from storm and from rain." Isaiah iv. 6. The following records will show, that while travelling through a dry and weary land, and under a scorching sun, it was in the sanctuary that she found shade.

Sunday, June 28.—"My heart leaps for joy in my restoration to my beloved and highly-valued privileges. 'I would rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than dwell in the palaces of the ungodly.'"

Sunday, July 5.—"Great weakness of body—many sharp trials from without—a disturbed and distracted mind—an evil foolish imagination—a malignant enemy,—all attack me. But there is a rock in this weary land."

Mem.—"Never again comply with any solicitations to leave my appointed place of worship; for where can I go to be so richly fed? Better say *no* to a friend, than say *yes*, to my soul's loss!"

Sunday, July 12.—"I feel it a profitable indulgence to attend early worship at Lothbury. The season is sacred, the bustle and folly of the world is not yet awake; there is a holy sympathy in the congregation; and the ordinance of the Lord's Supper is peculiarly delightful. I ought to think little of my week-day sorrows, for such *inestimable* favours on the Sabbath.

Sunday, July 19.—"I find it good to rise early to secure time, before public worship, for reading and prayer: and in

order that I may do this, let me imitate my honoured mother's custom of getting every thing of family business done on the Saturday night. She never failed to have every thing done, even to the preparation of every article for dinner; so that herself, children and servants, were freed from all occupation on the Sabbath. I recollect with reverence her godly habits. Alas! how little did I honour her as I ought to have done when she was living. But I feel the benefit of her pious example *now*."

Sunday, July 26.—"Too ill to observe my usual habit of rising early. The Lord will have 'mercy and not sacrifice.' I am enabled this day to set to my seal, that in the sanctuary I have found rivers of living water; and my dim eyes begin to see a *little* of the beauty of the Sun of Righteousness."

Sunday, August 2.—"Who ever trusted in the Lord and was disappointed? Who ever came to him desiring to be fed with the bread of heaven, and was sent empty away? Not I, this day, unworthy as I am! I am made, in a manner, to forget all the piercing sorrows of the week, and to say, let me only be favoured with the presence of my Saviour, and welcome all my allotted trials."

Thus as a new-born babe did Mrs. Hawkes "desire the sincere milk of the word, that she might grow thereby." She expresses strongly, in the following letter to Mrs. Jones, that support which she now derived, even in the midst of outward trials, from the consolations of religion.

"This has been a choice morning to my poor barren soul, which for the last week has been tried within and without. But blessed be my gracious Lord, who hath poured water upon the dry ground of my heart, and caused it to breathe forth, longing, panting, desires after *Himself*. I feel the refreshing droppings of his Spirit; and I am constrained to go out after him, whom, having not seen (glory be to his name,) I inexpressibly love and adore! Oh, the preciousness of a *present* Saviour! Oh, that he were thus *ever present!* I fear that I am not enough thankful for the goodness of my God. When heavy trials come, I am too apt to be bowed down. Not murmuring, thank God; I think I have not for a long time felt anything of that:—but I fear I am not rejoicing as I ought to be, for the many mercies that are mixed with my great trials. I call upon you to unite with me in praise and thanksgiving; I cannot give words to my full heart for the goodness and tenderness of God to me, the most unworthy of all his creatures. Glory be to his name, that he has graciously caused me to seek, and to find *Him;*—that by bringing me into his marvellous light,

he has afforded me such superior enjoyments, such ennobling *views*, such secret and solid satisfaction; such as, I am sure, never entered into my heart to conceive! Oh, it is all wonder and astonishment, that so much mercy should be bestowed on so undeserving a wretch! But these are the benefits and blessings of redeeming love. Perhaps you will say, I am indulging too high a flight. But who can soar too high, when contemplating the wondrous works of redemption? It is only to you, that I indulge the overflowing of my gratitude; one turn of my conscious eye into my vile *self*, at once awes and chastises my rapture; and tells me, with such favours, how far I am from what I ought to be."

The spiritual joy with which Mrs. Hawkes was favoured in the early stages of her conversion, together with her severe trials, exemplified in a striking manner the fulfilment of that promise, "I will betroth thee unto me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving-kindness, and in mercies: I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness; and thou shalt know the Lord." Hosea ii. 19, 20. It is, however, one characteristic of the new creature to be subject to fears respecting its preservation. These fears are naturally expressed in the following extract from her diary.

August 3.—"I am truly cast down because the time is arrived when we make our annual visit into the country. Some of the places to which I must go are peculiarly unfavourable to religion. I have also formerly exhibited there gaiety and folly. I have now to make a stand, and support a very different character. I am young and inexperienced in Christianity; I shall have no support from any creature. What if I should fall into temptation? what if I should be among such as are ashamed of Jesus and his cause? what if I should be like PLIABLE, and slide away into unworthy compliances! My very heart is ready to faint with fear. But I will pray with Jabez, 'O, that thou wouldest bless me *indeed*, and let thine hand be with me to keep me from evil.'"

Broad Marston.[1] *August* 7.—"Through mercy, I am here in safety, and find my valuable brother Henry in better health. May his life long be spared. He is a great ornament to religion, and a comfort to all about him. His great strength of understanding, and his remarkable aimableness and composure

[1] The paternal residence; and where Mrs. Hawkes had lived till the time of her marriage. Her second brother, Henry, continued to rent the estate after the death of his parents.

of temper, are truly admirable. I have lived with him many years, but I do not remember to have seen him angry on more than one occasion. Whenever he reproved either friend, domestic, or labourer, it was with mildness and dignity; and his unclouded, cheerful, genuine piety, spread a lustre over the whole of his character that was not to be described. O may I copy his bright example."

August 9.—"I have been shutting myself up in my dear departed mother's chamber, the very walls and furniture of which are sacred. A thousand times have I marked her retiring into it for purposes of devotion. Often have I overheard her strong cries and tears to God, and often caught the sound of, 'MY CHILDREN,' as if that interest was uppermost. At morning, at noon, and at evening, she never failed to retire to read and pray. Thousands of tears has she shed in this chamber: where I have sometimes had the privilege of kneeling down by her side. How *present* in her image! how sweet my communion with her departed spirit! Little did I then know the value of her intercession for her children; or the weight of her character or example as a Christian. Thank God, I know it *now;* and abhor myself in proportion as I estimate *her*. Oh that I might but tread in her honoured steps! Oh that her prayers for every one of us may be like 'bread cast upon the waters,' found after many days! Oh may my dear mother's God be *my* God! He graciously carried her through many years of weakness and sorrow. He enabled her to walk worthy of her high calling; and he stood by her in a dying hour. Her last words were, 'For me to die is gain'—and, 'I will pray for my children while I have breath.'

"My brother——seemed much upon her mind. Oh may his mother be much upon his mind, and upon all our minds; and may we meet her in glory! Who knows but her happy spirit has been a witness to my secret transactions in her former chamber. May all my transactions through life be equally pleasing in her eyes!"

Dudley.—"I am here truly 'like a sparrow upon the house-top.' I am full of fears lest I should dishonour that holy name and cause I have so lately professed;—lest I should grieve that Holy Spirit, whose influence alone can support and help me. Thanks be to God, that he gives me to feel my danger, and shows me where lies my strength; and he also enables me, in the spirit of a little child, to tell him all my complaints and fears; and to call upon him for security. 'Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.'"

Mem.—"'Beware of hasty friendships; examine all *new proposals.*' I have had one to-day, but the advice at the beginning of this book[1] warns me. I have already experienced great advantage from endeavouring to follow my wise counsellor, in avoiding not only too great a degree of pliableness of temper, but also a mean, sneaking, irresolute, shame-faced behaviour among worldly people. I find by experience, that they soon discover when the mind is made up; and on making this discovery, cease to persuade you to join with them in their pursuits; while they secretly respect the consistent character. I perceive this *strongly* in the remarks made upon certain persons. Some say, we are to become all things to all men. But my honoured minister observed, we are in danger, lest in imitating St. Paul in becoming all things to all men, we attempt his *work* without the *ballast.*"

It was a great mercy to Mrs. Hawkes, that during her spiritual conflicts she had a sister strong in the faith, who was to her a nursing mother, to whom she could unburden every thought with advantage, and meet in return both sympathy and spiritual counsel. A reference to the correspondence of these affectionate sisters, may often illustrate the progress of the work of grace in Mrs. Hawkes's mind. In the following letter, Mrs. Jones, with a view to encourage her sister, expatiates, in a very animating manner, on the love and forbearance of God; she writes—

"I have had many exercises, but God has enabled me to lie at anchor until the storm was over. I have had much to bear within *myself*, but God is a God of *patience*, and therefore he beareth not like man, but like himself. There is no end of his goodness! no, *no end!* We serve a God of love, who accepts our endeavours to please him. He is not extreme to mark with rigour every little failure, but regards the *motive*, and the affections; and saith, 'Let your love be without dissimulation: let that be fixed; and as to other things, I know what is in man, and consider that he is but dust; and on that account I have opened a fountain to wash away his sin and uncleanness. His defilement shall not hinder the exercise of my love towards him; sinful as he is, if he abides in me, (by faith and love,) and my word abides in him, (as the mark to which he aims,) he may ask what he will, and it shall be done unto

[1] Her Diary, where she recorded Mr. Cecil's remarks.

him. O that we knew the strength of this promise, 'whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, it shall be done.'

"We may torment and perplex ourselves with this and the other defect; but we must come to God to be filled with his love. He will strengthen us for every good word and work; for nothing is so active, so operative a love, which the apostle fully proves, 1 Cor. xiii. We do not expect enough from this love. It is an *ocean*, and we must cast ourselves into it as well as we can.

"I hope you continue to meet me at the throne of grace at *twelve*. I feel it an animating thought, that we can unite in spirit, though we are absent in body. At the Lord's table, last Sunday, I had a very invigorating view of the love of God. It appeared to me without bounds, and as free as the air we breathe, so that my heart could only cry out 'Lord, *I accept it, I accept it.*' If in our most favoured moments we have sometimes a sight of the love of God, which we can by no means express in human language, O what amazing discoveries shall break upon our souls when they leave these clay tenements! The very anticipation of it is glorious!"

From Mrs. Hawkes to Mrs. Jones.

"I thank my dearest sister for her last letter; it did me good. My aching heart feelingly echoed back your words, 'There is no end of his goodness;' if there were, there would be an end of our hope, for I am sure there is no end of the daily provocations he receives at our hands, at least I can say from *mine*. I seem at this time to be learning deeper lessons of my own utter depravity; and to feel that sin is in every breath I draw,—in every pulse that beats. I frequently cannot open my lips; but am only able to prostrate my spirit before God. I feel that if I ask favours, I shall abuse them; and yet I cannot live without asking more and more. Therefore I can only pray, if there are any in the family of Christ whose case resembles mine, deal with me as thou dealest with them. I have been greatly encouraged lately by the consideration of the wisdom of God, and by believing that what his wisdom undertakes, his love will complete. I see, in some measure, that nothing less than infinite wisdom, power, and mercy, did ever devise or accomplish the salvation of a sinner. I have had some spiritual exercise and temptations of late, which I had not expected; so little do I know of the narrow path. Had I experienced these before my faith was well grounded, it seems to me, I should have been overset. But 'I

know in whom I have believed'—and I doubt not, though the combat is sharp and long, and I can only just keep my head above water, by seeing sometimes one promise, and sometimes another, that either in time or eternity, I shall see the *needs be* for the trials of this part of my pilgrimage. I thirst for more divine wisdom; and if it must be gained by suffering, so let it be, as far as I shall be able to endure.

"However, I can say this, 'If I am not willing to be cured of the disease of sin at any expense, Lord, do it *against* my will: only uphold me during the process.' I know what it is to have sharp bodily pains, and can conceive of others still more severe; but all is nothing to that crucifixion of the spirit, which we must pass through. That passage was brought strongly to my mind this morning, 'Satan hath desired to have thee, that he might sift thee as wheat, but *I have prayed for thee*.' Who can be sufficiently thankful for such an intercessor! Through grace I am yet enabled to say, 'Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy;' I shall yet see thy overthrow, and my victory. Through the blood of the Lamb, I shall yet be more than conqueror. And though various trials and temptations from within and without have well nigh shaken to the ground this house of clay, yet I trust I have another provided, 'A house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' Let your prayers, my dear sister, help to waft me thither. I need them much. I thank you for the benefit I have already derived from them: I entreat yet more. I much wish to come to visit you, and hope I shall soon. The *time* I leave to Him who is my guide and comforter, as far as comfort is needful. That I have not more, is owing to *myself;* that I have *any*, is owing solely to the riches of His grace."

Mrs. Hawkes went soon after to visit her sister at Birmingham, which appears from the following notice in her diary.

Birmingham, Sept. 9, 1789. "The meeting of ministers at St. Mary's. Rev. C. Simeon preached from Col. iii. 11. 'Christ is all, and in all!'"

'All in all to the poor—to the rich—to the afflicted—to the prosperous—to the weak—to the ignorant—to the guilty.'

"His sermon animated my heart; and so did his private, social prayer, and conversation. So pious, so affectionate, so desirous that I should take Christ to be my *all in all;* to give myself as a *chaste virgin to be married to Christ;* to cleave to him closely, as the shadow moves wherever the substance moves.

"My heart responds to his entreaty. I desire that Christ should be all in all."

Sept. 15.—"Returned to *Broad Marston.* Went to visit my aged and excellent aunt, S.[1] 'an Israelite indeed,' not outwardly only, but in the heart. She is naturally more like an angel than any character I know; but grace superadded, makes her also a saint. Not in her own eyes—for she is a mirror of humility, true and unfeigned. Her daughter, Mrs. Cooper, is also an excellent, sincere Christian, who seems to have a good portion of Mary's heart, with Martha's hands. She is a miracle of patience and resignation. Though she is said to have a confirmed cancer in each breast, she appears quite cheerful, and sings walking about the house as if nothing was the matter. She declares, that notwithstanding she has witnessed the sufferings and death of her sister, from this disease, and has no reason but to expect to go through the same, yet she has seldom an anxious hour on that occasion; for she can leave the matter with God, who will either deliver or support her, through whatever afflictions he lays upon her."

"*Mem.*—Mrs. Cooper lived only a few years after this, and *then died suddenly!* How wise and how happy, to commit her cares to him who cared for her. What would her anxieties have done these few remaining years, save, perhaps, to have brought on the very sufferings she had reason to fear? O how sinful to distrust God, and meet trouble before it comes; thereby making it double. Yet this I am doing every day. Lord, enable me to leave caring for the morrow, and trust simply to thee!"

Honeybourne,[2] *Sept.* 20.—"I have this day been visiting the grave of a female friend and companion of my younger days, who died in the 27th year of her age. She, like myself, no sooner married, than she became a child of sorrow. Her constitution, seemingly very strong, was broken by affliction; and she was carried off by a rapid consumption. Her grave speaks loudly to me. May I hear and observe; and may I, like her, die in hope of a blessed resurrection."

Birmingham, *Oct.* 10.—"Happy to return to this favoured place. Heard the Rev. Mr. Burn, from Luke xxii. 31, 'Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have thee, to sift thee as wheat: but I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not!'"

"A remarkable circumstance occurred under this very animated and striking sermon. A poor woman had for some time been under a violent, and almost irresistible temptation to

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[1] Her father's sister. [2] Residence of her eldest brother, Nathaniel.

drown herself; and declared, she had actually risen from her seat no less than twenty times with a design to throw herself into the canal. One of her neighbours seeing her this morning weeping bitterly, enquired into the cause of her distress, and talked with her, but without much effect. While Mr. Burn was preaching at St. Mary's church, she, by seeming accident, dropped in, and was so arrested by the discourse, that she returned home quite another creature.

"Such is the benefit of being in the way of duty; and such the infinite mercy of having a Saviour who says to all his tempted ones, 'I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not!'"

London, Sunday, Nov. 1—"I desire to be unfeignedly thankful for the comfort I have this day received in the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. May I never lose sight of the engagements which I made at the altar, to give myself wholly to the Lord; and to take him to be my righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."

Wednesday, Dec. 2.—"My Sundays and Wednesdays are my days of holiday,—days of feasting. I rejoice in their return; and they afford me ten thousand times more satisfaction and real pleasure than all my days of gaiety and mirth."

Friday, Jan. 1, 1790.—"Had a visit from my revered father in the Gospel, who, as he always does, gave me the richest instruction; which though I cannot recollect as to the *expression*, is, I trust, as to the *substance*, engraven on my heart.

"'Rejoice,' he said, 'rather than despond, at the discoveries you obtain of the deceitfulness of your heart. It may be painful to you, but it is *safe*. Christians must *fight*, not *faint*. Such as get the deepest knowledge of their indwelling evils, are better grounded in religion than those who only see the surface. Observe what views David had of his sinfulness.

'Take care of reading what is called CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE. Very few of such books are well written, *i. e.* have the experience *simply* stated: only mark the difference between the characters given us in the Bible, and the characters usually drawn by *man*. God gives the true, simple account of the character. He writes down the defects as well as the excellences. But when man undertakes to write, he gives the best side of the story: he generally dresses out the character in all its excellences, and casts the defects into the shade. Do not, therefore, take your standard from human observation, but divine. Do not take another person's conscience for the rule of your own; for there are innumerable cases wherein one can-

not judge for another. Study the Scriptures with prayer, and a teachable spirit, and you will never greatly err.'

"*Mem.*—This is a word in season; for I have been ready to think I ought to turn to every passing pilgrim for help; and because I felt reluctant so to do, my scrupulous conscience has condemned me, as proud and fastidious. How thankful ought I to be for so wise and condescending a counsellor: for I am persuaded, that if in a multitude of counsellors there is *safety*, in a multitude of counsellors there is also confusion."

It were to be wished that Mrs. Hawkes had always inserted in her diary the particular fact, question, or difficulty, which drew out those remarks of Mr. Cecil's which she so carefully recorded. This would have thrown a stronger light on the foregoing observations respecting Christian Biography, as well as given a greater interest to the ideas themselves, as they occur on this and other occasions.

Wednesday—"How have I been feasted this evening by hearing from Heb. xii. 7, 8. 'If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons.' Let me learn not to murmur; but rather rejoice, under the repeated marks I have of *sonship*."

Friday.—"I am greatly alarmed and distressed to hear of a painful complaint under which my valuable friend and father now labours. I fear I have too much anxiety lest I should lose such an instructor. I ought to look to that Divine Teacher who has said 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' But alas! my faith is small, my weakness great; and my ignorance extreme. I shall never meet with such another minister: so able, so condescending. Surely he may say with St. Paul, 'We were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children.'"

Sunday.—"This is the most melancholy Sabbath I have passed since my attendance at St. John's Chapel! My invaluable teacher is too ill to preach; and my eyes run down with tears. In vain I try to encourage myself in hope: but I can pray, and that shall be my comfort."

Mrs. Hawkes's tender feelings on occasion of the illness of her minister, (which however proved but temporary,) recall to mind the Galatian converts, to whose zealous affection St. Paul bears so remarkable a testimony, chap. iv. 14, that they had received him "as an angel of God, even as Christ Jesus." And he bears them record that if it had been possible, they

would have plucked out their own eyes to have given them to him. He also appeals to God as to the sincerity of his own ardent affection towards those whom he had "begotten through the Gospel," when he says, "For God is my record how greatly I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ:" Phil. i. 8. using towards them the most endearing compellations, "Therefore my brethren, dearly beloved, and longed for, my joy and crown, so stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved." Phil. iv. 1. And for their "furtherance and joy of faith," he has confidence that God would even preserve his life, that their rejoicing in Christ Jesus for him might be more abundant by his coming to them again. Phil. i. 25. Animated and actuated by the same spirit, faithful ministers and true converts are "of one mind, having the same love," and enjoying the same everlasting consolation in Christ Jesus our Lord.

CHAPTER III.

FROM HER SETTLEMENT AT HOLLOWAY TO HER LEAVING THAT PLACE.

FROM A. D. 1790 TO 1796.

Her attachment to Holloway—Dedicates her house to God—Visited by Mr. Cecil—His conversation—Her domestic trials—Correspondence with Mrs. Jones—Death of her brother Henry—Begins to insert in her diary notes of Mr. Cecil's sermons—Improves her retirement by solid reading—Visits Broad Marston—Birmingham—Madely—Interview with Mrs. Fletcher—Return to Holloway—Illness of Mrs. Cecil—Feelings of Mr. Cecil on the occasion—Mr. and Mrs. Hawkes visit Birmingham, Dudley, Sutton, and West Broomwich, accompanied by Mr. Cecil—Remarks of Mr. Cecil—Of the Rev. John Newton—Of the Rev. W. Jesse—Return to Town—Mrs. Hawkes's memorandum on opening the year 1795—Her long confinement by illness—Her thoughts on recovery—Fast-day 1796—Mr. Cecil's sermon—His Remarks—Letters—Digression on Melancholy—Mrs. Hawkes goes to Dover—Her state of anxiety there—Returns to Holloway, and finds it a scene of agitation—Mrs. Jones requests for her a temporary asylum in Mr. Cecil's house.

It has already been hinted that Mrs. Hawkes had peculiar and severe trials of a domestic nature. These weighed heavily on her spirits, and led her to seek, by retirement and prayer,

the strength and support she needed. Worldly company and amusements had now no charms for her. It may therefore be easily conceived, with what satisfaction she found, that it was the intention of Mr. Hawkes to take a house at Holloway, a spot about four miles from Town, connected with a small farm. To this place she afterwards became exceedingly attached; and during the few years she remained there she had, notwithstanding the continuance of her usual trials, many alleviations. She had frequent opportunities of enjoying the society and conversation of Christian friends, who were invited to her house. But especially did she derive consolation and advantage, from the pastoral visits of him, whom she always mentions as her revered father in the gospel, the Rev. Richard Cecil. Nor was her attendance on his ministry interrupted by her removal from town. She constantly drove this short distance to St. John's Chapel. It will be interesting to refer to her own memorandums at this time, and also during her subsequent abode at Holloway; an interval of about seven years.

Though these extracts will furnish but little incident, they strikingly mark the spirit and temper of a young convert, earnestly seeking after God, delighting in his word and ordinances, and desiring to be fed with "hidden manna," under the influences of his Spirit.

March 8, 1790.—"Drove to-day to see the farm at Holloway. I fear I am too anxious to obtain it: but I have many painful reasons for desiring to leave town, which are known only to myself. If I know any thing of my own heart, my first and chief object in desiring Holloway, is, to obtain retirement, leisure, and quiet, in order to pursue the things—not of sense—but of faith. My broken health—depressed spirits—and many other things—make me long for solitude."

Friday, March 19, 1790.—"Slept at Holloway for the first time: and I cannot help saying, 'This same shall comfort me.' Which I say with more confidence; because it is the thing I have prayed for, and because I expect comfort here, only from God's making it to be a comfort. I look to him to bless and sanctify it to the strengthening and enriching of my soul. I have hitherto lived like a soldier in the heat of the battle, surrounded by confusion and dismay: now I am permitted to retire; and trust that I shall not become a slothful, but a more laborious servant in the vineyard. From this hour I dedicate, as far as lies in my small power, this house to be a house of prayer—a Bethel. May none resort hither but such as love and call upon his name. May every day be a day of

consecration, of secret transaction and intercourse, with Him who has so mercifully given it me: and whatever may continue to be my daily trials of faith and patience, let me now seek to endure them with three-fold resignation; considering how greatly my heavy, piercing, load is lightened by this retreat."

"My suffering time will soon be o'er,
Soon shall my soul away:
Then shall I sigh and sin no more,
But sing through endless day."

April 10.—"Favoured with a call from my revered minister. My heart burns within me when I hear the instruction and conversation of the godly. Let me here record Mr. C.'s advice and remarks.

Advice. "'Do not read the Bible with notes only. It is a loss to confine yourself to any commentator. Read it with prayer, and listen simply to the *best Teacher*, the Holy Spirit; who will sometimes so shine upon the word, as to afford you an insight and understanding of the Scriptures such as no commentator upon earth can give. Then you will not only understand it, but *lay hold* of it.

'Daily observe regular, stated times, for retirement. Let reading, prayer, and meditation, have each their place: each is of importance. Take a verse of Scripture at a time, ponder over it; examine it in its connexion—reference—bearing; try what you can get out of it. Where a preacher might draw many inferences, you may perhaps be able to draw but one or two; but if you persevere, you will every day get more and more from your Bible. If you should find these stated periods sometimes formal and heavy—yet go on—do not be discouraged—you will, upon the whole, obtain much benefit: for whoever makes a serious inquiry after religion, will always meet with an answer from the gospel.'"

Ques. "Respecting withdrawment from the world."

Ans. 'Christian courage does not consist in a disposition to retire from the world in absolute solitude; but in mixing with it, and yet living above it; in being *in* the world, but not *of* it; in making a bold stand for Christ; being as the salt of the earth. Yet retirement, at certain seasons, should be secured. We should endeavour to preserve such a spirit in society as to make us relish retirement; and so improve retirement, as to make us useful to society. Our troubles arise not from our living in the world, but from the world living in us. One part

of the world is that of inordinately coveting the praise of our fellow-creatures.

'Endeavour to go into the world, as far as you are *called* so to do, putting honour upon your Christian profession; and if any ask you a reason of the hope that is in you, tell them meekly, "*It is the blood of sprinkling.*"'

"Mr. C. gave us an account of the death of a certain professor of religion, and observed,—'we have no right to expect a triumphant death-bed, unless we have walked with God in our life.'"

April 12.—"Thankful for being able to keep my mouth as with a bridle under much aggravation. I have often occasion for the bridle; but I am not always able to use it."

"Though now the storms of sorrow roar,
And raise, in cares, a troubled sea:
Yet when I stand on yonder shore,
There will be calm enough for me.
Why then for tempests should I care,
Since they but drive me sooner there?"

Dec. 31, 1790.—"Many have been the mercies of this year, spiritual and temporal. Above all, the use of the blessed ordinances is my great mercy. *Query.*—Does my improvement keep pace with my advantages? Does my soul grow in grace? Do I endeaver to conduct myself in a very trying situation with that wisdom and meekness, humility and patience in which I am so clearly instructed? Have I the charity which endureth all things? Am I a *doer* of the word as well as a hearer? Do I bring home the truths I hear so faithfully preached, and turn them into practice—or are they only as a pleasant song? pleasant to the ear and even to the understanding: but taking no root in the heart. Alas! I might fill sheets of paper with heads of self-examination, to which I can only answer, 'Cleanse thou me from my secret faults.' I have wept and prayed for this retreat, where I might, in some measure be screened from many painful and agitating occurrences to which I am liable in town; and where I might withdraw from such society as know not God, and be more able to cultivate a life of faith. All these things have been wonderfully granted me. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.' O send forth thy Holy Spirit to teach me to profit; or all these advantages will afford me nothing."

Jan. 9, 1791.—"My heart is sick to hear of the wanderings of one who has for many years stood high in the estima-

tion of the Christian world. Alas! alas! this is what I have feared, lest *I* should begin to run, but not hold out to the end. It is 'He that endureth to the end that shall be saved.' 'Hold thou me up, that my feetsteps slip not!'"

Jan. 10.—"A sharp trial this evening. 'O that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest.' What though my troubles are like an overwhelming tide, yet my privileges are very great. The special favour of hearing the gospel, so purely and richly preached, should reconcile me to all my trials. And truly if it were not for the comforts God is pleased to bestow, I should soon be in wretched despair, for as to this world, every prospect of happiness is struck at the very root.

"The banks are needed when the billows roar."

Under the pressure of increased trials Mrs. Hawkes wrote the following letter to her sister Mrs. Jones.

"I am sorry to find my dear sister like myself, infested with many anxieties, though of a different nature. *Mine* have been very heavy indeed of late. For sometime past, I have not been enabled, (in the degree I have been graciously assisted heretofore,) to roll back my burthen on the Lord. But he saw me ready to faint, and mercifully vouchsafed me timely help. Let none fear trouble with such a compassionate Saviour for a sustainer: for verily he is not an High-Priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but who hath a condescending and tender sympathy with us under them; which he will manifest in the time, and manner, and measure, which His infinite wisdom sees best. As for me, I am quite ashamed of myself; truly it may be said, 'If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.' Small, indeed, is my strength, or rather, feeble is the hold which faith takes of an Almighty arm. I am willing to allow, (for who is not willing to make self-excuses,) that my trials are peculiar, and my present bodily weakness and languor does much towards enfeebling the mind also; yet I have still much to be ashamed of. Our great business in life is to glorify God, and to speak abroad his praise; —and the fittest time to do this is under suffering. It is easy enough to sing when the sun shines: but when the heart and flesh fail, then to rejoice in the Lord, becomes the true servants of so good a Master. In the grave the tongue is silent. It can no more publish to fellow-sinners, and fellow-sufferers, that 'The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble;' and

that his tender mercies are more in number than the sand of the sea. It is therefore the living only that can praise him; and of all living, the *afflicted* believer, whose every trouble is sanctified, has reason to be loudest in the song."

In reply to her sister, Mrs. Jones writes:

"It is a mighty conflict; and if you had not an Almighty Friend to hold you up, your heart and flesh would fail. But he will strengthen your heart, and enable you to fight manfully. He has brought you into these trials that you may raise an Ebenezer to his name, and bear testimony to the truth, and write *tried* under the promise, 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.' God will prove his beloved ones, that they may be constrained to prove him. A good man used to say, that the same Almighty power which made the world, was also granted to the Christian. You have an anchor that will hold you fast. It is sufficient at such times as these, to endure, as seeing him that is invisible. By and by, you will reap the pleasant and peaceable fruits of these afflicting seasons and exercises. What a happy day will that be when this mortal shall put on immortality! but we should be willing to fight before we are crowned; and the Apostle says we do not fight '*uncertainly*.' Even the most unpleasant vacuities in life have their uses; we must be made to feel what we are—poor fallen creatures—that we may be thankful for that grace which transformeth us into a better image. The knowledge of our weakness must ever be attended with painful sensations; and I apprehend that we shall ever be increasing in that knowledge as long as we are in the body. But the more we feel our disease, the more shall we prize and apply our remedy. May you, with the strong arm of faith, be able to lay hold of the Saviour, till he perfect his strength in your weakness. I endeavour to bear you before him, and to entreat his mercy. I would not prescribe to him who loves you in connexion with your eternal interests. It is indeed difficult to believe that all this is for the best: but we cannot read God's dispensations aright; they are too high for mortals to spell them out. Faith and resignation are written in the most legible characters: may we consider them well; and may Jesus Christ work them in us."

Thus did He, "who giveth songs in the night," enable these two sisters to cheer and animate each other; by mentioning "the loving kindness of the Lord, and the praises of the Lord." And thus did they begin that song which now, in the paradise of God, they sing with louder and sweeter notes, to him who

loved them and washed them from their sins in his own blood.

The next memorandum in Mrs. Hawkes's diary, illustrates a peculiar feature in her natural character, namely, a tendency to pensive depression,—which could not but mingle itself with her religious feelings, and throw a sombre complexion over many parts of her *early* Christian experience. A highly sensitive and reflective mind, meeting with trials of a peculiarly depressing nature, would, without great self-control, be liable to indulge melancholy: or as the poet expresses it, to "nourish woe."

Tuesday.—"Every time I leave the noisy town and return to this delightful solitude, my heart overflows with thankfulness for such an asylum. Here I have much quietness. I desire to be thankful that I have no children: on many accounts they would be the occasions of great sorrow. I have nothing now that ties me to the world. My only source of comfort arises from the prospect of soon leaving it for ever; and my chief object till that happy time arrives, shall be to make preparation for it. 'In my Father's house are many mansions.'

"Weary world of sin and anguish,
How I long from thee to fly;
Fainting for relief I languish,
Dying through desire to die.
O my life, my only treasure,
Let me cast it all behind;
Now fill up my mournful measure,
Now my heavenly Canaan find.

Never shipwrecked'd mariner wanted,
More to reach the distant shore;
Never wand'ring exile panted
For his native country more.
Hear my earnest application,
Thou who only canst release;
Shew me now thy full salvation,
Let me now depart in peace!"

Wednesday.—"How suddenly the darkest cloud overspreads the brightest sky! This has been a calm and clear day; but my evening is dark and dismal. An old disturbance has thrown my whole frame into the utmost agitation; I was glad to escape to the house of God: but even there my affrighted mind could not be calmed. For the first time, I ventured to say something of my trials to my minister, who is appointed as a shepherd to watch over, direct, and instruct his flock. I perceive he has an aversion to hear of any family matters, and

discourages all sorts of complainings. His advice was, 'watch over your own spirit and temper. Remember you are a Christian, and have therefore high claims upon you.'"

"May the lessons of this day be as lasting as they are painful, and as salutary as they are wounding. Many peculiarities in my situation and case, are there, which are only known to God, and my own bleeding heart. No wonder, therefore, if reproof has in it some mistake. Nevertheless I am, I trust, unfeignedly thankful for the inestimable blessing of having a minister who will not 'daub with untempered mortar;' but will use the probe where he *thinks* he sees occasion. It is my shame to shrink under such a fatherly hand. But it is my *feelings* only; for my *judgment* rejoices in that precious oil, which shall never bruise, but cheer my head."

August, 1791, *Sunday*.—"My mind is under great anxiety for my honoured minister, who is again confined by illness. Oh what a desert land would this be if deprived of such a shepherd! 'Cast thy burden on the Lord and he shall sustain thee.'"

Sept. 1791.—"I have this morning been weeping with dear Mrs. C. over the sad news she has just received from her invaluable husband who is at Bath. Alas, her loss must be irreparable; and as to the church! Tears are literally my meat and drink."

Friday, *Oct.* 28, 1791.—"Set out for Broad Marston to see my dying brother, Henry: but was too late, except to see him in his coffin! For my dear brother, as far as respected himself, there was no cause to grieve. The last three years of his life he had been wasting under a fatal disease; but he was ready for his removal. He was an ornament to religion —a light shining in a dark place.

"A friend asked him in his dying moments, if the prospect of glory opened to him.—To which he replied with much animation—'It opens! it opens!' and after a little time, spent seemingly in silent prayer, he died like one falling asleep. Oh, that I may die the death of the righteous! and may I live the life of the righteous also.

"And now both my honoured parents are 'inheriting the promises,' and, I trust, also seven brothers and sisters. Oh that each one left behind may be as safely landed! Thanks be to God for his unspeakable mercy in having at length, after much obstinacy, made *me* hear, (I trust so as to obey,) his long neglected call of mercy. A few more waves of trouble, and I shall, I hope, join my blessed relatives to sorrow and

sigh no more. Hasten, Lord, that happy day! and till it shall arrive, O 'guide me with thine eye.' Suffer me no more to go after 'lying vanities;' but keep me in the midway of the paths of righteousness, which are pleasantness and peace."

Tuesday.—"Reached Birmingham this day, found my dear sister a spectacle of woe, having passed many weeks of severe suffering for her son Charles. His visitation was attended with some peculiarly distressing aggravations. Though young, being only ten years of age, the enemy seemed permitted to harass him in a way very wonderful. But a little before his death, he became composed and happy. His mother asked, what made him happy? He answered, 'Because I love God, and can pray.'"

Nov. 7.—"Returned to London. My heart is made glad by seeing again my honoured minister after his return from Bath. The Lord is indeed a hearer of prayer; and has added I trust, many years to his valuable life for the sake of his church and family; and for the glory of his own name. Let me more than ever take heed how I hear, and treasure up his valuable instructions.

'Shun,' said he, 'matters of controversy, and points of doctrine, too high for young converts, who should be fed with the sincere milk of the word, and not with strong meat.

'Many professors, instead of conversing upon vital and experimental religion, are ever disputing about *doctrines*. Such are like persons that are sick, and having no appetite for *solid food*, amuse themselves with turning over the *bones*.

'Some hearers of the gospel like to have nothing said but what is encouraging and comforting. Such resemble persons in weak health who would be always taking *cordials*, which though they may for a time raise the spirits, yet secretly undermine the strength. A Christian should not only regard the Scripture promises but the Scripture threatenings, warnings, and reproofs. The *whole* of Scripture is Scripture; not a part.

'Many are ready to allegorize the Scriptures without any due consideration of the analogy of faith, or the proportion of things compared one with another, or any regard to the genuine sense of the words:—this is to corrupt the word of God.'

"Mr. C. speaking of women, made a distinction between what might be called *literary* women, and *reading* women. 'All women,' he said, 'should be readers, as far as their stations and circumstances would admit. They should be so for their own sakes—for the sake of their families—and for the sake of society. But what might be termed a *literary* woman,

i. e. a *learned* woman, *should*, and generally *did*, continue unmarred; for their public character was apt to make them unfit for private and domestic cares. The excellence and honour of a wife, he remarked, was to be "a keeper at home," as saith St. Peter. Not pressing into public,—but abiding quietly in her station and calling; contented to be unknown, unnoticed, except for family virtues.'" See Prov. xxxi.

Mrs. Hawkes's habit of treasuring up instruction, whether addressed to herself or others, will further appear by the following notice in her diary:

Nov. 15, 1791.—"Took leave of Miss A., who is going to Paris to study the French language. Mr. C.'s advice to her was, 'As you are entering upon a new scene, and will have many snares and dangers to meet, endeavour to obtain a feeling of the importance of your conduct in every step you take. Do not think little of small deviations, in order to make yourself agreeable and well-received.

'A professor of religion should take especial care in his intercourse with the world, to avoid what may be termed small indiscretions of conduct. The world is ever on the watch for something upon which to fasten either a scandalous or a foolish story.

'As you will not be able to have the privilege of the ordinances as you have here, endeavour to make up the loss by observing in private, on the Sabbath, your usual time of public worship; and read what is appointed for the church. God can make the want of ordinances the best ordinance. You will feel satisfaction in meeting your old friends in spirit and employment, while you are absent in body. Above all, keep close to your Bible and prayer. Seek God's blessing on all you do. This will be the way to obtain your object even in temporal things. If it were my duty to study mathematics, I should pray for God's help as much as if I were going to preach. We should accustom ourselves to connect God with every thing. Our own wisdom and strength will avail us nothing: but when we can go, with a child-like simplicity and dependence, with all our concerns to God, we shall know what it is to be at peace. Vast prospects lie before the man that has God for his friend. There is a sanctuary in the very order of providence, when we are enabled to leave every thing to that order.'[1]

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[1] The young lady to whom Mr. C. gave this advice, went to France a year before the Revolution; and was detained a prisoner there for four years.

Mem.—"Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart: so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by hearty counsel."

The following extracts describe one of those painful intervals in the Christian's experience, which may be compared to the Winter season; when nothing seems to grow; but rather to decline and wither. Such seasons may, however, be turned to important use, if employed in breaking up the fallow ground; and in preparing the soil for those precious seeds which are to be nourished by the returning Spring. Nor will the wintry storm be without its use, in strengthening the roots, and destroying the insects which might otherwise do mischief.

Dec. 1791.—"I am fallen into a comfortless state, let me examine why it is thus.

"From a desire not to be thought a gloomy, sour Christian, am equally careful to avoid the opposite extreme?—or have I not fallen into a degree of levity, and joined too much in 'foolish talking and jesting?'

"Am I not become less watchful against what goes by the name of *little things*, forgetting that he who doth so, 'shall fall by little and little.' Eccles. xix. 1.

"Am I as covetous of my time as formerly for good things, or do I not suffer lesser matters to intrude? And because they are lawful concerns, neglect to enquire if they might not be done at another hour, or in less space, or with less solicitude?

"Do I secure as much time as usual for morning devotion and reading? especially on the Sabbath, before public worship? Or, do I get negligent, and plead weak health as an excuse for self-indulgence?

"Do I take care to ponder in my heart the blessed truths I hear and read? mixing faith therewith?

"Many more questions might be asked. But I cannot answer even these, except as the publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

"A scrupulous conscience certainly is not desirable, nor does God require us to serve him with a slavish fear. But as the depravity of nature is ever prone to err on one hand or the other, *so*, happy is that Christian who, when he gets rid of what may be justly termed scrupulosity, does not venture too *boldly* upon the ground of liberty, and become a little dim-sighted to small deviations. 'Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.'"

Sunday.—"What a distracted mind! But, 'why art thou not cast down, O my soul,' since thy salvation rests not on thy performances, but on him 'who made by his own oblation of

himself, once offered, a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice and satisfaction' for all thy sins and defects. *Nevertheless*, a wandering mind occasions great loss of advantage and comfort; and while I would not be cast down, yet I would *mourn* over it.

"Let me be thankful that Christ's intercession is without distraction or interruption. It does infinitely please and prevail with the Father, when we can hardly speak a word for ourselves."

Wednesday.—"Much instructed and comforted to-day by a letter received from my dear sister. It is some consolation to find that others have had the same trials with ourselves."

The correspondence between Mrs. Hawkes and her sister illustrates the advantage which Christians derive from mutual communication on the subject of their spiritual trials, and encouraging experiences of support under them: a practice which is abundantly exemplified in the New Testament records of the first Christians: but especially in the epistles and correspondence which have come down to us from the reformers and martyrs of the English church in the sixteenth century.

The following letter appears to be that to which Mrs. H. has just referred, in which Mrs. Jones writes:—

"I do not know a more unpleasant part of a Christian's voyage, than a kind of dead calm in which he appears to make no advance; when the storm runs high and the waters rage and swell, it is more tremendous, but then the soul is in exertion, labouring for the port; and the joyful expectation inspires courage to row against wind and tide. But we have committed ourselves to the Lord, and as a king will he reign over his people; 'for a good man's steps are ordered by the Lord,' both in the spiritual and natural life.

"There is much in us which is not in subjection; we are frequently for taking the reins of government out of his hands, and choosing for ourselves: but the Lord will subdue all unto himself. We are a long time in learning this one short lesson, 'without me ye can do nothing.' Nor is it possible to understand it, save by the experience of total helplessness. But to doubt of God's help at these times, comes from that enemy who is ever employed in attempting to counteract the designs of our gracious King towards us.

"What Mr. C. said of a scrupulous conscience, is highly just. I never knew any one that was really in earnest, who had not been much afflicted by this old, tried temptation of the enemy. And as he finds it succeed so well, no wonder he continues to practise it. But as that great man wisely

observes, 'Here you must feel your way out.' But be comforted with this consideration, that light is at hand. We must first pass through this dark valley: but notice particularly how Pilgrim passed through it. I well remember when travelling this part of the road myself, how my very heart used to ache with the conflicts I had to sustain. Day and night did the enemy follow me with his scourges. When eating, it was either too much, or the wrong sort, or it was not with proper gratitude. If I spoke, it was through pride, to seek praise; or it was idle talk, and wasting time; indeed there was not an action in which the enemy did not follow me, and give me a buffet at every step. If it were not for the consolation which God gives us to taste of at such times, the spirit would fail: but 'count it all joy:' these afflictions work experience.

"I believe what Mr. C. says is quite right. Too many, from a manifestation of joy, such as you have had, suppose themselves in a high state of favour; and afterwards they are brought very low to humble them. But the dealings of God with his people are various. Some receive the blessed witness earlier, and some later. Some see more of the depravity of their fallen nature before that time, and some afterwards. Therefore we should expect and pray to be led as God sees fit; and not prescribe anything. 'One day is with the Lord as a thousand years.' Manifestations of joy are given us as refreshments to help us on our way; but are not to be trusted in. We are still weak, and must expect to feel so the next time we are assaulted with that powerful enemy, who fights with us through the instrumentality of the unbelieving world—the religious world—our friends and our enemies—our appetites—our business—our lawful cares—and our natural propensities. One way or other, he will strive to hinder our running the race. But faith is our shield: we are saved in all these by the vigorous exercises of faith. If *I* should be a means of hurting your mind at any time, the best way to disappoint the enemy in his machinations is to tell it me directly. I do expect he will try to avail himself of me: therefore be prepared:

'For truest friends, through error, wound our peace.'"

From Mrs. Hawkes to Mrs. Jones.

"I heartily thank my dearest sister for her most welcome letter. Human friendship is an uncertain good, and a hackneyed theme: but I was delighted to-day in the consideration

that yours and mine was now cemented by divine love; built upon a foundation that cannot be moved. Your letters are an unspeakable cordial and help to my drooping spirits. To know I am under such a Divine leader ought to reconcile me to my journey however painful or dreary. Yet I am ever ready to faint by reason of the way. I believe that when poor Christian was getting up the Hill Difficulty, he was at one time so hard put to it, as to be obliged to scramble upon his hands and knees. I have of late seemed reduced to the same expedient, for my burdens are so various and so heavy, I can neither walk nor run, but toil, and pant, and creep forward. Thanks be to God, however, my aim through, and under all, is, *upwards*—to get on, if by any means. And sometimes he condescends to grant me a gracious revival by the way, whereby I gain breath a little, and fresh determination to press on; taking for my encouragement, that it is no new thing, because our Lord foretold us, that in the world we should have tribulation, but that in him we should have peace. Lord, in mercy grant me *that* peace! Prayer, as you say, is my only resource; with faith, hope, and patience: waiting till the vision shall speak. Indeed, when I am enabled to pray, I get on: but I have been lately subject to so much bodily languor and weariness, with agitated nerves, that my mind seems capable of little more than breathings.

"I have been comforted by that very expression in the Lamentations, 'Hide not thine ear from my breathing.' The Spirit helpeth our infirmities, and, as Owen says, 'Intercedes *within*, while a mighty advocate is interceding *without*, at the right hand of the Father. With such helps, and such promises, how weak is that faith which sinks! and yet my spirit did sink under the apprehension of fresh disturbances and agitation lately." "The waves rose very rapidly: but I endeavoured to recollect my lesson, and look at the Master of the storm, and at his will in the affair; and the storm in some measure abated. Pray for me, that I may be enabled to say, 'Thy will be done.' He knows how feeble and how frail I am; that 'I am become like a bottle in the smoke;' and he will not crush but deliver.

"I am endeavouring to improve *occasions*. A thousand occurrences arise, as my days and hours pass on, which give me an opportunity of getting some slight view of my own heart; as little crevices in a shutter or door admit a ray of light, by which if one cannot discover *all* that a dark room contains, one may see some few objects. Oh, self! self! thou tormen-

ter of my peace! Well, I hope not to be mourning over the ruins, but looking to the *recovery*. I can say with truth, my heart smites me, and I am filled with shame when I consider how little I render to the Lord for all his benefits; and how much unbelief, foreboding fears, and inward depravity, pride, impatience, and self-will yet remain. However, the process of the refiner, is, I trust, still going on; and my earnest prayer is, that like Job, when I am tried, I may come forth as gold. Every stroke I more than deserve; but every favour, every mercy, is the purchase of an adorable Saviour, freely bestowed, for his own name's sake. Pray for me that I may ever thus think and feel; for I can do so no longer than enabled by grace."

From this period Mrs. Hawkes wrote down in her diary those parts of Mr. Cecil's sermons which she felt most useful to her. As the entire working of her mind will be seen in her manner of improving divine ordinances, and in those records of sermons with which her own heart went along, occasional extracts from these fragments may interest the reader.

Jan. 1, 1792. *Sunday.*—"Heard Mr. C. from Psalm xxvii. 4. 'One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple.'

'The Psalmist gives his reasons why he desires this "one thing." First, to behold the beauty of the Lord; not any one particular attribute, but the *whole*. As beauty consists in an assemblage of parts, blending and harmonizing together, so the beauty of the Lord shines forth most fully in the plan of redemption, where 'Righteousness and peace have kissed each other;' where God, by his manifold wisdom in Christ, can be just, and yet the justifier of the ungodly.

'The Psalmist also desires to dwell in the temple of the Lord, to enquire the Divine mind and will. He knows it is there that God reveals himself; it is there he bestows his blessing and favour: therefore, in another place he says, "My soul longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, to see thy power and glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary." He also desires it because it is a place of REFUGE; "For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion, in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me." He does not say he shall have *no* enemies; but, "*now* shall mine head be lifted up *above* mine enemies." David had a fourth reason for this earnest wish, namely, that he might offer the sacrifices of prayer and praise. "Therefore will I offer in thy tabernacle sacrifices of joy."

She then adds a prayer, which will be found her usual practice in recording sermons.

"Grant, O Lord, that the rich instructions I have heard this day, may never be forgotten. Let thy preached gospel be as seed sown on good ground, which shall bring forth fruit an hundred fold. Let thy blessing be upon me, in all my temporal and spiritual concerns, through every day of this new year. Wash away all my transgressions through the year that is past. Enable me to say to whatever would impede my spiritual progress, 'Hinder me not.'

"Oh that I may, like the man after God's own heart, pursue only this 'one thing,' to dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life.

"One wish, with holy transport warm,
My heart hath formed, and yet shall form;
One gift I ask;—that to my end,
Fair Zion's courts I may attend.
There joyful find a sure abode,
And view the beauty of my God."

Monday, Jan. 2.—"May I bear in mind the confessions and sorrows that closed the year 1791! And may *this* year, entered upon with many tears and prayers, see better fruit than the last.

"As I have gained some painful knowledge of my own defects, so I trust I have obtained some comfortable knowledge of the gracious character of my Saviour; 'whom not having seen,' I love in some small measure: and desire above all things to know and love him more. But let me remember, herein is the test of love: 'If ye love me keep my commandments.'

"How happy would my days be if I could say, 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord:'—Yet here is my comfort, 'Although my house be not so with God; yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things andsure.'"

Jan. 10.—"Very ill to-day. If I am not self-deceived, I have a longing to depart and to be with Christ. Why should I wish to stay in this cold desert wilderness? This is not my rest: surely then death should be welcome to me, as a friend that is about to conduct me home. Ah, how many, many, sorrows have I here! But I desire to be resigned to whatever my Saviour appoints. I am not my own, but His. His by creation—His by redemption—His by adoption—His by a cheerful surrender of my vile self to Him. And shall I presume to choose for myself,—either health or sickness, ease or

sorrow, life or death? I abhor myself that though I say a thousand times over and over,—O my Saviour! I would not, if I could, choose for myself;—yet in practice, I am continually doing so. How much more is my judgment enlightened, than my will subdued. I wonder if I shall always have to lament this? Thanks for the promise, 'Sin shall not have dominion over you.'"

Wednesday, Feb. 16, 1792.—"In returning home from Long-Acre Chapel this evening, among other things, my revered minister, with much solemnity said,—'Whatever your path in this world may be, whether smooth or thorny, I trust you will never be suffered to depart from God, or be unstable in your profession. Anything but that. May *I* never become a witness against you in the day of judgment. *Any thing but that!*'

"And now, O Lord, in my secret chamber, my prayer unto thee is indeed, '*Any thing but that.*' O let me suffer poverty, affliction, and a thousand deaths, rather than forsake my God—rather than turn again to the lying vanities of this world. My eyes run down with tears lest my deceitful heart should again be entangled in the love of sin. What an awful idea; that my faithful minister should ever appear as a witness against me at the bar of God! O Lord, preserve and keep me in the right way: lead me, and teach me in the way of thy commandments. Shall I ever be plucked out of thy gracious hands? Hast thou not said of thy sheep, that they shall not? O let me not turn to broken cisterns, since thou hast given me to taste of the living water."

Thursday.—"Never can it be told what is contained in these gracious words, 'And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice.'

"And again, 'I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand.'

"Here is a solid rock! My sins try hard to pluck me out; my ever-wakeful enemy tries hard to pluck me out: but, O Lord, remember thy word unto thy handmaid whereon thou hast caused her to trust, 'None shall pluck them out of my hand.'"

Friday.—"How am I terrified at the departure of —— from God! O Lord, give him not up to judicial blindness. Alas! alas! Should such a case ever be mine! What if I too should

turn to broken cisterns: should again follow lying vanities, and 'forsake my own mercies!' And what should hinder me? Nothing but the grace of God. 'Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe:' O take away my life, rather than suffer me ever to grieve or quench thy Holy Spirit.

"This case teaches many awful lessons. May I review them often as I go on in my pilgrimage.

"First, I would say respecting the mystery of the subject, 'Keep me, O Lord, from uttering things that I understand not; things too wonderful for me, that I know not. Behold I am vile, I will lay my hand upon my mouth. Shall not the judge of all the earth do right.'

"Secondly, I would hear the apostle say, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.' And 'See that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools but as wise, redeeming the time.' 'Let us therefore fear lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it.'"

Wednesday.—"Whither should mourners go for consolation, but to the sanctuary? 'My soul melteth for heaviness, strengthen thou me, according to thy word.' My soul is pierced through with many sorrows, and this has been a day of severe outward conflict. Had I looked to the strong for strength, and kept my mouth as with a bridle, and acquitted myself like a good soldier of Jesus Christ,—it would have been only *outward;* but failing in this point, the enemy has gained great advantage over me; and my mind and frame is thrown into a ferment, not soon to be allayed. It has long been my earnest desire, to fill up my several relations in life, especially *one*, as unto the Lord. I have been anxious that I might never dishonour my Christian profession. I have been anxious to obtain domestic happiness, which I have thought my disposition and heart formed for. I find, however, from repeated disappointments, that I must live by faith. I must look, not at the sword, but at the hand that holds it. I must say, this and that severe stroke is not from man; but from my heavenly Father, who 'scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.' (Heb. xii. 6.) I am well persuaded that a Christian ought to evidence to all around, that he has the love that 'beareth all things; is not easily provoked;' or what difference is there, before man, between him and a tinkling cymbal? And where is the glory that he should render to God? And what sign is there of gratitude for the saving love of Christ? And what conformity to his suffering master? 'What do ye more than others?' I will

therefore, instead of saying, 'It is impossible,' pray for that grace that can enable me to do all things;—things contrary, and hard to flesh and blood. I may, and I fear I shall fail to please man: but my Saviour is not an hard master; if I labour to please Him, I shall not fail; his favour will bear me up under my disappointments, and strengthen me to endure.

"'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well."

Wednesday.—"Prevented this evening from going as usual to Long-Acre Chapel,—by which I learn a sad lesson of my remaining unsubdued, unhumbled spirit. I am quarrelling with *causes*, but I should be observant of *effects*. The *effect* of this disappointment might have been good, and have taught me many useful lessons. But my rebellious will, and self-choosing, turned it into evil, and sorrow; instead of the sacrifice of a contrite and submissive spirit, it was the sacrifice of a temper. Thus even a love of the ordinances themselves may step out of its place, and be adulterated by self-will, and self-pleasing. Whatever brings the heart into subjection to the Divine will, is the best ordinance. I therefore trust that this detection of a wrong principle, will make my being kept at home not all loss. What a mercy I can go so frequently; and what a greater mercy to have a taste and relish for the Gospel. How many mercies now crowd in upon my, I hope, humble spirit; and how much cause for shame and confusion of face that they have not been more improved. Visit me not, O Lord, as my sins deserve, by taking my privileges away; but let me ever have access to thy sanctuary. Keep my mercies for me, for they are only safe in thy hands.

Thursday.—"A marvellous escape from great danger today. In driving alone to town, the coachman was, by a sudden jolt, thrown out of his seat. The horses took fright, and galloped at an amazing rate for some distance, but were providentially stopped just as they were turning near a bank. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, who redeemeth thy life from destruction.'"

From the following letter it appears probable, that Mrs. Hawkes had written to Mrs. Jones, expressing the difficulty which she felt in obeying that Scripture command, 'Love your enemies.' A command with which none ever did comply, who had not felt what it was to experience the Divine forgiveness,

and obtained that 'precious faith,' whereby we are made 'partakers of the Divine nature.' Mrs. Jones writes:—

"It is indeed painful to have our judgment and practice at variance. It is said 'Love your enemies.' Alas! I cannot love my friends as I ought to do, especially when they use me unkindly, an instance of which has just occurred. All these failures arise from the want of more love. We must have more of the mind of Christ, before we can walk in that meekness and lowliness, that self-renunciation and resignation, which he requires of us. God would never have commanded us to do well and suffer for it patiently, if he had not meant to give us strength to comply with the injunction.

"I do not know what is more unreasonable, than to expect a humble, kind behaviour, from a person under the dominion of pride and selfishness. When a covetous worshipper of the god Mammon, is benevolent to the poor and needy; when those whom the Scripture styles 'Lovers of themselves,' are found seeking the advantage or happiness of others, (any further than as it seconds their own,)—then shall we assuredly 'gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles.' But the Christian has a spiritual supply which the world knows nothing of; with an eternal spring, which our Lord emphatically calls, 'living water;' and by the assistance of this spiritual principle, he can love his enemies; and he can do good to them that hate him.

"I was last night much pleased with a sermon of Mr. B—'s from this text, 'Be ye merciful, as your Father which is in heaven is merciful, for he doeth good to the just, and the unjust.' What species of ingratitude, disobedience, and contempt can we conceive of that is not daily offered to God, with ten thousand aggravations! and yet his mercy endureth through all! Though the unbelieving and disobedient eat not the children's bread, yet they have such favours as they are capable of receiving. Mr. B. observed, 'that upon Adam's transgression, righteousness and truth forsook the earth, and flew to heaven, from whence they came; but mercy stood by the poor delinquent till it had found out a ransom, and then brought back the other graces.' Oh that our hearts may become, and ever remain, the habitation of mercy! Let us ever be seeking after this conformity to our Father in heaven. Every act of faith and love admits a little more of the Divine nature into our souls."

Before Mrs. Hawkes's conversion, she had been pursuing

shadows, and enquiring, "Who will shew me any good?" The language of her heart now was, "Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon me;" and the full attainment of this blessing she sought in retirement, and in communion with the Father of spirits. This is illustrated by the extracts from her diary, which come next in order; and which form a striking comment upon the words spoken by divine wisdom, Prov. viii. 21. "That I may cause those that love me to inherit *substance*."

April, 1792.—"I can never be enough thankful, that I am not obliged to waste my time in visiting and receiving visits. There was a season when I was as fond of doing so as any one; but thanks be to my gracious Saviour, who has given me a new taste—new objects—new pursuits—new and true enjoyments. With my books I never find the day long enough; and the week is gone before I am ready for the end. This is the advantage of religion; and this the privilege of retirement and solitude! This is the secret of being happy; which none of the great ones of the earth ever knew."

May, 1792.—"A very merciful preservation from fire. The boards in the house had begun to burn; but the fire was stopped by the activity of a friend, at some hazard to himself. Let me remember the providential deliverance with gratitude."

June 10.—"Much delighted and profited by reading Dr. Owen on the 'Glory of Christ.' My mind is overwhelmed with the grandeur of the subject. I seem to get a glimpse, a little ray of that glorious light: But how narrow, how weak, how feeble is my view. The eyes of my understanding seem scarcely opened. Surely, to know Christ, to become acquainted with his glory, and especially with his glory as the Redeemer, it is a subject sufficient to occupy every faculty; and to fill up every moment of time. What is the boasted wisdom of this world? mere folly. Oh to grow in this divine knowledge!

"I find in reading this amazing book, that my mind is too feeble to grasp the author's comprehensive view all at once; I therefore take one passage at a time, and having endeavoured to understand that, go on to another; till, by and by, I trust I shall be more able to connect the whole. Much is lost by a more general view of things. Thus in the works of creation, a general view confounds the mind: you can only utter, 'It is all stupendous!' But take, for instance, a blade of grass, or the smallest insect, and set all the powers of the mind to investigate these, and what is the effect? a conviction

of extreme ignorance: for if these cannot be understood, how can millions of other wonders! and if we cannot understand earthly things, how can we understand heavenly? Only by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, and the diligent use of means in dependence thereon. Henceforth may I have no other study but to 'know Christ.'"

July 1.—"Was favoured to-day by a visit from my honoured minister. 'There is no such thing,' said he, 'in the Christian life as *standing still*. If we do not get forward, we must loose ground. If a child should be no larger in its growth at eight years old, than it was at four, we know at once that there is something the matter. So it is with the soul; if the graces of the spirit do not grow and flourish, there is some latent cause which calls for examination. If our love to God, to his word, to his ordinances, to his people, does not increase and if our love of sin, and love to the world does not lessen, it is a sign we do not grow in grace. If we do not gain a greater mastery over ourselves, our tempers and affections, our bad habits, than we had at our first setting out in Christianity, we surely do not grow in grace.

'Never expect much of the joy of the Holy Ghost, if your heart and mind be occupied in the enjoyment of sense. The joy of the spirit is a delicate, sacred deposit; and must be kept in a pure casket. An unholy breath will dim its lustre, and fade its freshness. The joys of sense—even the most lawful of them—are agitating, tumultuous, and unsatisfactory. The joy of the spirit is calming, modest, strengthening, elevating, and satisfying. The joys of sense, at the best, enervate, lower and impoverish the soul. The joys of the spirit ennoble and enrich it.'

"At another time Mr. C. observed, 'They who would yield unreserved obedience, when they know what the will of God is, must neither be influenced by carnal affections, nor listen to plausible objections, nor consult partial counsellors; nor make any delays; but committing all to the Lord's hand, must simply follow the pillar and the cloud.' May I be a follower of them, who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises!"

August.—"'A man's foes shall be they of his own household.' How true do I know this to be! Happy that soul who can say in the *spirit* as well as in the *words* of Christ, 'Father forgive them, they know not what they do.' Through grace, I know what it is to say this in some small measure, and at some times; but oh, to find it an abiding principle is what I want!

"'And the Lord said unto Solomon, 'Ask, what I shall

give thee;' and he has said to each of his children, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' Why then am I lean from day to day? Give, I pray thee, thine handmaid, a wise and understanding heart."

September 21.—"Let me record this evening's failure that I may remember it with humiliation. My heart meditated kindness which it was not backward to perform; I gave up my feelings to my duty, but it was not received; on the contrary, I had blame instead of commendation, and hereon I lost my temper and spake unadvisedly with my lips. This proves I had desired to please man rather than God. When shall I learn to expect my happiness from God only. He is always pleased with the *desire* to please him, and never chills the heart that approaches him with holy love and confidence. I have, however, much to be ashamed of, and I will endeavour to look at my own faults, rather than justify myself, by tracing the faults of another. 'Self justification may be urged at an unreasonable time. It may be heard when the mind becomes calm, but to offer it during a seizure of passion, is like offering reason to a lunatic.' I shrink at the question, am I like Him who, 'when he was reviled, reviled not again?' 'Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord.'"

Jan. 1793. *Sunday.*—"My prayer is, that through the whole of this year, I may every day taste that the Lord is gracious, as I have, through mercy, done this day. Thou that knowest all things, thou that knowest the secrets of the heart, and the inmost thoughts and desires, thou knowest I do not entreat for riches, nor honour, nor even, (but as far as it may please thee) for a removal of my many trials and sorrows! No —my first and most ardent desire is, (unless I am greatly self-deceived,) that thou wilt give me the portion of thy children, that thou wilt 'remember me with the favour thou bearest unto thy people,' that, like Mary, I may sit at thy feet, O blessed Jesus, and attentively hear thy voice."

Feb. Sunday.—"Much instructed and refreshed to-day. Lord, water the seed sown, by the showers of thy grace!

"My invaluable minister has some symptoms of a serious complaint, which, should it increase, will prevent his preaching. May the Lord of the vineyard avert so heavy a calamity!"

Saturday.—"Why is it that the weeks, days, and hours fly faster away when *alone* than in *company*, but because I can more freely and silently converse with my then most present Saviour. Through divine grace I can say, and I would speak it with reverence, 'With him conversing I forget all time; All seasons, and their change.'"

Though Mrs. Hawkes had a peculiar capacity for improving and enjoying retirement, yet her disposition was highly social; and she constantly maintained much spiritual intercourse with Christian friends. It was about this period that she became acquainted with Mrs. Ely Bates. The following letter from this friend, whom she much valued, may be found interesting, and will also afford an occasion of bringing out some features of Mrs. H's character.

"*Brompton, Feb.* 22, 1793."

"My dear friend,

"You will permit me to call you so, because you have been already such in some respects, and I trust you will be more so to me: I mean that I shall give you occasion to do me more good. The chief good I want, and would beg you to help me to obtain, is, to climb up from present to heavenly things, '*To be spiritually-minded is life and peace;*' *life*, which enables for action, and *peace*, which strengthens by rest. I have lost ground by an over attention to *little things:* therefore if I mean to profit by you, I see it is my duty to watch when we meet, against entering on the detail of common life, and rather to endeavour to get strength, by union with you to climb upwards, and get near the feet of that adorable Saviour who is not only the 'Saviour of the body,' his Church, but of our bodies as distinguished from our souls, and who can shed his salvation into all the smaller works of our life: as, under the law, all the vessels as well as the people, were sprinkled with blood. Heb. ix, 19—21. My dear friend, I am lower down than you think; (and I entreat you not to consider this as the language of humility:) I want *practical* comprehension, that I may not give undue importance to trifles; *theoretical* will not do. The understanding works at leisure, distinct from the habits and passions of the whole man,—like a candle before it enters the damp of a coal pit. Pray for me, that my mind may become more spiritual, that I may get nearer to God, watch more unto prayer, and cultivate more quietness of spirit.

"I received yesterday a visit from a Miss D——, who lives in Hornsey lane, Highgate, and it occurred to me that you might be made useful to her. She was last year in Switzerland, and brought me a letter from a friend there, which was the occasion of her call. Her stay was short, but she took that time to open to me, in some measure, the state of her mind, and the concern she was under respecting her soul. It seems she has an aunt in Manchester, a pious woman, with whom

Miss D. had been staying for some months on a visit, and it appears to have been made a blessing to her. But she now stands alone and expresses herself desirous of some help. I thought I would mention it to you, and if you felt yourself disposed to give her the opportunity, she would certainly be very glad to see you. I think it is not desirable for young persons in her state to have many religious acquaintances; they had better be wholly secluded than dissipated: her strength must stand in prayer and retirement. She cannot enjoy many opportunities of hearing the truth preached; and certainly her calling is rather to be faithful to the openings of providence, than pass over a wall, or break through a hedge. I cannot think but that, in general, much loss is suffered, and harm incurred, by too hasty steps of that kind. I believe that where a heart is simple, and attentive to divine grace, all that is needful will be given in due time and season. But we obscure the light, and lose our docility, by overpassing the bounds of providence.—Yet it is natural for persons in her case to look around and say, '*Come and help me.*' Happy if they who come, direct them simply to the great Shepherd: such escape many stumblings and offences. I have only room to add,

I remain, my dear friend,
Yours affectionately,
E. BATES.

Mrs. Hawkes was a remarkable instance of that self-denial, and elevation of soul, which is recommended in this letter; and of those qualities which dispose the mind to postpone trifling and passing cares, to weightier subjects; not only in the great concerns of eternity, but also in the cultivation of all that is intellectual and ennobling. At the same time, it should be observed, that in her personal habits, and domestic arrangements, there was a combination of Christian simplicity, with the beauty of order and neatness—which habits were continued to the end of her life, through all the impediments of her bodily infirmities. Here also begins to be developed that happy capacity for engaging the affections and improving the religious character of young people, by which Mrs. Hawkes was eminently distinguished; and to which her varied mental resources, her extensive experience, and never failing cheerfulness, greatly contributed.

Many from a sense of affectionate gratitude for such assistance in their spiritual course, are longing to join her happy spirit now before the throne, "with the general assembly and church of the firstborn which are written in heaven." The

next memorandum proves the interest which she took, while on earth, in this spiritual family.

March.—"I have lately enjoyed some delightful communion with departed spirits,[1] who were once, like myself, pilgrims and strangers upon earth; poor, infirm, sinful, and weak; but having believed the promises, and having God for their portion, are now in the blessed presence of him who sitteth upon the throne forever; and who are praising him day and night! My feeble heart rejoices that though my services are vile and imperfect, they are of the same kind as theirs. That as they delight to prostrate themselves before God, so do I; as their happiness comes from God, so does mine; as their joy and delight is to praise him, so it is mine. They have *crowns* to cast before him, I have nothing to present but sinful prayers and tears; their worship is pure, mine is impure, and mixed with sin and unbelief. But the blood of Jesus makes them clean; and, perfumed with the blessed incense of our Saviour's intercession—mine, through the tender mercy of my God, shall be accepted as well as theirs."

Wednesday.—"Was again much benefited by the conversation of my revered minister. By these opportunities my soul is both refreshed and invigorated. 'Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.' (Prov. xxvii. 17.) 'Take it,' said he, 'for a *standing rule*,' that "Through much tribulation you must enter into the kingdom of heaven." But "as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him;" and he will not suffer them to be tempted "above what they are able to bear."

'It is the will of God that his children should have peace *within*, whatever they may have without: therefore the Lord says, "Abide in me."

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[1] St. Paul says, "We are come to the spirits of just men made perfect." On which text Mr. Gill remarks, "The *spirits*, or souls, of these are only mentioned, because the communion of saints in a Gospel-church state, lies chiefly in the spirit, or souls, of each other,—or in spiritual things relating to their souls; and their souls are greatly affected and knit to each other. The saints in heaven are here intended, or at least included, whose spirits, or souls, are separate from their bodies; nor as yet all the saints with them. Believers in the present state of things may be said to be 'come' to them, in hope, expectation and desire."—Matthew Henry also remarks, "Believers have union with departed saints in one and the same Head and Spirit, and a title to the same inheritance, of which those in earth are *heirs*, those in heaven *possessors*."—EDITOR.

'Take heed of heart-backslidings. Many are endangered by *this*, who have not made any *outward* breach. They may be looked up to as eminent characters, when in their conscience they are convinced that their spiritual strength is shorn, and their graces are in a withering state.

'There is nothing that is such a spring to us in the path of duty as setting the Lord always before us. Watch for the first beam of God's favourable countenance, and take great care to cherish it. Beware of every thing that would over-cloud it.'"

"Mr. C. spoke also on the dangerous nature of *error*. 'Beware,' said he, 'of error; its force and energy are indescribable; and when it once gets entrance into the mind, it eats as doth a canker.

'That error is the strongest which is built on some truth: *half* the truth is a lie. All the errors of the different religious sects have been owing to their separating and twisting to their own purpose some single truth; such persons, by taking unconnected Scriptures, may make the Bible speak anything.

'Error is never *solitary;* it is always attended by a thousand others. Burnet says, 'while profaneness is the broad road to hell, error is the bye-path.'

'All error begins in the heart. It is sometimes remarked that an erroneous man, (such for instance as a Socinian,) is an *honest* man in avowing wrong principles, because he is zealous for what he *thinks* is the truth. But the question should be asked, How came he to believe a lie? "Because they did not like to retain God in their knowledge." He has willingly gone, step by step, into error, till he has arrived at that state; and then, like the apostle going to Damascus, he *cannot do right;* for had he not gone, he would not have acted upon his own principles,—and in going, he acted quite contrary to the will of God. Therefore, a man at length gets into such circumstances and situations that, all things considered, it is impossible for him to act right. Two men setting out from the very same point in the angle, will be seen to travel very widely asunder. A very small pebble lying at the mouth of a brook will direct its course.'

"Keep me, O Lord, as the apple of thine eye; and be thou to me as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. While I rejoice in the pleasant streams of instruction, lead me ever up to Thee, the fountain of Life, and enable me to drink abundantly."

Sunday.—"An uncomfortable day; interrupted, as many of my Sabbaths have been of late, by company. I am thus put

out of my track, but I must consider it as my cross, since it is not in my own power to shut my door against Sunday idlers: were I left to my choice, I would gladly keep the day sacred. Oh, for a retiredness of spirit, and abstractedness of soul through all!"

Wednesday, April 12.—"Heard Mr. C. at Long Acre from Isaiah xl. 30, 31. 'Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fail: but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings like eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint.'

"The ignorant and unlearned in the things of God were instructed to wait upon the Lord for the teaching of his Spirit. None grew so wise and prosperous as those who attended to the Great Teacher. We might wait upon favorite preachers, books, friends, &c., but unless we looked first to God, and sought secret intercourse and communion with him, we should make but little progress. We must sit at the feet of Jesus, in a listening obedient spirit; searching the Scriptures continually. The slothful and negligent were also exhorted to wait diligently upon the Lord, in all the means of grace; looking to the true source of good.

"It would not do to wait *sometimes*. 'The slothful soul desireth and hath nothing.' It is not sufficient to have good desires, we must endeavour, we must labour, for that meat which doth not perish. People may pretend to despise the diligent, and call them legal, but we are commanded to labour, to watch as well as pray; to fight like good soldiers. There was much instruction also to the *hasty* spirit; to wait with patience, submission, and resignation; we were not to make hasty conclusions against ourselves, nor, like Jehoram, impiously to say, 'Why should I wait for the Lord any longer?' Even Jeremiah, Moses, Elijah, Jonah, &c., erred here. The weary and heavy-laden were next greatly encouraged, 'They shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint'—while they continue *to wait on the Lord*.

"Alas, my memory fails; but my heart glows with gratitude for this opportunity. I can truly say, that in waiting upon the Lord, my strength has been renewed. Not for a long time have I been so favoured as under this discourse. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.'"

Friday.—"Made a hasty engagement to dine out. Upon recollection I saw I had done foolishly. I am yet too young

in religion to venture into the contagious atmosphere of the ungodly. I went to my Saviour in simplicity and acknowledged my fault, and prayed for his preserving mercy; when, thanks be to His holy name, he sent me his *preventing* mercy. I was detained at home by a severe sickness, for which I am truly thankful. Let me henceforward remember that, 'Only to see, (be the sight ever so splendid,) is an insufficient warrant to draw me into places of spiritual hazard.'" [1]

Tuesday.—"Confined still by illness. But through mercy my best Comforter has been present with me; and he has enabled me hitherto to resign myself wholly to his disposal.

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[1] Whatever, in modern days, may be thought of such a degree of tenderness of conscience as is here expressed, one of the blessed Reformers and Martyrs of our Church, has left a remarkable notice of his feelings under a similar temptation, which in the event occasioned him much trouble and compunction of conscience. John Bradford in one of his epistles writes as follows:—To Mr. Traves, begging his prayers, and lamenting his own sinful condition:—"Yesternight, a little before supper, I was desired by a neigbour, my mother's friend, against this day to dinner. Unto whom, for that a refusal would have been imputed disdainful stateliness, I unwillingly, (God to witness,) but not unadvisedly,[1] yet *foolishly* granted to the same, which I advertise you as my excuse for not coming this day. * * * * * * * * * *.

"In your communication with God, I pray you have me of all sinners a most negligent, unthankful and wretched, (Oh, that from the bottom of my heart I confessed the same unfeignedly!) in remembrance, that at length, I might truly convert and turn from these flesh-pots of Egypt, to feed with his manna, patiently, and assuredly expecting his mercy, joyfully sighing for, and bearing the badge of his disciples and servants, the cross. * * * * * * * * * * *

"This paper, pen and ink, yea, the marble-stone weepeth, to see my slothful security and unthankful hardness to so merciful and long suffering a Lord. I confess it, I confess it, though not tremblingly, humbly, or penitently, yet I confess it, oh! hypocritically I confess it!

"Therefore pray, pray for me, that I may repent and be turned to God, not despising his wrath, and the death of his Son Jesus Christ, but that I may live in the Spirit, and walk in the Spirit, evermore to bewail my carnal security and this *philautiam*,[2] that I may be made a new creature through grace, made meet to receive the new wine of the Gospel into a new vessel, purified by faith, wrought by the Spirit of consolation, which may vouchsafe to lead us in all truth and godly living, that we may know God the Father to be in himself the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent. To which most blessed Trinity, be all honour and glory forever. Amen. In haste this Thursday in the morning,

Yours as his own,

"JOHN BRADFORD."

Fathers of the English Church, Vol. VI. page 616.

[1] Unwittingly. [2] Self-pleasing.

I want nothing but more grace and devotedness of heart and life; more union with my Saviour, and a nearer intercourse with him. If pain and sickness will promote these desirable things—welcome both. Every thing is welcome, while my blessed Redeemer condescends to be with me by his presence. I know not what lies before me; but it is enough for me that my heavenly Father knows, and will make all things work together for my good."

Thursday, May 30.—"The last month has been a peculiar one. Not only has my body been greatly debilitated, but my mind has been variously exercised. Some new lessons have been given: may this and every trying dispensation be sanctified, and the design therein fully answered. Hitherto I have been enabled to say with confidence, 'I know in whom I have believed, and that he will keep that I have committed to him.' 'My mountain has seemed to stand so strong, I said, I shall never be moved.' But of late, some unusual fears have darted across my mind, such as,—What if I should in some dark day lose my anchor hold?—from which I gather this instruction, 'Live not upon your graces, but upon Christ.' Say, If the fig tree does not blossom, yet will I rejoice in the Lord."

June 12.—"Unfavourable clouds of deadness and stupidity have, for several weeks, interrupted the reviving and gladdening rays of the Sun of Righteousness. The enemy has thence taken occasion to assault me. But thanks be to my adorable sustainer, I am enabled to see, that though the sun be withdrawn, and storms arise, I am built upon a Rock; and I am still enabled to stand waiting and knocking at mercy's door. He does graciously afford me some glimpses of his countenance, though he does not make his abode with me as heretofore. He is just, though I continue much longer waiting. I am conscious of much unfaithfulness towards God; my mind has been too much engaged with inferior objects; they have been attended to, and he has been neglected or forgotten:—no wonder he should retire. I feel my folly, and wonder at myself that I should have slighted such a guest. I acknowledge mine iniquity; shouldest thou, O Lord, be extreme to mark what is done amiss, I could not answer thee to one of a thousand. I will still throw myself at thy feet, and cling to thy cross, and will there abide, till thou comest to drive out thine enemies, and re-assume thy seat: till then, I will be as the importunate widow; and may I be enabled by grace to say with Job, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.'

"My former trials were chiefly from outward circumstances;

deep inward conflicts are now added: the Lord's will be done!"

July.—"My soul has long been in a dry and barren state. I am often ready to faint, and say, 'will it be always so?' Yet again a hope arises that the vision is only for an appointed time, and that I must wait for it. But in waiting, I find there are these dangers,—either despondency—impatience—or carelessness. Sometimes I seem to forget the state I am in, and let out my mind to every trifling or busy occupier. Oh when shall I combine the importunity of the widow, with the patient docility of Mary! When shall I be all diligence in watching for good, and yet resignedly say, 'My times are in thy hand.'"

Sunday.—"One Sabbath comes after another, and yet I remain a dry tree; in which there is no sap, no greenness, neither fruit nor blossom. It was not always so. I can look back to the time when I could not only taste but drink of the waters of life, flowing from the sanctuary, and my heart was made glad; and when I could rejoice even under deep sorrows. Now I go and look, and long and sigh and weep; but it is seldom that I can obtain one refreshing drop; and that scarcely seems to penetrate the parched ground. What can I say?—'Righteousness belongeth unto thee, but unto me confusion of face.'"

The loss of sensible comforts, and of profit under divine ordinances, which here forms a part of Mrs. Hawkes's painful experience, has been felt and expressed by others of eminent piety; of which, examples occur not only in Church History, but also in the Scripture account of eminent saints.

Mr. Newton has remarked, "A humble, dependent frame of spirit, perseverance in the appointed means, care to avoid all occasions of sin, a sincere endeavour to glorify God, and an eye to Jesus Christ as our all in all, are sure indications that the soul *is thriving*, whether sensible consolations abound or not." And Mr. Adam also says, "Neither high nor low frames will do for a standard of faith: *self* may be strong in both."

Either enjoying God's presence, or mourning the want of it, seems to constitute the temper of every true Christian. They who, like Mrs. Hawkes, have in their early religious experience been favoured with peculiar manifestations of joy, will perhaps feel more sensibly than others, those intervals of deadness, which would scarcely be realized by persons less spiritually-minded. Her soul was still thirsting after God, and especially to see his power and glory in the sanctuary. There she sought and found support and instruction in the absence of sen-

sible comforts: which appears by her record of the following sermon, and by the prayer which accompanies it.

Wednesday, Aug. 15.—"Heard Mr. C. at Long Acre, on *Psalm* xlii. 5. 'Why art thou cast down O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance. Mr. C. remarked:—

'Every Christain should say, like David, whatever be the state of things within or without, I will remember my Rock; and though my soul is disquieted within me, I will fight against discouragement, hoping in God.

'Whatever is the *cause* of depression, whether outward trouble, or inward fears, or if our joy in the Lord is withheld, we must not set it down as a proof that we have not grace: but rather look at the most eminent Christians enduring the same conflicts.

'Let the Christian keep upon his ground, and behold Him that is invisible; and though only a poor bruised reed, he stands like a rock. But let him come off that, and begin disputing God's word, and his providence, and then imaginations of all kinds rush in, and his heart is disquieted.

'A believer is not like a worldling; he cannot find satisfaction in trifles; take away the comforts and confidences of religion, and he is poor indeed.

'Faith and hope give wings to the soul. We often call for the wings of a dove to fly away, because we want to be out of our place, to be somewhere else in order to be more happy. But this arises from impatience. True faith and hope will make us happy any where, and enable us, like Paul and Silas, to sing in a prison.

'Every Christian should remember, whatever may be the cause of his trouble, "there has no temptation taken him but such as is common to man." This is a dreary wilderness; we have not yet attained to our rest, but it remaineth for us.

'If the mourning believer should say, But I have sinned against God, and therefore am under rebuke, and how can I help being cast down? Yet let him remember that dispair is no cure; and to please Satan by doubting, is not the way to be relieved. He should recollect that every season has its particular duty; and, like David, he should reason with his soul, "Why art thou cast down?"

'As the Christian learns the use of his anchor, there is no wave or billow by which he can be tossed, but this will keep him steady: nay, he should go further, and say with David,

—bad as things are at present,—"Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, for the help of his countenance."'

"Blessed be God for affording me opportunities of hearing his word. Amidst all my fears within, and trials without, *this* comforts, refreshes, and supports my soul, namely, that I still can pray for the heart-searching eye of God, and solemnly appeal to him who knows me, better than I do myself, and say, 'Thou that knowest all things knowest that I love thee!' that I desire nothing in comparison of thee; that I would give up every thing rather than my hope in thee; and that it is my continual cry, Lord, why do I love thee so little? Make me love thee supremely. May the seed which has been sown this day, be watered by the showers of divine grace; and may I be enabled to praise God for the light of his countenance."

Thursday.—"How variable are the frames and feelings! How like the shining and the shadow passing over the green plain! But, blessed be God, our salvation consisteth not in frames and feelings, but in being engrafted on the living vine, and abiding in Christ: consisteth not even in our sensible hold of him, but in our simple belief of his gracious declaration, that he will never leave, nor forsake, nor suffer us to be plucked out of his hands."

Sunday.—"Heard Mr. C. to-day from 2 Sam. v. 10. 'And David went on, and grew great, and the Lord God of hosts was with him!'

"O that in all situations and circumstances, prosperous or adverse, *I* may have this blessed assurance, that the Lord is with *me*.

"Thank God for a new degree of spiritual life? My Lord has graciously called me to rise above the uncomfortable state I have for some time been in; and proclaims himself to my soul, as the Lord who forgiveth all iniquities; as the good physician who healeth all my diseases and pours oil into every wound."

September 5, 1793.—"This day I received from my revered minister a large new Bible, handsomely bound: in the beginning of which the following lines were written:

'The Lord hear thee my daughter, in the day of trouble: the name of the God of Jacob defend thee. Send thee help from the Sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion, both now, and when he who presents this book shall assist thee no more.'[1]

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[1] Below these lines there is a memorandum in pencil, written by Mrs. Hawkes some years after, as follows.—

1804. *Now* is the day of trouble, and the God of Jacob *does* defend, strengthen, and comfort his poor servant.

" O Lord, be pleased to hearken to the petitions of thy servant; and lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon him; let his soul be like a well watered garden; Let 'the good will of him that dwelt in the bush,' rest upon him and all that he hath. Bless the wife of his bosom, and the children whom thou hast given him. Let none of them be wanting when thou comest to make up thy jewels. Bless him in his basket and his store. Bless him in coming in, and going out. O accompany the glad tidings thou sendest by him with power, and with the Holy Ghost. Make his 'doctrine to drop as the rain; his speech to distil as the dew upon the tender herb, and the showers upon the grass.' And now O Lord, be pleased to attend unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.

" With reference to the late depression of my mind, Mr. C. remarked:

'There is *experience* as well as doctrine to be taught in the school of Christ. We are to be brought out of nature, and taught to walk with God: and this is effected not only by the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit, but also by wholesome corrections. To have a blessed evidence is not inconsistent with cloudy days; with temptations. " We do groan being burdened," says the apostle, and yet these are the men that are renewed day by day,—that rejoice in tribulation.

'What is any thing without *experience?* Ask the philosopher—the artist, &c., if their experience cost them nothing: if no hazard, no expense was endured? And it would be strange if the Christian's experience also must not be made up by a thousand secret *particulars.* Let us beg of God to superintend the process.

'We should mark well the peculiar duties of trying seasons. No time is more trying than when the believer feels any thing like a declining or a revolting state of mind.

'There is a point in every man's life, when, if God is speaking to the conscience, it will be said to him as it was to Peter, " Will ye also go away?" For every believer, at some time or other feels, that religion is not the undertaking of a *day;* but that he must hold on, and hold out. He is a soldier, and he must fight. When temptation, persecution, or affliction, come heavily upon him, then is the time when this question is especially put to him.

'God has, in his provision and proposal of salvation to man, taken into consideration his stiff-neckedness, his iron sinew, his backsliding and wandering heart.

'God's consolations must also be sought in God's way; and

in his way they shall be obtained. Upon our first setting out in religion, we are apt to expect we shall receive our comforts in our own way: forgetting that God is the appointer of times, and that our business is to wait for him. What a life of expectation and waiting was Abraham's! How did he hope against hope! Through what deep waters did he pass!

'The exercise of holy joy may be lost by sin: or, otherwise, David would not have cried, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation." If we trifle with sin of any kind, the joy of salvation will be suspended; for the spring of it is the shining of God's Holy Spirit in the heart. And this *must* be interrupted, if we wander after other joys.

'The joy of salvation is the joy of calm reflection. It will bear the examination of a dying bed; it is the joy of hope and expectation; it is the joy of acceptance and communion with God; it is everlasting.

'The atmosphere of the world has a tendency to damp this joy. Whenever we are necessarily led into the company of the ungodly, we should feel when the evil influence begins to work upon our minds, and avoid it as a child would a murderer; and then we should hear the question, "Will ye also go away?" and should cry with earnestness to Christ, "Strengthen thou me;" pour thy grace into my soul, and water the root, that I may be preserved from withering; "Thou hast the words of eternal life.'"

Sunday.—"Heard Mr. Scott at Long Acre, from *John* i. 29. 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.'

"A most blessed discourse. Oh that this, and every other, may take deep root in my heart, and under the glorious Divine influence of the Sun of Righteousness, bring forth fruit to his praise! If it were not for my trust in the great atoning sacrifice, my defectiveness, only this day, under the means of grace, would sink me into despair; and would also, did not his precious blood cleanse from all sin, *sink me into hell.* All glory be to God for the gift of his dear Son!"

Nov. 30, 1793.—"Many have been the trials of this last month. Besides being confined to my bed by illness, grieved to the heart on account of a dear relative. Oh that God would condescend in his infinite mercy to bid him *live!* O let *me* never so forsake thee, the blessed fountain of living waters, and turn to broken cisterns that can hold no water! It is only thy grace which can prevent this. Let it never be withdrawn, I pray thee. Suffer me not to quench or grieve thy good

Spirit. O take away my life, rather than it should be spent in any other service than thine!"

The foregoing extract affords a glimpse of the severe inward trials experienced by godly and enlightened persons on account of those relatives who afford no satisfactory evidence of true conversion. Mrs. Hawkes again alludes to this painful subject in the latter part of the following letter to Mrs. Jones. After giving an account of her late illness, she goes on to say;—

"I have been much struck, since my illness, with the degree of formality and insensibility which a Christian may have fallen into, though living under the meridian splendour of religious advantages; perhaps I should have said, the insensibility *I* have fallen into, rather than suppose it common to Christians. I abhor myself when I think of my privileges, so much above those of any other person I know. Yet how slow my progress! So drawn off by outward things: a heart so cold, and vain, and proud, and selfish. Who has been so highly favoured as I? Feasted not only on the Sabbath, but every day, more or less, with 'a feast of fat things!' I might have grown like the 'calves of the stall.' Instead of a reed, I might have been like a tall cedar. One would have supposed that my general trials would have been enough to have kept me awake. But I fear I need a sharper stroke yet, to give me a thorough rousing. Death must be felt approaching, before I, in earnest, set about preparing for it. I am amazed at myself! The near views of eternity which have been granted to me in this illness, are so instructive, so animating, and, I trust, so transforming, that I say with all my heart,—welcome pain and sickness; I would not part with you to sink again into insensibility. I see, every day, more and more of the worth and efficacy of that Divine breath, spoken of in Ezekiel; and of the utter inefficacy of every thing else, though ever so excellent and beautiful. I long to live with my soul laid open to receive those precious influences. That is an encouraging promise, 'I will be as the dew unto Israel.' My soul no longer prospers than as it is continually receiving these precious dews. With deep humiliation and thankfulness I would acknowledge, that God has graciously granted me some reviving of late; yet even this grace shows me how poor I am. The sun, when it shines, discovers the places that remain dark. Oh when shall this dark heart be filled with light! pervading, purifying, and vivifying every secret corner.

"The enemy has lately tried hard to shake my confidence; in which he has been aided by many peculiar circumstances. But I have since had a blessed opportunity of proving, that they who build on the true and living stone, though they may be alarmed, shall not be removed. I am thankful that when I am put in the fire of inward or outward trial, my request is, not to come out, but to be purified. Alas, I have much, very much dross to be burnt up; and of course must expect, again and again, to be put into the furnace. But by grace, and that alone, my cry is, 'not my will, but thine be done;' or rather, let my will be conformed to thine.

"It is indeed a serious thing to be 'tried as silver;' but not alarming, when we recollect that the Holy Refiner sits by, watching the process. If I know any thing of myself, I would not forego my little experience of these things, to have escaped, or still to escape all my sorrows. Alas! to see persons under affliction, where no such process seems to take place!

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"A few hours ago I went to the footstool of Divine mercy, to thank God for the gift of repentance: worlds cannot purchase it; but Christ is exalted to give it; and this makes Christ precious."

In reply to her sister, Mrs. Jones writes:—

"I am thankful to find that through all difficulties, you are still going forward. Let us praise God for every step we are enabled to take in the way to the kingdom. All discouragement savours of unbelief. If the serpent wound us, the antidote must be applied the next moment; and this is what we must strive for, namely, a constant sense of the cleansing and purifying blood of Christ, preventing new guilt from fastening on the conscience. The Lord knows we are weak, and he carries the lambs in his bosom, and gently leads on those that are not able to run. As we increase in strength we shall mend our pace. Let us run, looking unto Jesus; every look strengthens the view. The powers of the soul gain vigor by exercise; and it is by looking that we are changed into the same image. Unbelief suggests this is not the *time* to look; let it be in hearing, or in reading, or in speaking. But faith says, 'Now is the accepted time.' Our whole life should be one continued now.

"In one of your former letters you ask me respecting praying and wishing for death. I think it is not right to pray for death: the will of God is better than death; it is better than life, including every enjoyment with which it stands connected.

The power of the Almighty as a sustainer, could not be made manifest, if there were no subjects to endure evil. St. Paul says, 'most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities that the power of Christ may rest upon me.' He did not wish to die upon this occasion. The Divine economy requires that there be some afflicted, some poor, some sick, some in prison, that the will of God may be done on earth as it is in heaven. But believers have an immense legacy settled upon them; and, amongst other names, yours and mine are as fully included in the covenant will and testament, as those of any individuals."

From the time Mrs. Hawkes first became a converted character, she accustomed herself to close every year with much self-examination, penitence and solemnity of mind; as also, to open every new year with fresh self-dedication and prayer. This was her continued practice through her whole Christian course. The following memorandums are of this nature:—

Dec. 31, 1793.—"It is the will of my heavenly Father that I should close this year in my sick chamber. He has called me more immediately to listen to him; and as a tender Father has he chastened me. Oh that I were more fully sanctified! that my heart were as wax softened to receive his image and likeness. If it is his will that I should recover, and again embark on the rough sea of life, may I be enabled to enter upon it with my poor tattered sails filled with fresh gales from the coasts of Zion. Oh that I may have no will but his, either for life or death!

"Taking into consideration the innumerable benefits and privileges with which God has graciously loaded me through the past year, how great has been my ingratitude!

"Those awful words make me tremble,—'Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.'

"O Lord I would own the charge, and should be utterly filled with despair, unless thou didst enable me to fix my eye upon the golden sceptre held out to me in the gospel. Conscience clamours, and points at innumerable transgressions. Many and just are my accusers; but I will refer them all to my adorable Advocate, while I desire to behold, by faith, the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world!"

Jan. 1, 1794.—"'As the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress, so mine eyes are up unto thee," O Lord! that thou wouldest, in mercy, teach, guide, protect and strengthen me. Enable me, this new year, to dedicate myself afresh to

thee. Let me not be conformed to this world, but transformed by the renewing of my mind. Succour me when temptations assail me; give me wisdom when difficulties and perplexities beset my path; make thy grace sufficient for me under any agitation of mind, or rufflings of temper. Make me to keep my mouth as with a bridle. Grant that I may be led by thy Holy Spirit, and walk in the Spirit, through the whole of this year!"

Sunday, Jan. 4.—"Heard Mr. C. from Ps. xc. 12. 'So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.'

'By wisdom is meant true religion. I am a dying creature—let me be preparing for a dying hour. Let others be distinguished for their learning, for their knowledge, for their great *worldly* wisdom: yet, however they may be admired, however splendid they may be, it is all but splendid folly, if there is a provision for the sinner's soul. I am to dwell in eternity. Is so short a life as this to be spent in providing for time? No!—Eternity succeeds it. There is infinite importance hangs upon this present moment: *eternity* hangs upon it. And shall I trifle with it? or spend it in nonsense and vanity? No! "Teach me to number my days." Not like those who calculate every thing except salvation. Shall I spend my moments in providing only for a perishing body? No! I have cast up my account, (as if the Psalmist had said,) and now let others do as they please. *I* know what I have to do: I have to apply my heart unto wisdom.

'As this is a peculiar season, let each of us look back on the year that is past. Does it not seem like a tale that is told? What lessons of humiliation does it teach us for our folly? Lessons of correction also, for mistakes which we in our carelessness and inconsideration have committed. Does it not tell us that this is a world of disappointment? that nothing earthly is to be trusted? None but God is to be confided in, for none but himself is unchangeable. Does it not furnish us with many important admonitions? Have we not lost some friend that tells us how short life is, and bids us be ready? It teaches us also many lessons of gratitude, for merciful preservations, for many great blessings. Well therefore may we be told to present ourselves "as living sacrifices." We are bid to number our days, that is, to look *forward*. Let us set out with faith and prayer. David prays to be taught, "So teach me to number my days." Let us pray that the Holy Spirit may teach *us*—guide *us*—direct *us*. We have the same God to teach us as David had. Let us then, unlike the foolish of the world, be looking, and going *forward*.'

"Grant, O Thou, into whose gracious hands I am enabled to commit my soul, that I may not rest with notions of Christ in my head, but that he may take up his dwelling in my heart by faith. Let me not only be pleased to hear of him, but intimately and solidly know him for myself, and not for another. Let the form of godliness, without the power, be my continual dread. Let me take heed that I do not rest in any duties performed; but rather see them as splendid sins if they do not bring Christ to my soul. Let me value no teaching unless it be accompanied by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, which alone can make it effectual. In great mercy forbid that I should loose God in his gifts. Though gifts are precious, they are useless and dead if Christ be not in them. I can truly say, I have not any trust, nor any comfort, save in the merits and blood of Jesus Christ: nor dare I look at my most holy things, but as they are sprinkled and washed in the blessed fountain open for sin and uncleanness.

"'If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who should stand? But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.' Oh that my many infirmities of late may rouse me to greater diligence! I would walk with such a devout and holy circumspection as though there were no blessed fountain open for sin and uncleanness; and I would, at the same time, depend so entirely upon the blessed atonement, as to have *no confidence in the flesh*."

Feb. 12.—"This morning I was favoured by a call from my honoured minister, who, in the kindest manner, gave me the most wholesome advice, which sunk deeply into my heart. There are indeed many peculiar circumstances belonging to the subject upon which he spoke, to which he is an entire stranger: but all he said was highly just and proper; and will, I trust, teach me more than ever to turn mine eyes *within*, where there is work enough to do. The approbation of man, in many instances, cannot be obtained. But, oh, that I may have the testimony of a good conscience before God! A secret consciousness that I have done as much as human imperfection can do. Alas! this is not the case at present. Lord help me!"

From close observation on mankind, and extensive knowledge of the world, no person was more alive than Mr. Cecil, to the deep and intricate perplexities often connected with family affairs; and it must be acknowledged, that the trials which Mrs. Hawkes experienced were unusually severe. To her especially, the expressive sentence might apply, "the heart

knoweth its own bitterness:" and in Mr. Cecil's manner of treating Mrs. Hawkes's case, is discovered the wise and cautious spiritual physician, who applies his remedy, not to the sickly apprehensions of the patient, but according to the real, present, spiritual malady of the afflicted. But the reader will gain, from the following letter, written by Mrs. Hawkes, *some years after*, to a Christian friend in a school of like affliction, further light upon that severe and perplexing dispensation, which caused her to feel the insufficiency of even the wisest and kindest counsellors.

To Mrs. ——.

"My dear Friend.—I thank you very affectionately for your sympathy in, and kind participation of my sorrows and afflictions. I have reason to be unfeignedly thankful that my bitter cup is mixed with many mercies; and among the rest, is that of love and Christian friendship, with which few have been so largely favoured. With respect to my various trials, I wish by no means to aggravate them by minute detail. Many, and many, far beyond me in Christian progress, have far heavier afflictions, with certainly less mitigation and fewer comforts. My visitations are lighter than I deserve. Yet you must allow me to correct some parts of your statement, with respect to my present painful dispensation. You observe, that while my bodily sufferings are heavy, I am excused from many pangs that frequently fill your heart with anguish, from a quarter with which your weal or woe is inseperably connected. Perhaps you will wonder when I assure you, that from the very same source has arisen my severest grief; and all my bodily pain, weakness, and constant oppression—all my change of circumstances and loss of outward comforts—is comparatively nothing to the load on my heart, occasioned by my accumulated affliction, in that near connexion of which you speak.

* * * *

If ever I had a wish dearer to me than another, it was that I might not only share the happiness of that relation, but also exert all my best faculties to fill up its high duties. If I am not mistaken, I could have borne great hardships, many deprivations, and other evils, with an affection which would have made them light and easy. I desire however to cast no blame save on myself. I am only now corrected for the wayward sins of my younger years; I was headstrong, self-willed, and precipitate.

"I will not venture to say that I have done the best I could

in this connexion. I look back and reflect with sorrow, (as I suppose most others do in taking a retrospect of the past,) upon many errors, on occasions in which, with my present advanced experience, I might have acted more wisely. I am thankful that, keen as is my disappointment and grief, I feel no sort of disposition to accuse, or to harbour displeasure; much less for any unforgiving temper. I am enabled to look above second causes; and to see my painful humiliating dispensation, to be a dispensation full of wisdom and mercy. I have ever been disposed to wind every thing I love about my heart with a thousand strings; and I verily think, had the same endearing attachments been granted *me* that are to some, I should have been buried in my inordinate affection to them. Therefore, my dear friend, I can truly say, through infinite mercy, and the help of all-sufficient grace, that although my heart must ever bleed with its own secret sorrows, and in a way that none can know but myself, yet so unspeakably great are the blessings conveyed to my soul through my various afflictions, that I am not only fully satisfied, but humbly and heartily thank my heavenly Father for all his dealings with me, and all his merciful chastisements: by means of which, through the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit, my heart is weaned from earth; is made to seek and find all its health, happiness, and security in God; to endure 'as seeing him who is invisible;' and to look and long for that glorious city, where there shall be no more sorrow nor sin.

"Pardon me for such a long preamble about my unworthy insignificant self, which I have entered into, partly to prove that I can sympathize in your particular trials more than you are aware; but more especially, to bear testimony to the faithful covenant-keeping Jehovah, who condescends to pour forth his promised blessings into my soul, so as to make me count these days of suffering, *my best days.* I am, indeed, almost a prisoner, but I am the Lord's prisoner, filled with hope, and kept in peace. My sufferings abound; but praised be his name, my consolations also abound; and my joy is in Him, who is 'the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.'"

After a digression which seemed needful to throw light on the subject of Mrs. Hawkes's afflictions, we return to Holloway, where we find her suffering one of the inconveniences incident to persons in her circumstances,—the necessity of associating with worldly company.

Saturday.—"So much engaged this day, owing to the unexpected arrival of certain friends, as to be scarcely able to

read, much less to write. Greatly tried with my servants: surely the enemy stirreth up their minds to mischief! O that I may be enabled to say with the Psalmist, 'I will behave myself wisely in a perfect way; I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes; I hate the work of them that turn aside.'"

The following letter from Mrs. Jones leads to the discovery that these visitors at Holloway, were persons very uncongenial to Mrs. Hawkes's religious habits and feelings. She writes,—

"I can anticipate your feelings, my dear sister, on the arrival of your present visitors. But you have no choice in it: their coming is quite unsolicited, and it must be considered as occurring in the order of providence. If you were assured that you would be able to say and do all that your heart wishes, you would exult in the opportunity. But there is not a single day that you can do this even in the most spiritual company; and a *little* done in such a case is better than nothing. There is also a spirit and sympathy that is felt by others, even when no words are spoken. It is a great thing to have persons brought under the ministration of the word; and God, who worketh all in all, appointeth ways and means according as it pleaseth him. Your times of private reading and meditation will be interrupted: but your union with Christ is still the same, though the sweet intercourse is broken in upon; and this makes the sacrifice you offer the more valuable. This matter appears to be the will of God; and whether it is intended for their profit, or your trial, will be seen in a future day. It is no small exercise for your faith now. May Christ himself make good his own word, and keep you from painful carefulness. You know from your former experience how he has kept you, by his mighty power, from the things you have most feared. If the increase of the knowledge and love of God is to come through faith, there must needs be difficulties to form our trials; and there must needs be coming short of our desires from the weakness of our nature: this throws us upon mercy, and sinks us to the dust in humiliation. The first time I came to see you, after you were married, and spent a great deal of time in going about with you from place to place, it often came into my mind, 'What doest thou here?' But God inclined your heart, at that time, to go with me to hear the Gospel of the kingdom, and set before you an open

door. I pray that God may meet your present visitors where he met you; and then you will gladly make sacrifice of your comforts. O for that faith that would meet the will of God in every thing! The commands which have the harshest sound, such as 'deny thyself,'—'take up thy cross,' are pleasant in experience, because of the help afforded; and because the Christian fixes his eye upon the recompense of reward.

"Retirement has its advantages, and society has its advantages also. Mutual love and forbearance, are called forth as essential exercises, which strengthen and invigorate the racer. The frivolity of the society in general is an argument for seclusion: but this practice is not according to the 'more excellent way.' I am, however, sorry when Christians deem company essential to their happiness. Many people here invite me to spend a day with them. That phrase always strikes me with alarm—Spend a day! My sand is nearly run; I have not many more days to live; and shall I spend a day in idleness?—*No*, my days are every one engaged; I have not one left to throw away. We have so much to thank God for, so much to love him for, and so much to ask him for, that, together with those duties immediately connected with our calling, and the kindness to be administered to Christ's suffering members, the business of our lives is already arranged, and the time is too short for the work we have to do.

"The children of this world reprove our negligence in spiritual pursuits. Nothing can divert them from earnestness and assiduity. But alas, we are *loiterers;* turned aside by a thousand frivolities. May we have grace to press forward."

Besides the benefit and consolation which Mrs. Hawkes derived from her attendance at St. John's Chapel, on Sundays, and at Long Acre, on Wednesday evenings, she took delight in attending a service held at six o'clock, on the Sunday mornings, at Lothbury, where Mr. Cecil was the alternate preacher. In her next memorandum she expresses her regret, on account of a temporary deprivation of this opportunity.

Sunday.—"I am sorry Lothbury is shut up. It was pleasant and refreshing when I could go there and wait upon God early in the morning. But blessed be his name, he is to be found in the secret chamber, as I have experienced this day. Heard Mr. C. from 1 *Cor.* ii. 9. 'Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God has prepared for them that love him.'

"A most animating discourse, describing the rich provision

which God has condescended to make, both here and hereafter, for them that love him; with the great and expensive preparation. To have a just idea of the preparation, we must take a view of the cost. How dearly purchased! even at the amazing expense of the precious blood of Christ, which is of more worth than a thousand worlds, or millions of gold and silver. But I must not mangle and deform this Sermon by attempting to describe it. Lord write it upon the tablet of my heart! and let it encourage, and strengthen, and quicken me, so that I may go on my way rejoicing."

Wednesday.—"Much engaged with friends; unwell in body; and fatigued in mind. When shall I be so happy as to get spiritual good out of every rising occurrence. Oh for retirement and quiet, which has now so long been interrupted!

"Heard Mr. C. at Long Acre, from 1 *Kings* xix. 19, 20. 'So he departed thence, and found Elisha the son of Shaphat, who was ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth, and Elijah passed by him, and cast his mantle upon him,' (which was customary in those days as a sign of love, protection, or favour.) This discourse tended to prove that one duty is not to be set up on the ruins of another. We are to be diligent in our calling, yet fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. My soul was delighted and enriched! Lord engraft it inwardly in my heart!

Thursday.—"Still greatly tried with my servants—tempted to impatience and peevishness. Oh when shall I be filled with the fruits of the Spirit, love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness! Shame belongs to me this day. Lord, in mercy sprinkle clean water upon me, and I shall be cleansed!

"The more we are surrounded and encumbered with cares and difficulties, the oftener should we endeavour to break away, and retire into the spirit of meditation and prayer."

Friday.—"Still engaged with friends and visitors. Very unwell in body; my mind stupid and uncomfortable; much oppressed by domestic cares and sorrows.

"Oh that I could more attend to the apostle's admonition, 'Add to your knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity, or love.'

"'Christian temperance,' says Mr. Wesley, 'extends to all things, inward as well as outward; to the due government of

every thought and affection. Sour godliness, so called, is of the devil. Of true Christian godliness it may be said,

> 'Mild, sweet, serene, and tender in her mood,
> Nor grave from sternness, nor from lightness free:
> Against example resolutely good,
> Fervent in zeal, and warm in charity.'"

Saturday.—"Much engaged in domestic matters; but little time for retirement; some few comfortable seasons. Felt a want of patience with A. C. because of her instability; but was soon enabled to recollect what a predominant feature *that* formerly was in my own character. I have only to think of my own innumerable failings, and then I cannot be uncharitable to those of others.

"Mr. C. remarked lately,

'The danger of too much solitude, is, lest the mind, deeply and religiously impressed, should mistake the workings of the imagination for the teaching of the Spirit. See the mistakes concerning abstraction in some of the mystics.'

"'Lord, let me be changed into thine image and likeness,' is a comprehensive prayer; and a prayer, my lips, (and, I trust, my heart) often utter. But what does it mean? Am I to obtain the image of Christ by falling into a, perhaps favoured, silent contemplation, as if I had nothing to do but wait in passive, (well if not indolent,) expectation of an effect to be produced by some sudden, and resistless visitation from heaven; some mystical influence, working with all the omnipotence of a charm, on my passive heart? have I nothing to do but wait silently, and without co-operation? Is not this the way of the mystics? A way, which may, perhaps, be good as far as it goes; but stopping short with a *part*, instead of combining a *whole*. What then is to be added? To have the image of Christ, is practically to say, in our measure, as he said, 'I came not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me.' It is, when an occasion of self-denial, and taking up our cross is presented,—to take up our cross, and to be self-denying. It is, in the very midst of contradiction and reviling, to be meek and lowly, and forgiving, as he was. It is, to disregard all earthly splendour, either of riches, or talent, and to be 'poor in spirit.' It is, to have the graces of the Spirit in exercise. Alas! I am ashamed; 'If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?' Surely I need the furnace to be seven times heated, before my corrupt heart is sanctified, and cast into the mould of the Gospel."

Wednesday.—"Heard Mr. C. at Long Acre, from 2 *Kings* ii. 9, 10. 'And it came to pass when they were gone over, that Elijah said unto Elisha, Ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken away from thee. And Elisha said, I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me. And he said, Thou hast asked a hard thing; nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken away from thee, it shall be so unto thee; but if not, it shall not be so.'

"Mr. C. remarked,—

'The Christian should be meeting God daily in retirement, and attending daily to the duties of religion. You see here, that though Elijah knew he was to be taken up to heaven that day, he did not set it apart for any particular acts of devotion. Some would have said, that when such a great change as from earth to heaven was to take place, the whole day, at least, should have been set apart for prayer; that when God did come, he should have found the prophet on his knees. But the best way of being prepared to meet God, is by a continual practice of religion, and an uninterrupted adherence to his commands; and then we shall be *always* ready. You are not to shut yourselves up in a monastery, to become hermits, to be always going upon the mount; but your heart and life, in every situation, in every occupation, is to be devoted to God.

'"Ask what I shall I do for thee," &c., and Elisha said, "let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me." Here is a noble request. He did not ask for fame, riches, or honour. "And Elijah said, thou hast asked a hard thing." By this expression must be understood a *great* thing: as if he had said, thou hast not made a trifling request, but hast asked nobly, largely; and it is what I cannot promise, because I cannot give it thee; it must come from God. I did not give it to myself; therefore I can only pray that thou mayest have it. But this shall be a sign,—If thou see me when I am taken away, it shall be so. As if he had said, if God give thee the strength to look upon this bright vision, if it please him to open thine eyes to see me go away;—it will please him also to give thee thy petition: but if thou see me not, it shall not be so. If it is not the will of God that thou shouldest have it, he will not enable thee to see me.

'Hence we may learn, that every thing cometh from God. Even this great prophet, who was so peculiarly honoured of God, could not make Elisha any promise as from himself. No more can the ministers of the Gospel, bestow any thing on

the hearers, of themselves. We can warn; we can declare to you the glorious mysteries of the Gospel; we can point out the way; we can pray for you; but we can do no more; the rest must come from God. It is he who must work in you to will and to do of his own good pleasure. O then be like Elisha; seek the blessing. It is remarkable that Elijah three times desired Elisha to stay behind; but he had made up his mind; he was resolved to be profited by his glorious example to the last. He resolutely refused to leave him;—"As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee." Let me recommend the same spirit to you, my brethren. Be resolute in keeping close to God,—close to his people. When temptations and difficulties come upon you, still, like Elisha, be not persuaded to stay behind. The world will entice you;—your ungodly friends may laugh at you;—your own evil heart will dispose you to stay from God, and from his house; but still say, like Elisha, I will not leave thee. I will seek God's Holy Spirit. And remember, that for your encouragement, you have a sure promise, 'He will give his Holy Spirit to them that ask it.'"

March 10.—"All the last week I have been confined to my room by severe illness. But I desire not to be careful about my bodily sufferings; it matters not, so that my Saviour is with me; His presence is better than ease, better than life itself.

'Welcome weariness and pain,
Pledges of relief and ease!
Loss of strength to me is gain,
Let my wretched days decrease!
All my days shall soon be past,
Pain and grief shall bring the last!'"

April 16. *Mem.*—"Forgetfulness will always be a cause of chastisement. So I have found it this day in a painful lesson. I would however pray more earnestly to be strengthened and confirmed in my hold in Christ, that he would in mercy keep my faith from being shaken. I have sustained much loss through unwatchfulness. 'In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin; but he that refraineth his lips is wise.' I would desire to look back upon what is past and enquire, 'have I not sometimes trusted too much to my own faith, and clearness of evidence, rather than to Christ, who is the same, yesterday, to-day and for ever?' Let me examine my own heart more humbly upon this point; and watch more unto prayer. I am yet in an enemy's land, and know not what changes I shall

meet with before my warfare is over. Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

About this period Mrs. Hawkes left Holloway for a short time, in order to make her annual visit to her relatives at Broad Marston, and its vicinity. It appears that her health had previously been very delicate, and her spirits particularly weak; —which may account for her feeling much exhausted by a journey of above a hundred miles.

Monday, April 28, 1794. *Broad Marston.*—"After much fatigue, and many fears, I arrived here this evening. 'Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.' Let me remember that wisdom shows itself in speaking just enough, and not too much, and in proper time. May simplicity and sincerity guide my speech!"

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Sunday, May 4.—"'There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God.'

"'A man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place.'

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"'Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up mine eyes; Thy faithfulness is unto all generations.'"

Wednesday, 7.—"Very ill, and in much pain: a body of sin and death, with an oppressed mind, makes me groan, being burdened. God be merciful to me a sinner! 'Thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it thee:' 'thou delightest not in burnt-offerings. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and contrite heart, O God, thou will not despise.'"

Sunday, 11.—"'My soul longtheth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord.'"

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"'Should not the Shepherds feed the flocks?' 'Am I a God at hand, saith the Lord and not a God afar off?'"

The connexion and application of these texts is written in obscure short hand. But the feelings of the writer, at this time deprived of her usual spiritual privileges, are clearly evinced, and will be further illustrated by the concluding sentence.

"I do indeed mourn for the want of my usual privileges. But may not this be partly a device of the enemy to prevent me from getting all the good I can in my present circumstances? 'Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation,' is a text I need constantly to keep in mind."

Mrs. Hawkes intending, before her return to Holloway, to visit Birmingham, writes to Mrs. Jones af follows:

"I hope soon to gratify my longing desire to enjoy a little of the society of one of the kindest and best sisters that ever fell to the favoured lot of any body in this world: given me through the great goodness of that gracious God and Father, who whenever he afflicts, exhibits his tender mercy by the mitigation of every stroke. I must ever acknowledge with gratitude and deep humiliation, that he not only has never dealt with me as my iniquities deserve; but that he has in various instances, shewed me great loving kindness; and satisfied my mouth with good things,—in spiritual things, good beyond all calculation!

"I have felt much earnestness to-day in prayer respecting our meeting; that we may both of us follow the openings of providence, and that our way may be made clear. I was much struck, some time since, with an observation of Mr. C.'s.—He remarked, 'If we had faith we should be less preplexed in many cases than we are; for our path might be made much more plain. I trust if good is designed by our seeing each other, it will be brought about. I cannot feel willing that this Summer should pass without the desire of my heart being accomplished. In the present, as well as in a thousand other instances, I fear I cannot come up to the example you set me, of giving up my own will respecting it. But I can in this, as in other cases, beg that my heavenly Father will not suffer me to have the thing I long for, if it is not His will. I often rejoice that I am in the hands of One, that will not indulge me to my hurt; and I trust that, through grace, I can acknowledge Him good in what he denies, as well as in what he gives. My heart has of late been much taken up in contemplating the love of God in Christ; and greatly does it triumph and rejoice therein. My views have been enlarged on the subject, by two or three sermons on the Canticles, in which Mr. C. so delightfully, and so spiritually, opened the character of God, as a God of love. He says, believers are too narrow in their thoughts, and are apt to forget this Divine attribute; and thus God is greatly dishonoured. Seeing him in Christ, we should see nothing but a God of love, who is pleased in the prosperity of his servants. Ah! the soul-reviving sight makes me long for stronger faith to comprehend more of that love of which I yet have but a glimmering view. My desire is to be entirely engaged in the pursuit after the knowledge of God and myself.

It seems to me that both should go together; that holy joy should be tempered by deep humiliation; and that deep humiliation should find support in holy joy. When the heart has this joy, it prays with comfort: it reads the Bible as a rich heir reads over the will of his father, which puts him in the possession of his wealth. As he reads it over, he realizes the thought, 'this is mine, and that is mine.' So the believer, as he goes over the Scriptures, says, 'all is mine.' Pray for me, that I may be able to say this more and more."

Shortly after, Mrs. Hawkes went to Birmingham, and during her stay there, she made a visit to Mrs. Fletcher, widow of the Rev. J. Fletcher, of Madeley.

The following memorandum gives some particulars of this meeting.

Thursday, May 15, 1794.—"Mrs. Jones and myself set out for Madeley. We had a pleasant drive, but lost much time on the road, for which we suffered. We reached the house of that honourable Christian, Mrs. Fletcher, about five o'clock. My spirit was awed and humbled, not only by the noble character of Mrs. F., but by the recollection of the sacred roof under which I was. I would gladly have taken my seat at the threshold of the door, for I felt unworthy to advance any further. But I was soon made to forget my wretched self, my attention being turned to better subjects. While in converse with Mrs. Fletcher, I felt that sacred influence which I desire ever to feel. Glory be to our adorable Saviour, he condescended to be present with us; and my soul found it a refreshing season. Here indeed the Sun of Righteousness has arisen, and seems to shine continually. Here the Lord giveth rain in its season, and the souls of the inhabitants are like a well-watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not. Here is a Christian *indeed*. Alas! what am I? what have I been doing? Surely no more than slumbering, creeping, dragging on in my heavenly journey. Lord, in mercy speak unto me, that I may go forward; and let me run the race set before me.

"The first remark Mrs. Fletcher made, was on the shortness of her breath, occasioned by a complaint from which she had long suffered. With an animated countenance she said, 'She often thought death could not be far distant. Some time since' she added, 'I had a dangerous illness, which my friends expected would carry me off, and I began to rejoice in the belief that it was my Lord's will I should speedily join my dear friends in heaven. But my disorder taking an unexpected

turn, I perceived my time of release was not to be yet, but that God would have me live a little longer; and blessed be his name, I found I had no choice; I could equally embrace his will either for life or death. I felt the will of my God like unto a soft pillow, upon which I could lie down, and find rest and safety in all circumstances. Oh, it is a blessed thing to sink into the will of God in all things! Absolute resignation to the Divine will, baffles a thousand temptations; and confidence in our Saviour, carries us sweetly through a thousand trials. I find it good to be in the balance, awfully weighed every day, for life or death.'

"She then gave us a wonderful and pleasing account of the Rev. Melville Horne, and read a letter with a history of his voyage to the New Settlement—the storms and dangers he and his wife encountered, and how astonishingly they were preserved from any thing like repining, or questioning the goodness and mercy of God, or his own call of duty in the course he was taking, notwithstanding the opposition he experienced. They had both given themselves up for lost, expecting the next returning billow to have sunk the ship; and they were waiting and looking for death, not only with composure, but in a spirit of rejoicing: a strong evidence of great faith, especially when all the circumstances were considered. 'Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.' Mrs. F. remarked, 'Then is faith the strongest, when it can lay hold on God at the time every thing seems to go against us; when the way is hedged up with thorns, or, as Habakkuk expresses it, 'Although the fig-tree shall not blossom.' Lord increase my faith!

"Speaking of the diseases of my own heart, she replied, 'Come to Jesus!' adding, 'I feel sometimes as though all I had to say to every body was, Come to Jesus! don't be kept back; if you feel you have done amiss, and have received wounds, where can you go but to Jesus? He has every thing to give that you can want. In every circumstance, in every situation, come freely to your Saviour!' But my treacherous memory will not retain the encouraging, inviting, persuasive expressions she here made use of. O Thou, who alone teachest to profit, write them upon my heart, and bring them to my remembrance when they will be most useful.

"After our dear Mrs. Fletcher had prayed with us, we parted. Three such hours I have not spent for a long season.

I esteem this interview as one of my choicest favours. Oh that I may be the better for it!

"Among other things she related a dream which had been made useful to one who had grown negligent and slothful in the ways of God.[1]

"Went to the Dale to sleep. A most beautiful and enchanting place, abounding with the wonders of nature: but no sight in this world can be half so animating and astonishing, or so beautiful, as that of a true Christian—a new creature—an image of him in whom all the nations of the earth are blessed; a proof of what Divine grace can do."

Holloway, May 17, 1794.—"Returned to town, accompanied by my dear sister Jones. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies.'"

Sunday, 18.—"Went with Mrs. Jones to hear Mr. Scott, who preached from Acts xx. 24. Under his discourse, my mind was strengthened, enlivened, calmed, and comforted."

Saturday, 24.—"Mrs. Jones left me. The loss of her society makes me feel an aching void which no one can fill. Her kindness and sympathy were so cheering, and her Christian converse so animating. Lord enable me to look to thee! Let me ever rejoice in the security of thy friendship. Enable me to walk with thee; and O, do thou graciously walk with me; not only when thou makest thy sun to shine on my path, but when the storms beat hard."

Sunday, May 25.—"Heard Mr. C. from 2 *Cor.* i. 9. 'But we had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God who raiseth the dead.'

'To have this truth brought home to the heart, to feel there is no help in man—"Cursed is the man that trusteth in man"—and that health, strength, and wealth are in themselves but

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[1] The reader needs scarcely to be reminded, that the word of God is the only rule by which to judge of our present state, or future prospects. A doctrine, however suggested, whether it be by the counsel of a friend, or a dream of the night, is only so far to be regarded as it agrees with the '*law and the testimony*.' The virgins in the parable *slumbered and slept*, but having oil in their vessels, they rose and trimmed them, though it was midnight. Such is the earnest and lively preparation for eternity, to which a bed of sickness, or any other rousing consideration, is sometimes, under the influence of Divine grace, rendered subservient.

vanity; to feel every moment, that there is in every thing a sentence of death, is a lesson not learnt in a day.

'There needs many a stroke to detatch us from such props as God declares will break down; and to teach us effectually not to trust in ourselves, nor in others, but in God, who is a faithful, promise-keeping God; to teach us, that when there is no truth nor goodness in man, there is all in God, in whom we may put our whole trust. Thus did Abraham, when he was called to slay Isaac.

'The poet, and the mourner, acknowledge the sentence, and then think no more about it: but the Christian has a sanctified teaching of it: he learns it practically. God takes his property, his faculties, or what he holds dear, and by it he says, look away from all to me: hear my voice, which is the voice of a Father, calling you to trust where alone you cannot be disappointed.

'God teaches us we have death within and without. He writes upon all, "Dead, dead, dead." He will seem sometimes to press us almost beyond measure, and bring us to our wits' end; and this is to make religion something more than mere *talk;* and also to destroy our self-confidence, the greatest of all idols.

'When a Christian begins to forget his profession, God will come in some providential dispensation, saying, "Get thee out;" a sentence of death is past, there is nothing here to rest upon; look higher than earth. God knows *that* is best for a man which is best for his soul, and which shall profit him ages hence.

'We should consider, if we are under any painful dispensation, that it may be in answer to our own prayers; we have been asking of God that we may be pilgrims indeed; and he has answered us by giving us "not so much as to set the sole of our foot upon."

'While there is a sentence of death on the one hand, the Devil would bring a sentence of despair on the other; but the believer has still a lively hope in Christ Jesus: he has got the prison doors open, and the king's hand signed to his pardon; and his trust is "in God that raiseth the dead."

'A Christian does not recoil and sink into melancholy, because he sees and feels the sentence of death on every side; for he is taught by faith to hear the proclamation of the Gospel, and to close in with it. He says, "He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure; for this is all my salvation, and all my desire."

'God deals with us by dispensations; and whatever is in the world, the family, the church,or in our own experience, is to be found in the Bible beforehand. God's chastisements differ from his judgments; as how severe soever they may be, still a believer, if he looks closely, will find mercy mixed with every stroke. It is "in measure; when he sendeth it forth, he debateth with it." He does not send afflictions by accident, nor in passion. It is the dealing of a perfect being, contending with the heart, and telling us, He is a Holy and jealous God; that he trieth the reins; and that though we may think all is very well, and we are safe, and there is nothing amiss, yet his pure eye discovers much that lies latent in the soul, and it must be brought out. An east wind must blow either upon the property, upon the family, or upon some beloved object; and the fruit of it is to "take away sin." We must be taught that there is a sentence of death, and learn to live to God.'"

Soon after Mrs. Hawkes returned to Holloway, a dispensation opened upon her, to which her affectionate heart was peculiarly prepared to respond. It was one effect of her personal sorrows, under Divine grace, to produce in her a tender sympathy with all the sons and daughters of affliction; a sympathy which was particularly drawn out in her intercourse with the family of the Rev. R. Cecil. The acquaintance between Mrs. Hawkes and Mrs. Cecil, had now grown into an unreserved and intimate friendship; and in the bonds of Christian love they were so united, that one member could neither suffer nor rejoice without the other. It may therefore easily be conceived how deeply Mrs. Hawkes must have felt, the sudden and alarming illness, with which Mrs. Cecil was at this time visited; especially as this stroke followed almost immediately upon another—the death of a beloved child in that family—a boy of four years old, of great interest and promise. A reference to Mrs. Hawkes's diary will best show, how ready she was on this occasion, to comply with that Scripture precept, "weep with them that weep."

Wednesday, *May* 28, 1794.—"Another painful visitation in the house of the man of God! What a solemn season! Affliction seems to come upon affliction. All my sorrowful sympathies are called out to the uttermost. O Thou, who, as a father, pitiest thy children, inspire and hear prayer on this occasion! 'O let the sighing of the prisoner come before thee; according to the greatness of thy power, preserve thou those that are appointed to die!'"

Thursday, *May* 29.—"As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so

is good news to an anxious mind. 'If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.'

Friday, May 30.—"Clouds return again! Doleful tidings from Little James Street! Tears are my meet and drink; wherever I go, I seem to carry the dear sufferer in my arms, crying, Lord, visit her with thy healing power. 'Affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground.' 'The Lord doth not willingly afflict.' While this cloud lasts, I will get me upon my watch tower; I will also intreat that he would awake during the storm, and say, 'Peace be still;' for at his mighty word of power, the winds and waves shall obey."

The same day Mrs. Hawkes received the following note from Mr. Cecil:—

"Mr. Cecil's kindest regards to Mrs. Hawkes, and hopes he can say that Mrs. C. is rather better. Dr. Reynolds and Dr. Underwood met last night, and gave him hopes of her recovery: but while such alarming symptoms remain, he stands like Jacob, 'greatly afraid and distressed for the mother with the children.' Thanks be to God, that the grand concern is liable to no such change, and that the present is under a perfect and gracious direction."

Mrs. Hawkes's diary here furnishes an account of that interview with Mr. Cecil, the particulars of which, were by her permission, inserted by the Rev. Josiah Pratt, in his personal character of Mr. Cecil.[1]

Saturday, May 31, 1794.—"Venturing to call on Mr. Cecil this morning, to enquire after Mrs. Cecil, I found he had given orders that no one should see him. But my great anxiety for Mrs. C. being well known I was, as a particular favour, admitted into the study,—where I found Mr. Cecil sitting over his Bible, in great sorrow. He said the physicians gave him next to no hope. His tears fell so fast, that he could utter only broken sentences. Every look and every word was solemnity itself. He said, 'Christians do well to speak of the grace, love, and goodness of God; but we must also remember, he is a holy and a jealous God. Judgment must begin at the house of God. This severe stroke is only a further call to me, to arise and shake myself. My hope is still firm in God. He who sends the stroke, will bear me up under it: and I have no doubt but if I

[1] See Cecil's Works, Vol. i p. 143. First Edition.

saw the whole of what God is doing, I should say, "Let her be taken." Yet, while there is life, I cannot help saying, "Spare her another year, that I may be a little prepared for her loss." I know I have higher ground for comfort; but I shall deeply feel the taking away of the dying lamp. Her excellence as a wife, and a mother, I am obliged to keep out of sight, or I should be overwhelmed. All I can do, is to go from text to text, as a bird from spray to spray. Our Lord said to his disciples, "where is your faith?" God has given her to be my comfort these many years, and shall I not trust him for the future? This is only a further and more expensive education for the work of the ministry; it is but saying more closely, Will you pay the price? If she should die, I shall request all my friends never once to mention her name to me. I can gather no help from what is called friendly condolence. Job's friends understood grief better, when they sat down and spake not a word."

Tuesday, June 3.—"Thank God for a ray of hope; still many fears: I will cry mightily unto God."

Wednesday, 4.—"'Hope thou in God,' (see 1 Kings xiii. 6.) He has only to speak the word, 'I will, be thou whole,' and it shall be done. 'Unto Thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens,'—'Do thou it, for thy name's sake.'"

On this affecting occasion Mrs. Jones wrote to Mrs. Hawkes as follows:—

"Your letter, my dear Sister, informing me of the very dangerous illness of Mrs. Cecil, has filled me with grief. I am distressed for the man of God. No doubt prayer is offered in the churches without ceasing. But though the sentence of death may be already passed upon her, yet he who raises the dead can raise her up again: therefore pray on. May God be abundantly gracious to them both, and cause his loving-kindness to appear on their behalf. But if her release is at hand, let us turn our eyes to the brighter side, and view her received into the mansions of blessedness; exchanging pain and weariness for glory and immortality! Could we see the glory that is revealed when the everlasting doors are opened to admit an heir of heaven, our sighs and tears would be changed to hallelujahs! Yet the sight might perhaps, be too strong for us in this state of probation. What views had good Mr. Fletcher when, in his last moments, he called out to those about him, 'Shout, shout—I want to hear you shout that "*God is love.*"

"I cannot fear for the man of God, whose loss however will be unspeakable heavy. No, the Lord will strengthen him that he faint not. The grace of submission to providential dispensations, is exclusively the gift of God. When the mighty power of faith turns our eyes from the things that are seen to the things that are not seen, we can trust God for ourselves and others. Hitherto I have been enabled to trust God more for myself than my friends: but I have always found him a sustainer in extremity. However this affliction may terminate, it will assuredly work for good. In the mean time, we must rest on the anchor of hope."

It pleased God to hear the earnest and united supplications which were offered on this occasion, and soon to restore Mrs. Cecil to a state of convalescence. Shortly after, Mrs. Hawkes received from her beloved invalid friend, the following note, which she ever after preserved as an interesting memorial.

"My dear Sister, and dearest Friend,—I cannot write, and therefore I beg Mr. Cecil to put down a few words. I have been shaken mightily; yet hope, though but a reed, to be stronger when the blast is over. I know it will afford you comfort to hear, that the Physicians have pronounced me radically better to-day. It is impossible for me to express my sense of your kindness, and I should certainly accept of what you so kindly propose, if it were necessary; and whenever I find it is, you shall know.

"I wish exceedingly to retain the benefit of your prayers; but charge you to refrain from oppressing me with your tears, And remain, with the tenderest affection, and gratitude,

Yours in our common Lord,

J. Cecil."

On the following Sunday, *June* 8, 1794, Mr. Cecil preached a sermon from Eccles. vii. 2. ON THE ADVANTAGES OF THE HOUSE OF MOURNING, which may be seen among his printed sermons.

The following passage in Mrs. Hawkes's diary alludes to Mrs. Cecil's recovery,—

Wednesday 11.—"'God is the Lord who has showed us light!' 'O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.' May this occasion confirm my faith in God, as a prayer-hearing and answering God. Through all impediments and infirmities, may my requests be made known unto God; and may every trial, temptation and difficulty, forward, rather than hinder, my application to him."

The impressions made on Mr. Cecil's mind by the late visitation, are thus described in a letter from Mrs. Hawkes to Mrs. Jones.

"I never was more glad to see Mr. Burn. Our beloved pastor much needed help. I will not attempt to tell you his late sorrows, nor his present thankfulness for Mrs. C's restoration; but I will tell you his *weighty words*, which, I pray God, we may hide in our hearts, till they shine forth in our lives. 'I most particularly request your prayers, that I may profit by this season; I have never before been led to reflections so solemn. It is a peculiar time, and I dread lest I should not improve it. The enemy comes in like a flood, with a thousand other things; but in the strength of the Lord I endeavour to say, 'Get thee behind me Satan,' for I have no time now to attend to thy malicious inventions. The Lord affords me lessons *out* of the furnace without being *in* it. Blessed be God, my soul is all *ear*. May instruction be sealed on my poor foolish heart.

"Yesterday evening, Mr. C's conversation was truly of a kind that I can only express by the Scripture phrase—"*salted with fire.*" 'You see,' said he, 'to what expense I am put to be a minister. This is a call from God to preach better, and to live better; and if I do not obey it, the furnace will be made seven-times hotter. I shall, if I am spared, make a closer attack upon the conscience of my several congregations than I have done. This is to tell me, in a louder voice, that every thing is dying around me: it is a pruning time. "Every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." Our fruit is crude and unripe that it scarcely deserves the name of fruit, and therefore it must be pruned. A vine, by the influence of the sun and rain, will cast out long shoots, and presently run over the side of a house: yet the shoots are wild, and there will be no fruit good for any thing, unless the vine is pruned. We are calling for sun and showers, and telling God these will be sufficient. We would have *this*, and escape *that:* but the truth is, God will have *more fruit*. He will give it a finer *flavour*. He will have it *ripe*, and therefore we must be pruned; it is God's way and method. The devil is very busy with suggestions at such a time as this; but he should not be listened to for a moment. Every hard thought of God, if it is even looked at, spreads destruction: a stream of fire and brimstone from hell is not so destructive as such misgivings.' Here my mind was so overwhelmed that I lost the fin-

ishing sentence. May what I did hear, be engraven by the finger of God, the Holy Spirit, upon my heart, as upon an adamant, never to be erased. Mr. C. further said, 'God was speaking to him as he was to Jacob, "Arise, go up to Bethel, and dwell there." He had been hoping for a little rest at this and the other period. But God says, "Go up to Bethel." It is not to be had *here* but *there*. He said, 'the stroke being so sudden, he was not prepared for it; and therefore the voice out of it was *to be always ready*.' I much fear she is only spared for this end, that he may be prepared for her removal: but why should I fear? God is all wisdom and love, and will do that which is best for all.[1]

"Mr. C. continued to say, 'A Christian will hear the voice of God in *every thing*. If a cold nipping east-wind comes and cuts off all his fair blossoms, chills every comfort, he enters into the design, and says, by this shall mine iniquity be purged: and if the east wind be sharp, still "He stayeth his rough wind." The parent who has a child that must go through a painful operation, will entreat the surgeon to invent the easiest method for performing it. "Do not give any more pain than you can help consistently with safety." "Deal gently with the young man." So God saith, "I will send a keen east wind, but not my *rough* wind; I will put forth a blight upon all his pleasant things, but there shall be no storms; *that* will be too much." No physician ever weighed out the medicine to his patient with half so much exactness, and care, as God weighs out to us every trial: not one grain too much does he ever permit to be put into the scale.'—But I cannot recollect some of the choicest things he said. I only know, that what I heard made me tremble; for I am sure there is much iniquity in my heart and nature to be purged away; and though I have had a cold blighting east wind, yet I fear I must have storms also, before I am purified. However, I am in the hands of perfect wisdom and perfect love, and my prayer is, to be made holy '*if by any means*.'

"This deeply experimental discourse shows, in part what the man of God has gained out of this dispensation, which, he

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[1] It pleased God not only to spare the life of Mrs. Cecil, at this time, but also to preserve it for many years afterwards. It was her painful lot to witness the dying out of that bright lamp which had illuminated herself and others: and during twenty years of widowhood, her only consolation was the hope of joining him in perfect day, whom she so tenderly loved and honored here below.

says, he would not have been without for thousands. Indeed, it is evident, he has gained great riches by it. All is gold that comes to him. He says he cannot attempt to tell me what this trying season has brought out. He feels like a man that has been arrested, and ordered for execution, but who has obtained the king's pardon. He does not expect to receive such an indulgence *again:* therefore he fixes his eye like a hawk, upon 'Be ye ready,' stand 'with your loins girded,' be prepared to part with *every thing*. He lives, he says, upon the faith that *removes mountains;* it is a subject he speaks upon with caution; but is a great point with him. He does not know in what channel God may convey the answer to prayer: it may be in a way very different from what he has expected; with that he has nothing to do. Our business is, in every thing, great and small, to treat immediately with God; that is, the nearest way, and then believe, nothing doubting.

"You will give me credit when I say, I would not have lost all this for any sum of money."

Mrs. Jones's reply to her sister, is both beautiful, and highly characteristic. She writes—

"I am truly thankful for the good tidings you have sent me of our dear friend. Oh, that all the world knew more of that text, 'God is love!' As to the omnipotence, omniscence, and omnipresence of God, of these we can only think as 'children,' but his love we may contemplate as 'fathers.' We are more capable of partaking of this divine attribute than of any other, and he in whom the love of God is perfected, 'dwelleth in love.' Men may talk of liberality of mind, generous principles, largeness of heart, and fine feelings,—but whatever does not derive its supplies from this fountain, how pleasant soever, will be faithless as a brook, which though, for a time it may cheer many, yet in the burning heat and freezing cold, it will fail. Love alone, 'never faileth.' It is active as the fire, patient as the sun. But the apostle hath spoken of it so fully in 1 Cor. xiii. that ever to speak of it after him is a poor attempt. Let us use what we have, and ask for more. The best way to increase in this, and every other grace, is to be more in the exercise of it.

"Tell dear Mrs. C., I now think I shall reach the Celestial City before her, and when she hears it, I hope she will sing hallelujah!

"I never hear any minister enter so deeply into the subject of affliction as Mr. C. It is enough to make one wish for a

a taste of that cup, which from his hands who composes the mixture, produces such enlightening and saving effects. But in the idea of suffering, we conceive but little of the *bitter* which is infused into the draught. If I am not mistaken, there is one ingredient in your cup, which appears to me of divine bounty; you are highly favoured in having free access to so wise a minister, who is able to instruct you in a way peculiar to himself in the mysteries of the kingdom. I rejoice in all your comforts and advantages; it is a common remark, that 'Great afflictions are often attended with great favours:' which strongly evidences the compassion of Him, who was made in the likeness of man, and who is touched with our infirmities. It is an unspeakable encouragement to know, both from his own word and from our own experience, that 'he heareth us,' and helpeth us too; for I am sure we should say nothing to the purpose if he did not assist our intercessions. But he who giveth the Spirit, knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, and answers the yet unformed prayer. We must believe that God takes no pleasure in afflicting his children; and if it were not to show his mighty power, and all-supporting goodness, probably there had been no martyrs. He does, and will, amply recompence the instruments of his glory.—The promises of grace, which lie hidden in the word, are searched out in their fullness by suffering subjects. Oh for stronger faith to enter into the riches of God, which are laid up for us in Christ Jesus!"

The joy which was felt on account of Mrs. Cecil's recovery, was much chastised by the long-continued weakness under which she subsequently laboured; and which tended to keep alive those deep impressions, which had been produced on the mind of Mr. Cecil. This appears marked in the sermons he preached at this period, of which Mrs. Hawkes's diary furnishes many notices.

Sunday.—"Heard Mr. C. from Ps. lxi. 2. 'From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed: lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.'

'This psalm was penned when David was in trouble; and we learn from it where to flee when we are in the like circumtances. "Hear my cry, O God, attend unto my prayer; when my heart is overwhelmed, &c." Here seems an allusion to a man *drowning*—to one sinking in the mighty waters—"All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me."

'All must know, that are arrived at any age, what it is to

be overwhelmed with trouble, from one cause or another: either from bereavements, or from disappointments in business or friendship, from sickness, or from what is far worse than these, a wounded spirit; from violent suggestions and temptations of Satan, or from inward corruptions, as the Psalmist cries, "Mine iniquities have gone over mine head; as a heavy burden they are too heavy for me."

'Man is born to trouble. There is either a wave over your head, or there is one coming. Where then is your resource? Is it the same as David's? Is your prayer like his, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I?"

'Every idea that conveys comfort and hope, is selected in the Bible to hold forth the character of the Redeemer. Isa. xxxii. 2. Heb. vii. 25.

'The Psalmist prays, "Lead me to the Rock," as if he had said, I cannot place myself upon it; put me, as thou didst Moses, in the cleft of the rock.

'A shipwrecked mariner, in the midst of his distress and danger, may see a rock very near, which if he could get upon it, would save him from the billows—but he cannot reach it. No more can the Christian; therefore he prays, "Lead me to the rock:" thou canst place me upon it, though ever so high; and when I have attained to it, I shall be lifted above all mine enemies; they cannot reach to hurt me.

'God takes various methods to lead us to this rock. He is a God of order, and therefore makes use of means. He sends his Holy Spirit to teach a man what he is by nature, a poor, fallen, guilty creature, having no hope but in Christ. God draws the heart to himself by giving an experimental taste of his goodness. "Come, taste and see, how gracious the Lord is."

'But the Christian sometimes forgets his Rock. He leaves the fountain of living waters, and goes to some *creature* cistern: then God makes it an *empty one*. Hosea ii. 8, 9.

'What man cannot teach, God can; and that perhaps severely in the dispensation, but most mercifully in the end. Something more is necessary than merely the discovery of the rock, namely, the school of instruction, whereby we are led to it. All the children of God are more or less brought through the valley of humiliation, and are taught to cry, "Hear my prayer, O God; from the end of the earth will I cry unto thee." Affliction is sent to humble the heart of the sinner; to make him teachable; to make him listen to that God who says, "Take my yoke upon you." Human nature, if left to itself,

would, instead of wearing this yoke, trample upon it: as soon would the wild ass's colt submit to the reins. But God knows how to break the stoutest heart; to subdue the most stubborn will; to make the most rebellious wear this yoke, not only with quietness, but comfort.

'We may congratulate the man with whom God will contend: who is not left to himself like a child without education; whom he thus overwhelms to save; whom he teaches to say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." Not that affliction, however severe, will do of itself. Cain said, "my punishment is greather than I can bear," but his heart was not softened. Pharaoh hardened his heart under all the dreadful judgments with which he was visited. Affliction must be sanctified; then its design will be answered. This it was that made Ephraim, who at first was "like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke," to "smite upon his thigh," Jer. xxxi. 19. Then it is, we are taught to fly to the Rock of ages.

'But God not only leads by painful instruction, but by gracious influences, "Turn ye to the strong hold, ye prisoners of hope."

'Instead of trouble leading us from God with murmuring, it should lead us to God for mercy. Prayer may be offered in the loudest storm.

'Times of affliction are often times of rich sentiment. Our views of eternal things are enlarged, our value of them heightened, our desires quickened, our resolutions strengthened. The world appears in its true colour, temporal concerns becomes less interesting, and all our desire is after God.

'We should take encouragement from our past deliverances, to trust God with all that is to come. David says, "I will abide in thy tabernacle forever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings."'

"Grant, O Lord, that I may be enabled, by faith, to cling more and more to that blessed, pierced hand, which is stretched forth to draw me out of soul-troubled waters; and by it climb to the rock that is higher than I. May I, by dwelling on this Rock, have some sweet serenity, and gleams of cheering sunshine, while clouds and tempests are gathering beneath."

The anxiety which Mrs. Hawkes had lately experienced, was followed by considerable exhaustion, and temporary confinement to a sick chamber. The memorandum which occurs next in order, (in which she adopts a sentiment from Bishop Hall,) besides an indication of mental languor, contains also a

trait of Mrs. H.'s character, which must not be passed over in silence, namely, her *eminent sincerity*. Even in an unconverted state, this quality procured to her general esteem. But when it became a sanctified principle, it shone forth with peculiar lustre. From the beginning of her course to the end, her conversation was marked by "simplicity and godly sincerity." 2 Cor. i. 12.

Wednesday, June 18, 1794.—"Not so comfortable in mind this day as I could wish. One has said, It is good to inure the mouth to *speaking* well; for good speech is very often drawn into the affections. But I would fear, that speaking well, without feeling, were the next way to procure an habitual hypocrisy. Let my good words follow good affections, and not go before them."

Thursday.—"First week of hay-making. How sweet the sight from the windows of my secret chamber, where I am this day a prisoner from illness. Yet though here solitary and unsupported and oppressed by sorrows unknown and undivided, I am not without joyful expectation. There is one friend who loveth at all times: 'A brother born for adversity.' The help of the helpless; the hope of the hopeless; the health of the sick; the strength of the weak; the riches of the poor; the peace of the disquieted; the companion of the desolate; the friend of the friendless. To Him alone will I call; and He will raise me above my fears."

Saturday.—'This week seems to have been lost through weakness of body and stupidity of mind. Truly may I say with the Psalmist, "I am a worm and no man:" how soon am I pushed down, and my wings clipped. Yet to-day, my spirit has been refreshed by a visit from my revered minister, bringing glad tidings. Let me record, for future use, what my memory can recall of his invigorating remarks.

"Mr. C. observed,—

'We stand every day in need of re-inforcements in order to meet every day's exigencies. Danger starts up from every quarter; and therefore a true Christian will endeavour to be found *watching*. When he considers Samson, David, Peter, &c., he will say, "Lord help me to watch and pray." Such a man is not only a servant, but a son. He does not wish to separate the *work* of Christ from the mind of Christ; he rejoices in both.

'A Christian should be always on his watch-tower; (*i. e.*) he should live in a state and habit of recollection; by which he would be better prepared to encounter whatever trials might

come upon him: whereas, if we are off our guard, afflictions wear the aspect of judgments.'

Ques.—"How far to yield to our bodily infirmities?"

Ans.—'It is of vast importance to know how far to yield to our infirmities; and how to *improve* them without fainting under their burden.

'Thus, if a man becomes blind, he must do what he can, he must now turn a wheel.

'It is of importance for a man to be shown to himself in every point of view.

'Jacob's thigh must halt—

'Cure of presumption, &c.

'Infirmity shows us the folly of our schemes, though we might have thought them essential.

'God has a scheme—

'We often play with our remedies, and speculate upon them; affliction makes us *take* them. Thus our Bible lies on the shelf: affliction makes us take it down.

'Infirmities make us feel for others; besides, the top is only kept going while it is *whipped*.'

"One present said, 'I cannot come up to such and such views.' Mr. C. replied,

'It is not coming *up*, but coming *down*, that we want.

'We should learn to *rejoice* in infirmities. Affliction is the post of honour: we should have a confidential reliance in the Divine sufficiency to remove all impossibilities. By our bodily infirmities and loss of faculties, we are reminded of the necessity of redeeming the time; and of making use of our faculties while we have them: we are also taught, by the loss of them, that death is hastening on; and that he has already taken an *earnest*, and will soon call for the rest.'"

The foregoing remarks seem to have been put down by Mrs. Hawkes as *memoranda*, to recall to her mind the topics of a conversation which had interested her. In the present form, they are very elliptical; yet to those acquainted with Mr. Cecil's train of thought, and manner of expression, they may suggest some useful hints. Her diary next presents an experimental view of the importance of close communion with the Saviour.

July 26.—"'Abide in me.' Conscience tells me that some of my late trials have arisen from not sufficiently attending to these words of my adorable Master, "The branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine." This day has closed in deep anguish of spirit, so that my eyes run down with tears.

'Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud; and he shall hear my voice.' 'For thy Maker is thine Husband; the Lord of Hosts is his name.'"

Sunday, 27.—"Heard Mr. C. from Matt. xiv. 28. 'And Peter answered him and said, Lord! if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water.'

'The approach of Christ, not only in his providential, but even in his gracious visitations, is sometimes alarming. We often fear when some great good awaits us.

'True faith, and true love to Christ, will enable the believer to encounter all difficulties.

'An arduous work requires both a single and a fixed eye. Peter's eye was single, but it began to wander; and then he began to sink. If we are able in all circumstances to fix our eye on Christ, all is well. But if we incline to means and creatures, we lose our strength and stability.

'While our blessed Lord's command is our warrant in pursuing, so his friendship is our security.

'We must not attempt to move without a call: the most zealous Christian must wait for his order; and then he may safely trust himself in the midst of all danger. But we are in general too much disposed to stand still when God bids us go forward; and to be in too great haste to go forward when God bids us be still.

'It is in trying paths and transactions, that the strength of the believer is increased; and Christ glorified. He is the wise man, that knows what to do in difficulties like Peter, "Save, Master!"

'Our fears occupy more than our lives; and they are only to be banished by fixing the eye of faith upon an Almighty Friend. The substance of the Bible is, to turn a sinner's eye to the Saviour.'"

Tuesday, *Sept.* 16, 1794.—"Mr. Hawkes and myself, with our revered minister, set off for Birmingham. We esteem his accompanying us a great condescension, and as conferring upon us a high honor and privilege. Lord enable us to improve it! To have the society and conversation of so wise a man, and so godly a minister, for some continuance, is a talent committed to us which ought to gain *ten* talents.

"My prayer for many weeks, concerning this journey, has been, 'If thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence.'"

Sunday, *Sept.* 21—"Went with Mr. Hawkes, and my dear sister Jones, to St. Mary's Church. Mr. C. preached from Luke xi. 2. 'Thy kingdom come.'

'When the kingdom of Christ comes into the heart, it makes all other things fade away, and become as nothing worth.

'It is one thing to pray in a cold formal manner that the kingdom of Christ may come, and another thing to say with *all the heart*, Let it come whatever I suffer—whatever I may loose—however I may be persecuted or hated.

'Not the prayers only, but the whole life of a Christian is one loud proclamation, "Let thy kingdom come"—let it proceed—let it overcome—let it run and be glorified. The whole life of Christ was one continued expression of the same desire: Let me lay aside my glory, let me expire on the cross,—So "Thy kingdom come." And the martyrs who in every age have suffered in the cause of God, all cried out by their blood, "Thy kingdom come."'

Wednesday, Sept. 24.—"Mr. C. preached at St. Mary's from Ps. lxxiii. 16, 17. 'When I thought to know this, it was too painful for me, until I went into the sanctuary of God, then understood I their end.'

'A Christian is distinguished from other men, inasmuch as he lives under a divine influence. He is a traveller on a journey, and like all other travellers, he makes observations *i. e.* spiritual memoirs, as he passes along. See Deut. viii. 2.

'The sanctuary of God to the spiritual man is the porch of the eternal world—the very confines of heaven. It is here he receives the enlivening rays of the Sun of Righteousness; and he is as sure that it imparts light and heat and growth to his soul, as the natural sun does to the earth. It is here he meets Christ himself, and "sits down under his shadow with great delight." It is here the enchantment of the world is broken. The light of the sanctuary is a glorious light.

'Some objects can only be properly viewed in certain places and situations. There is a certain point, (as the artists express it,) where things may be best seen. If we would have a true view of spiritual objects, we must view them in the sanctuary. Whatever things appear to be in the sanctuary, *that* they are really. It is there the royal balance is kept; and the true touchstone is to be found. It is there we must weigh our present pursuits and our beloved idols, if we would know their value and their vanity.

'When we are in the bustle of the world, the awful judgments of God are heard without attention: but when we are led into the sanctuary, and there hear His "still small voice," explaining his judgments, then His voice is heard to purpose, "Then understood I their end, how thou didst set them in slippery places."

'How is it that men pursue human science? they retire from noise and whatever would distract their attention. Religion is a holy science, which deserves and calls for, all our labour and assiduity; and if we find it "painful," it is because of our ignorance and infirmity; and because we have not learned the first rudiments. But there is no cause for discouragement; God offers us his Holy Spirit; offers us his help to enable us both to learn and understand the lessons of his sanctuary.

'The true Christain wants no *new* thing: but he wants in his heart and mind to comprehend the love of God. He wants to have the influence of the world lessened, and the things of eternity brought forward.

'Where is the man who is not perpetually inclined to judge by appearances? "I saw the ungodly in such prosperity." Elijah must be led into the Mount, (see 1 Kings xix.) and the Psalmist into the sanctuary, to understand what they met with in the world.

'It is one use of the ordinances of God to assist the spiritual worshipper to discern all things aright; to rectify the mind; and when the heart would ask, "Is not this desirable?" a man must go into the sanctuary before he makes an answer, or else he will answer like a *fool*. "So foolish was I, and ignorant: I was as a beast before thee."

'A man may feel as a philosopher, the vanity of passing things; but they never appear so strongly as when contrasted with spiritual: nor will he ever give them up with all his heart, and wander about "in sheep-skins and goat skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented;" till he enters into the sanctuary, and sees the King in his beauty. Then his idols will be given to the moles and to the bats; for he has beheld a light which has outshone all others; and his cry is, "O God, thou art my God, early will I seek thee. My soul thirsteth for thee, to see thy power and glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary."

'If we have seen any thing in the glory and beauty of Christ in the present sanctuary, and are thirsting for a more full discovery, let us take it as a sure earnest of obtaining it: for God never raises expectations to disappoint them. Our care should be to keep close to God, and to pray that he would keep fresh upon our minds the views of the eternal world. Let us look forward to the end of our journey: we are travellers, and cannot expect to have all sunshine, or that our way should be strewed with flowers. But, as the traveller who is longing to get to

his home, puts up with the inconveniences of the way,—knowing that he is only passing along, so should a Christian be undismayed by difficulties, knowing he shall shortly be through them.

'The BIBLE and the ORDINANCES are refreshments by the way; in the use of which, God will strengthen and comfort us.'

"My mind has been deeply affected this day. Blessed be God, the word preached has been attended with power. O that it may sink deep into my heart! I much want close soul-searching truths, and a deeper solemnity of spirit. I have lived too much out of myself, and not sufficiently marked the inward motions. I seem only to be swimming upon the surface of religion; but I would fain dive into its depths. I have stood too much in the outward courts. Lord give me more abundant entrance into the Holy of Holies, through the blood of Jesus. Let no cloud intercept the rays of the Sun of Righteousness. Let my heart be a tablet for the finger of the Holy Spirit to write upon; make me ever prompt and ready for thy service; make me quick to hear thy voice, so as to obey, and may all my affections and actions be at unity. Make me to have a zeal and concern for thy glory; and may my heart shrink at the slightest approach of sin. May I be enabled to weigh every thing in the balance of the sanctuary."

Saturday, Sept. 27.—"To-day, our honoured minister, Mrs. Jones, and myself, drove to Dudley. May this dark and barren town listen to, and receive the word of salvation which will be so faithfully preached to-morrow. I have many anxieties on my mind; but the Lord is my God; and why should I be afraid? he can make crooked things straight."

Sunday 28.—"Mr. C. preached at the Old Church in the morning, from Mark viii. 36. 'For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' A solemn and awakening discourse, suited to the place and people. Mr. C. remarked,—

'The soul is the master-piece of God's works; and its value may be best estimated by the price paid to redeem it; infinite prospects are set before it—"What then shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

'The folly of a man does not consist in any particular errors of sentiment or doctrine; he mistakes at the very threshold; he is placing the world before heaven; *time* before eternity; neglects his soul for worldly possessions; pulls down his barns and builds greater, forgetting that his soul is required of him.

'If any one were to put a piece of money into the hand of a poor creature drowning, would it not be a mockery and a cruelty? Would he not lift his dying eyes and say, Give me a hand, and lift me out of this state of danger; but as to giving me money, it is only to mock my misery.

'The danger of losing the soul is very extensive: men place themselves in such situations as daily expose them to such a loss.'

"In the afternoon Mr. C. preached at the New Church, on the conversion of Lydia; from Acts xvi. 13—15. The following were some of his remarks on the passage:—

'The transactions that are carried on between heaven and earth make no figure in history: what passes in the *cabinet* draws universal attention, and makes no small noise in the world; but what *God* is doing is unnoticed and disregarded.

'The heart being opened, is spoken of as an extraordinary case. The heart of man is not always shut against sober advice—against moral doctrine—against outward decency—or against the fashions, customs, and pleasures of the world: but the Bible informs us, that it is shut against God and his Gospel. "The god of this world hath blinded the eyes of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine upon them." The heart of the natural man is shut up in unbelief—blinded by prejudice—deadened by carelessness—and chained by pleasure; and the opening, softening, and enlightening of such a heart, is the great promise made to us in the Scriptures. See Deut. xxx. 6, and Ezek. xi. 19. Lydia was a *conscientious* character before she was a *converted* one. She observed the Sabbath; she used the means of grace; she knew that she was responsible; and she determines to join herself to a few mean despised people by the river-side, declaring thereby, however against the public custom it might be, she would serve the Lord; and from a conscientious character, she became a converted one; so true it is, that "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine."

'Lydia was not only a converted hearer, but an exemplary professor. She not only received the Gospel of Christ, but she adorned it in all things. "She *attended* to the things that were spoken of Paul." She found the subject *grand*, worthy *all* her attention; she laid up in her heart the truths he proclaimed; and what those truths were, may be gathered from his Epistles. She feels their excellency, and remains *fixed* and *penetrated* with them; she set her public seal to them by

being baptised into the same faith, and was obedient thereto.

'Every man should take heed and look *within*. He should hear what his conscience says, on the great matter of religion, and *follow* it. No man trifles with his conscience but, sooner or later, it will be revenged of him.

'We should learn to look upward to God that opens the heart. "He openeth and no man shutteth." It is more easy to convince man of his *wants* than of his *remedy*. Many feel the miseries sin has brought upon them; but how few flee for refuge to the only hope set before them!

'The conversion of the soul to God is only one continued proof to us that he is still working by his spirit *now* as really as in the apostles' days. And it further shows that true religion is the same to the end of the world; that Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; that He is risen from the dead, and that mighty things are done through his name.

'Did Christians live more in the practice of "Looking to Jesus;" they would see "Satan falling as lightning from heaven." Jesus Christ has "the keys of the house of David."

'If the Lord has opened our hearts, it is that we should show forth his praise. See Luke viii. He whose name was *Legion*, after he had been healed, besought Jesus that he might be with him. But Jesus sent him away, saying, "Return to thine house, and shew what great things the Lord hath done unto thee." Go and be a *monument* of the grace of God, and live to the glory of God.

'We should look round for such witnesses; and also consider who is looking round upon *us*. It is not worth while to inquire what ignorant, malicious, people may have to say of us while we are serving the Lord: but to *serious* enquirers, we should be careful to show our faith, our love, our obedience.'

"In the evening we remained at home; the family assembled, and Mr. C. expounded the 25th chapter of St. Matthew."

Friday Oct. 3.—"Spent the day at Sutton, at the Rev. Mr. Riland's. Much benefited and delighted by the heavenly conversation of the venerable Mr. Newton. He read and commented on a passage in the New Testament. He remarked, 'There are proper seasons when, like David, we may say to those who fear God, "Come, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul:" but we should be wise and prudent in these things. When our Lord was in the Mount with his disciples, he charged them, when they came down, to "tell no man." It might have excited envy in the rest of the disciples, and pride in them. The apostle Paul had astonishing visions: but not

a word did he speak, till fourteen years after, when the Corinthians undervalued him, and obliged him to speak of them: He says much to prove that he did it, even then, with reluctance. We should therefore be cautious, when we think that God has dealt with us in an extraordinary manner, how we speak. "Elizabeth hid herself five months;" *i. e.* retired, which was a token of humility; yet the favour she had received was sufficiently known, in proper time, to the glory of God. *Present* impressions of divine love are certainly humbling. But the direct tendency of gracious consolations in themselves is one thing; what evils they may afterwards occasion in the heart, is another. The apostle's exaltation to the third heavens could surely have no tendency to make him proud; but rather to make him walk in greater self-abasement. Yet he needed a thorn in the flesh. Pride is so subtle, that it can gather strength even from those gracious manifestations which seem directly calculated to mortify it.'

"Another remark made by Mr. Newton was:—'Satan is fertile in expedients; and as often as our situations and circumstances change, so often will he change his stratagems and methods of assault. Thus the Christian has the art of war to learn over and over again; and he will meet with cases in which all his former experiences will leave him much at a loss.'"

Saturday. Among other subjects, Mr. C. spoke upon the obscurity of Heb. iv. He remarked—

'The apostle is labouring, throughout the whole Epistle to the Hebrews, to bring off the Jews from carnal to spiritual views. He here speaks of three sorts of Rest. One, which commenced on the finishing of the works of creation, called the sabbatical rest, verses 3, 4. Another, which was proposed to Israel in the wilderness, to be enjoyed in the Land of Canaan, verse 5. And a third, which, after both those rests, was to be enjoyed in the gospel state, and heavenly world, verses 6 to 11. By comparing what the Scripture says of all these rests, it appears, that the rest which believers obtain here through faith, is the earnest of a future, glorious, and eternal rest in heaven.'

"On another occasion Mr. C. said:—

'When the multitudes followed our Lord, although he wished for retirement, and had gone purposely to seek it, yet upon their desire for instruction, he gave up his purpose and attended to them. Let us reflect on the sweetness and condescension of such a conduct, in opposition to a sour, monastic, morose

professor. We are all too fond of our own will. We want to be doing what we fancy to be great things. But the matter is, to do small things in a right spirit. Let us see every thing that passes as coming from God.' "

Wednesday, Oct. 8.—" Went to West Bromwich to visit that aged Christian minister, the Reverend Mr. Jesse.

" In the evening he spoke upon Isaiah xl. 31. 'But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint.'

" Mr. Jesse remarked, 'It is this gracious influence, which renews, in my old age, much of that Holy zeal and fervour, which directed my steps when I first walked with God in the days of my youth. In this sense, I may say, he maketh me young and lusty as eagles; who in old age cast their feathers, and become bald like young ones; and then new feathers grow, and cover them with plumage, as in their youth: then they spread their wings, and mount up on high; and are so strong in their sight, that they can fix their eyes on the full splendour of the sun.

'Thus sincere Christians, who once were bowed down with earthly desires and cares, oppressed with unbelief, and doubts, and fears, renew their strength and hope in God. In old age their souls are vigorous, and their affections mount upward to things above: they fix their believing eye on Christ, and contemplate the glory of the Sun of Righteousness.' "

Sunday Oct. 12.—" Mr. C. preached at West Bromwich, from John vi. 68. 'Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life.'

"*Afternoon*, from Ps. cxlix. 4.—'Thou shalt beautify the meek with salvation.' "

Wednesday Oct. 15.—" Returned to Birmingham. In the evening, Mr. C. preached at St. Mary's from Ps. lxxxv. 6. 'Wilt thou not revive us again, that thy people may rejoice in thee?'

'A spiritual revival will be the object and prayer of every gracious man's heart, under a sense of a spiritual decay.

'A true Christian, under a sense of spiritual decay, will not be running to the creature for happiness. He knows that all his fresh springs are in God. "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground," Isa. xliv. 3., and this water is conveyed through the golden pipes of the ordinances, and frequently through afflictions and trials.

'There is a continual propensity in us to turn away from

God. When there begins to be a revival, there will be a turning *to* God. Then a man begins to find out idols he did not before observe; and sees what it is that secretly steals his heart and affections from God.

'People in general are apt to affix gross ideas to idolatry. If a man goes to China, he is astonished at the horrid and absurd things that are the objects of their worship: he is not aware that his own idol is his *cargo*:—but when God speaks to the heart and conscience, he must be heard; and he says to the merchant, to the miser, to the man of pleasure—and of business too, "you are turning from the fountain of living waters, to broken cisterns, that can hold no water."

'Another sign of a revival of religion in the heart, is, when like Abraham, we not only follow God ourselves but endeavour to command ourh ousehold after us. When, like David, we are earnestly desirous to walk before them with a perfect heart. For a man to talk of a revival because he has had some sudden impression, some extraordinary vision,—who yet does not evince it by his life and conversation,—is to prove himself deceived.

'A true revival is a divine operation, and will produce a true fruit. There will be a heavenly taste, a hungering and thirsting after righteousness.

'The ground on which the Psalmist urges this revival is, to obtain the end of all spiritual life, true joy and peace. Wilt thou not revive us again, that thy people may rejoice in thee?

'It is a matter of experience, that when idolatry, unbelief, or sin of any kind, enters the soul, we find our hearts sink, and sensible objects soon draw off the mind from God; spiritual objects become strange and irksome: we try to feed upon husks, as we formerly did upon the bread of life: but if Christ has designs of mercy,—if he seeks his lost sheep,—our cry will be, "Oh that it was with me as heretofore! oh that thou wouldst revive me again;" The restless, comfortless state of a backslider may distinguish him from an apostate.

'If there is life in the soul, there will be a holy wrestling with God; the language of such a heart will be,—"I will not let thee go except thou bless me;" I dare not let thee go; if I can do nothing but mourn, I will mourn till thou comfort me. Such a secret struggle, is a more noble sight before God and Angels, than all that has ever been celebrated among men.

'A Christian should learn the necessity of abounding in duty, as well as that he should desire holy comfort. Like Habakkuk he should say, "I will stand upon my watch, and set me

upon the tower, and will watch to see what He will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved."

'In dry seasons, we should pray for spiritual showers; and we should try to discover what keeps back those showers. If, like Achan, we have secreted the accursed thing, it must be searched out; and we should say, "if I have not grace to pluck out a right eye, Lord, pluck it out for me." Satan will tell us there is no danger of perishing for want of rain; that if we hold the truth, there is no danger of decay. But what will the *form* of godliness avail without the *power?* Let us therefore plead with God for reviving grace; and let us remember that the ordinances we have had to-day, will not serve for to-morrow; we must have fresh supplies of the living bread, or our souls will assuredly droop and wither.

'We should honour God in believing, that while we are praying for a revival, he will send it in all cases. O that we had faith to behold Christ standing with the keys of death and hell, ready not only to put a stop to the water floods of sin and wickedness,—but also to "revive the heart of the contrite ones."

"That my people may rejoice in thee." 'He that says religion is a *dull* and gloomy thing, is a stranger to it: for it is a scheme of unbounded joy and happiness. There is a defect in all other joy, in that it has an end: but the Christian's joy shall be heightening to all eternity.'"

Mrs. Hawkes records the texts of several other sermons preached at Birmingham by Mr. Cecil. His last sermon before leaving that town, was preached on Wednesday, October 22, from Acts viii. 39,—"And he went on his way rejoicing;"—a discourse which excited much interest at the time, and which still lives in the memories of many who heard it.

Passing over the remaining memorandums in Mrs. Hawkes's diary, we come at once to that with which she closes the year 1794.

Holloway, Dec. 31, 1794.—"The Lord mercifully allows me to close this year in much peace. Were I to recount all the mercies and benefits I have received this year, or to enumerate the sins and follies which I have committed against his great goodness, it would fill a volume. The Lord hath dealt bountifully with me; but I have dealt shamefully with him. Among the blackest of my transgressions is ingratitude for innumerable mercies. Oh, how great is his goodness, and his mercies past finding out! I would desire, O Lord, to close this year with thee. I magnify thy past goodness, and I be-

wail my past transgressions. I adore thy long-suffering grace, and I abhor my vile ingratitude. Oh let this rolling year bear away all my follies, and let them be blotted out of thy remembrance forever! I come now to seek a fresh application of 'the blood of sprinkling,' that no spot may remain upon my soul, but that I may stand accepted in thy sight, through Jesus Christ my great Advocate. I have no other hope; nor need I any other, this being sure and steadfast,—'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' Therefore I can lie down this night in peace, even while deeply sensible of innumerable faults and transgressions. But speak it again, O Holy Spirit, to my heart and conscience, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' Amen, Amen."

Jan. 1, 1795.—"I have been occupied this morning in reflections upon the new year. I look back on the past with pain, on account of my ingratitude; and can do little more than groan or weep, and repeat, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' When I review the years of my past life, I see every leaf not only blotted, but one whole stain. I should have no hope but for the sacrifice of my great High Priest, whose blood cleanseth from all sin. He alone, who 'came by water and by blood,' can atone for my daily infirmities. In this I have strong consolation; and when faith is in lively exercise, though the road be ever so rough, I can say, 'None of these things move me:' my Saviour has charged me to leave all events to *him*, and has said, 'Take no thought of the morrow.' He graciously gives me even in this world, a portion of rest by faith, by which I am enabled to enter upon some foretastes of future glory. And now O Lord, I desire to give myself up into thy good hands this new year. 'My soul hangeth upon thee.' 'Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth forever, forsake not the work of thine own hands.'"

Sunday, Jan. 4.—"Heard Mr. C. on Ps. xxxix. 12, 13. 'I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were. O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more.'

I. 'Let us take the text as a form of prayer for the new year; and like the Psalmist, review our past transgressions." "Deliver me from all my transgressions." However a gay and a giddy world may try to banish thought, let us be wise, and set ourselves seriously to think.

"'I am a stranger and a sojourner;" not unacquainted with my best friend; I have whereon to lean; I can rest on a covenant God in Christ, who is able to bring me to a "city which

hath foundations." If God takes us into his school, He will teach us to cultivate consideration. He will teach us to form a right estimate of human life. He will make us feel we are strangers and sojourners upon earth.

'We say, here is a new year: so our forefathers said year after year. And where are they?—where we shortly shall follow them. But while the fact is undeniable, how do we improve it? Is our conversation, our citizenship in heaven? Are we dying daily? Are we securing the riches of immortality? Are we redeeming the time?

II. Consider what is the refuge of a dying creature:—bowing down before the throne of grace.

'"Spare me that I may recover strength." This is a common cry on a sick bed,—Oh that I could live a little longer to amend my life. But without grace a man soon forgets his sick-bed cries and resolutions. The strength which the Psalmist prays for is *spiritual*. (See Col. i. 10, 11.) He wanted to obtain a more comfortable evidence of God's favour, and to be enabled to live more to his glory.

'Spiritual strength can only be recovered by fresh application to the living fountain. Keep on your minds the necessity of applying for strength to go through the new year as becometh Christians. Before another new year's day, we may be dead. The next stage will be all amazing and eternal; let us therefore "work out our salvation with fear and trembling."

'Oh that all who have had recourse to desperate methods, (and all wrong methods are desperate,) would recollect that the deepest afflictions are God's school for leading us to heart prayer. Whoever can cry, like David, "Hide not thy face from me," shall never be without a friend.

'Is there any man who desires to learn what God is? Let him come, like David, as a lost creature—as broken hearted—as a criminal;—acknowledging, "I have sinned," I have wasted my talents, "O spare me."

'How justly may we take up this language on a review of the past year. How have we wasted our time, and perverted our talents; how anxious have we been about trifles! were our cares and anxieties, through the past year, to be written in a book, how should we blush to read them.

"'O spare me."—If thou art not my friend, I have *no* friend. I am not only *a* stranger, but *Thy* stranger; on my way to Thee. There are many who are strangers to God: but they cannot say, "I am a stranger with thee."

'Let us learn to bow down before God. If ever we rise to

Him, we must first be brought down in heart. Let us this day approach with humility the table of the Lord. While pride and ignorance are in the world, there will ever be a dispute whether we shall go to the Lord's table like the Pharisee or the Publican.'"

Mrs. Hawkes had scarcely entered upon the year 1795, when it pleased God to visit her with an attack of illness, by which she was confined nearly two months. Her diary through this year and the next year, (which was her last at Holloway,) is scanty, and mostly written in obscure short hand. The pages are chiefly filled with extracts from Mr. Cecil's sermons. The spirit of humility and self-abasement which is breathed in the few memorandums which are legible, evince the progress of a deep work of grace in her heart. Discoveries of the Divine glory had produced the same effects upon her mind as upon the saints of old; and with Job she cried out, "Behold I am vile,"—with Isaiah, "Woe is me, for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the king, the Lord of Hosts." Isaiah vi. 5. This deep contrition is manifested by the next extract, and in the letter which follows it.

Feb. 1795.—"I find it a solemn and awful thing to be a Christian. It is indeed a *holy* calling. God will at times cause his candle to emit a clearer light in the dark recesses of the heart; and there discover, and drag out, every lurking and retiring evil; nor will he suffer any plea, though we may say,—'Is it not a little one?'

"The secret business between the soul and God, when He shows himself as a holy and Jealous God, can never be described by language. It is no light matter when he calls the understanding, the will and the affections, each to bring their favorite objects, and deliver them up to the fire that must either purify or consume: but this he will do to every one that He hath *formed for Himself*. 'Every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that may it bring forth more fruit.'

"Young Christians know little of that requirement, 'My son give me thine heart.' I have long desired to give mine: but grace alone can enable me. O let the sacred fire consume every corruption which keeps it back; but, O support, while thou purifiest! If I am called to be a living martyr, (as most truly I am) bestow the martyr's faith. Let me have communion with thee, and then I shall have society enough. If this sickness be not unto death, O let it be that thy Son may be glo-

rified; and let me come out of it as gold purified in the fire!"

In a letter to Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Hawkes:—

"I have had much inward conflict lately, so as to know emphatically what it was to 'groan being burdened:' and I felt, as I always do at such times, that I could gain relief from no quarter till I had been enabled to bow my spirt before God in secret. I have often such a depth of abasement, such a pouring out of my soul, and hiding my face in the earth, as I can in no way describe,—but which I feel truly salutary in its effects. Some of my ties to earth seem loosened. Oh that I might sit loose to all but God!

"I stand amazed at the loving-kindness of the Lord in such a merciful and timing of suffering. In some fainting moments I have said,—O Father of mercies, do not crush a worm: spare 'a leaf driven to and fro.' But now, for the most part, he enables me to commit myself into his tender hands, as the infant is committed to the mother.

"When I would speak of the Lord's manifold goodness to me, I know not where to begin, nor where to end. There is no telling of his mercies; they will furnish a theme to last through all eternity: for we shall then see how they were included and interwoven in the 'everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure.' That blessed covenant, made to us in Christ Jesus, is, I am thankful to say, opening to my soul every day, with increasing splendour and interest. I am sometimes almost overpowered by the shining of some brighter ray, and some more penetrating beam of heavenly light, that strikes me to the earth in self-abhorrence, and speechless adoration of redeeming grace and love: and especially when I consider that this mercy is vouchsafed to so vile a being, who deserves nothing but to be shut out of his presence forever, instead of having the gift of a hope full of immortality. If a little glimpse of his love, which is all a feeble faith can catch, so warms and animates the heart, what must be our joys when we enter a a state of complete effulgence!"

From Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Hawkes:—

"Count it all joy, my sister, when you fall into divers tribulations. Jesus Christ will bear you company. He has some secrets to tell you therein, which you have not heard;—something to show you in his immense treasury, that your hands have not handled; and he frequently discovers them in dark places, to teach his children wisdom;—only the eye of faith must be opened to receive his communications. As God is light, the

nearer a mortal approaches to Him, the lower must he fall prostrate with self-abasement, and the more must he be penetrated with a sense of the corruption of his fallen nature. It does not matter how vile we are in our own eyes, if the sense of it does not betray us into unbelief and depression; whatever has that effect should be resisted steadfastly in the faith; because we are sure that such insinuations proceed from the enemy of truth. 'Jesus came to save sinners,' is a proper shield for his fiery darts. Let us dive into the mysteries of the cross. It is a blessed privilege to enter, in any degree, into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, and to take even a faint view of the riches there laid up for believers. He that is full of grace and full of truth will give exceedingly and abundantly more than we can ask or think. If it were possible for us to conceive the pity, compassion, power and love of our great Advocate, unbelief would fly as a cloud before the sun; and we should come with confidence as to a very and powerful friend, whose bounty has no limits but in our capacity to recieve more. How freely should we lay before him the large catalogue of our depravities, under the view of that all-cleansing, restoring blood, which formed a fountain for sin and uncleanness.

"It is by faith that we must subdue every corrupt principle in the human heart: we need not be cast down because we find evils within; but rather be thereby the more roused to prayer and watchfulness. We are the temples of the Holy Ghost, and the old inhabitants of the heart must be cast out: a stronger than the 'strong man armed' has taken possession, and will get himself the victory: for Christ says, 'We will come and make our abode.' We need no more say, 'Who shall ascend into heaven, or who shall descend into the deep to find Christ, for he is nigh thee, even in thy heart.' "Let us pray for each other, that the Lord may increase our faith to take of the waters of life freely—waters that heal all diseases, and restore to perfect soundness."

The reader cannot but be struck with the Christian cheerfulness, as well as the devotedness of spirit, which appears in Mrs. Jones's letters; so calculated to encourage and support the more tender spirit of her sister, in an earlier stage of experience. Mrs. Hawkes was indeed "growing as the palm tree," though under the pressure of various weights;—and it seems that at this period she was led to take more deep and painful view of the evils of her own heart. She was now "going forth weeping, bearing precious seed," but she came again "with rejoicing," even here: all who had the happiness to know her,

could testify the peculiar serenity and cheerfulness which marked all her latter years,—even while under the most severe pressure of bodily affliction. Yet a solid joy and peace in believing, were never separated from deep self-abasement and humiliation before God, which to the latest day, and even hour, of her life, were the most obvious features of her Christian character. From the following short extract it appears that Mrs. H. was still confined to a sick chamber.

March, 1795.—"My gracious Master shows himself to me as a pitying, sympathizing friend, and as a compassionate High Priest. I have been for some time past embracing death, and laying my head on his cold, but friendly arm. When he really does come, O may I be no more affrighted at his approach, than I am in the present contemplation and expectation of him: but may I meet him as an old familiar acquaintance, who is going to convey me to a better country."

In a few weeks after, she records her recovery by an appropriate text of Scripture, and a quotation from the life of HALYBURTON. The verses of Psalm cxxii. which follow, mark the joy she felt when again enabled to attend public worship.

Saturday, March 28.—"The Lord hath chastened me, but he hath not given me over unto death."

'I dare not say I am ready to die; I dare not say, I have grace or faith sufficient to carry me through death; I dare not say, I have no fears of death; but this I say, there is grace enough for helping me, laid up in the promise; there is a throne of grace, to which in our straits we may have recourse. He is a God of judgment, who has the disposal of all grace, and who will not withhold it when it really is a time of need.'"

Sunday, May 17, 1795.—"I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord. My feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem. Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces."

"Heard Mr. C. from John xxi. 21, 22. 'Peter seeing him, saith to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do? Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou me.'

'The vagrancy of the human mind is one symptom of our fallen state. It may be said of most men, their thoughts are, as the poet expresses it, "outwards bound." This vagrancy of mind fills the serious man with sad reflection. How, says he, have I spent the greater part of my life! The text presents

a remarkable instance of this failing; and teaches us that Christianity resists vain curiosity. We have here—

I. Reproof.

II. Direction.

'The vain curiosity which is here reproved is, First, when a man is disposed to ask questions rather than attend to plain truths. This is like one whose house is on fire—saying, I will not put it out until I know how it began. Tell me, says one, of the origin of evil—of the fall of angels;—tell me, says another, if God could redeem without a sacrifice? The true wisdom of man is to stop where God stops in revelation, and enquire no further.

'It is a vain curiosity when a man would know *events* rather than his *duty*. Saul would go to a witch to know the event, when he should have been considering his duty. "Lord, what shall this man do? What is that to thee? Follow thou me," that is thy duty.

'It is a vain curiosity to prefer temporal investigation to eternal. Experiments may be made that will endanger, rather than turn to any use.

'It is a vain curiosity when we would know what respects others rather than ourselves.

II. 'Attend to the direction, "Follow thou me." It is as if our Lord had said, learn of me how to pass through the world, and how to think of it. How many idle amusements and sinful indulgences would be denied, were we to follow Christ: of almost everything of a temporal nature it may be said, "what is that to thee." Consider the time, how much there is to do, and how short the space to do it in. Speculation is, for the most part, a waste of time and talents.

"Frozen at heart while speculation shines."

'The Bible deals very little in speculative points. Take care how you say, there is no harm in this or that: there is a roaring lion.

'A prying presumption is the first step to error.

'It is a dangerous thing to leave the high road. We should use much prayer and caution that we enter not into a *bye-path*, which is known by its being more easy and smooth, when perhaps the high path is painful and rough. "Follow thou me," is the only way of safety. Where did the beloved disciple find rest? On the bosom of his Master.

'The footsteps of Christ are the authentic way-marks to his kingdom. We must not make the steps of any man on earth

an authentic way-mark, because the best men are fallible. We are to trace Christ's footsteps in his word: we are to be of his mind, and to follow him in every imitable perfection; such as his deadness to the world—His patience—His resignation—His going about doing good.' "

The way in which Mrs. Hawkes practically followed out the spiritual instruction she received, led to the formation of her religious character. Her invariable soundness in doctrinal points, and her undeviating progress in practical Christianity, may be traced to that diligent use of means, with constant prayerful application for a divine blessing on them, which we are encouraged to believe will ever be attended with success. She strikingly manifested that truest sign of spiritual health, a "hungering and thirsting after righteousness," which made her humbly and teachably listen to Christ's voice, both in his written word and appointed ordinances. Most of her private memorandums indicate either the disposition of Mary sitting at Christ's feet as an attentive learner;—or they exemplify the character of which God has said, "To this man will I look, even to him that is poor, and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word," Isa. lxvi. 2. The following extract will be found of the latter description.

May 23, 1795.—"My heart and flesh trembleth for fear of thee! O remember that I am but dust; that I am a poor bruised reed; bruised with sin and corruption, and a fallen nature; bruised with the malice and wiles of the devil; bruised by inward fears, and afflictive dispensations. 'Remember thy word unto thy servant, whereon thou hast caused me to trust:' —'I will not break the bruised reed.' In mercy blot out all my past transgressions, and remember mine iniquities no more. O strengthen me with strengh in my soul, to fight the good fight of faith, and to lay hold on eternal life."

The following memorandums mark the close of the year 1795, and the beginning of the next:—

Christmas Day, 1795.—"I desire to fix my eye on the glorious object which at this season is presented to my view. I would gaze till I learn how lost I am, and to what depths of misery I am fallen. By the help of the gracious Spirit, I am enabled to take a faint glimpse of this adorable Saviour; and would join my voice with the heavenly host, in singing, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to man.' Welcome, thou Sun of Righteousness! Without *thee* what a dreary world had this been to millions! The very sun had been darkness to us, could we not have seen in its beams the

reflection of thy glory! Welcome to my ears, any glad tidings of thee! and thrice welcome be thou this day to my unworthy heart."

Friday, Jan. 1, 1796.—"Floods of tears run down mine eyes upon the review I have taken of my last year's spiritual walk and converse. O Lord, righteousness belongeth unto Thee, but unto me confusion of face, as at this day! 'O Lord, hear, O Lord, forgive; O Lord harken and do, defer not, for thine own sake, O my God, to help me.' I know not what to do with my numerous host of enemies within, and infirmities on every side; but mine eyes are upon thee, for help to begin, and go on, through this new year, fighting against the world, the flesh and the devil—from whence proceed all my sorrows. Enable me to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ; for I have much to suffer. Satan would have me, not only to sift me as wheat, but to grind me to powder: but O suffer not my faith to fail. 'Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord;—Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications."

Mrs. Hawkes's diary next presents the notes of a sermon, preached at the opening of the year. We may consider this, like many other notices of the kind, less in the light of a *sermon*, than as a specimen of the manner in which Mrs. H. treasured up spiritual instruction, and appropriated it to her own use.

Sunday, Jan. 3, 1796.—"Heard Mr. C. from Job. xiv. 14. 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.'

'A Christian is a soldier, and as such, he is preparing and waiting for the battle; and he says, All the days of my appointed warfare, all the days I have to *suffer*, and to *act*, will I wait till my change come. I have much to endure, much to perform, but as a faithful soldier, I am determined to keep my ground, to fulfil my place, to maintain the combat, till it be said to me, "Come up higher."

"It is the scripture only which gives us the true account of the change—the great event—which Job, and every real Christian, determines to wait for. And it also describes the proper position in which he who thus waits, should be found: which is a state of mind the reverse of indifference, of carelessness, of presumption or of security. But, as though the Christian should say, I will wait like one who has every thing at stake; like a soldier in an enemy's country, and surrounded by enemies on every side; like one who has to fight not only with

flesh and blood, but "against principalities and powers;" and thus beset with dangers, I will stand, simply depending upon a God, who is able to do more for me than I can either ask or think.

'The true Christian not only waits for his change, and is careful to wait for it in a proper position, but he also looks for it in its "appointed time." It is not enough that a soldier has fought several battles:—that he has played the man on this or that occasion;—but he must continue the combat till he receives his dismission, till the battle is over. No man has a right under any pretence, to forsake his post; and if any one should be inclined to do so, he should meet it as a temptation, and pray to be delivered therefrom.

'When the appointed time *is* come, blessed is that man who can say with the apostle, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," the toil is over, and I have been satisfied with the toil; if by any means I have been enabled to work for God.

'It is the Christian only that really despises the world. Others may *pretend* to do it, but he has the secret; for the taper is only divested of its lustre by the rising of the sun.

'We should willingly keep in view an enemy we must meet. Away with the wisdom of the world, that tries every expedient to keep death out of sight; it may be called presumption, or vanity, but not wisdom; for what is life but the "flower of the grass;" as the dream of the night; and what is the endeavour to banish enternity from the mind, but the desire to have a pleasant dream for a night.

'We must never attempt to meet death with any arms or armour except such as will secure our *victory*. Ignorance, inconsideration, and prosumption form no armour; nor is a state of levity any security; still worse than all is a false religion. *Forms* and *notions* will not do for *arms;* but that life which unites us to the Son of God. If we credit him who alone is worthy of our unlimited confidence, we shall even *now* say, "Death is swallowed up in victory." Let us therefore wait all the days of our appointed time *as* "prisoners of hope."

Tuesday, March 1, 1796.—"It is said that the nightingale leans its breast against a thorn while it sings. I would fain sing, and remember my many comforts. If there were no thorn, I should perhaps fall asleep, and become a dead, careless professor, and finally lose my way. Why should I weep and wring my hands at its piercings, which are only sent for my safety. Nature cries, it is hard, it is painful; but grace

says, all these things are in the order of a wise and gracious providence, which foresaw you could not be trusted with human friendship, because you would lean too much upon it, and forget that this world is not your rest. I will therefore endeavour to imitate the songster of the night; I will rest on my thorn and sing,—

"One there is beyond all others,
Well deserves the name of friend:
His is love beyond a brother's,
Constant, free, and knows no end!"'

Wednesday, March 9, 1796. *Fast-day.*—"Heard Mr. C. from Jer. xiv. 7. 'O Lord, though our iniquities testify sgainst us, do thou it for thy name's sake.'

'There is not a more awful symptom that sin has arisen to a great height in this nation, than the proud unbroken spirit we see under the present calamities. Judges x. 10.

'"O Lord, though our iniquities testify against us." We acknowledge the charge and cannot gainsay it, yet "Do thou it." It does not become *beggars*, and much less does it become *criminals*, to dictate what shall be done for them. "Do thou it." Do *what?* Do thou that which is becoming thyself! Who can attempt to say what is necessary to thine honour; what is necessary for *us!* Who can tell what is to bring about thy design! therefore, "Do thou it." Take it into thine own hands: do that which is most for thy glory; that which shall most effectually humble sinners before thee; that which shall make a nation most sensible of its state; that which shall bring us as a church, and as individuals, in deep humiliation before thee. Thou canst do that which no measures, no creatures can effect. They may appoint a day for fasting and prayer, but thou only canst give the spirit of humiliation and supplication.

'"Do thou it for thy name's sake." Here is a plea put into our mouths. The carnal man thinks it an easy matter to find a plea why he should escape punishment: but this is a sure sign of an unhumbled spirit. He thinks that, because he does not live in open and gross sin, there is nothing the matter; not considering that he who lives without God in the world, is in a state of enmity with him.

'When an enlightened and contrite man looks into his own heart, and into the nation, and sees what iniquities testify against us, he is ready to sink down in discouragement at the view; and he cries out, What is to be done?

'Let us remember, there is refuge in the character of God, when there is none in *man*. (See Dan. ix. 19.)

'Our fasting is but an outward expression of an inward repentance and sorrow. Yet even an outward expression does not pass unregarded. See the history of Nineveh, and of Ahab, that wicked man, and yet concerning whom God says, "Seest thou how Ahab humbleth himself before me? because he humbleth himself before me, I will not bring the evil in his days; but in his son's days will I bring the evil upon his house." 1 Kings xxxi. 29.

'But a Christian is called to more than the outward expression. He is called to enter seriously into the subject, and to plead with God like Abraham: he is to humble himself as a party concerned: and then "He who seeth in secret shall reward him openly." Ezek. ix. 4.'"

In the next extract we see Mrs. Hawkes in the practical exercise of that spirit of contrition which she had lately heard recommended from the pulpit.

March 10.—"Go! ye inumerable host of sad accusers, self-indulgence, vain thoughts, a weak scrupulous conscience, 'straining at a gnat, and swallowing a camel,' deadened heart, unimproved opportunities, slighted convictions, unheeded rebukes, offended and neglected laws,—with ten thousand other aggravations,—go and tell your sad story, and I will acknowledge it *true:* but I will go to my Saviour, and lay before him the sad catalogue of my sins, (the sight of which is enough to fill me with irrecoverable despair,) I will throw myself at his gracious feet, and will wait there till I hear him answer, 'All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.'"

Sunday, *April* 24.—"Heard Mr. C. from 1 John v. 4. 'For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.'

'God himself has laid down the standard of Christianity, and it is a foolish and corrupt state of mind that would alter or lower this standard. It becomes us to *bow* to the rule, whatever it is. "Whatsoever is born of God, &c." whether it respects a *person* or a *principle*,—if it be born of God,—it "overcometh the the world."

'It is faith in Christ that overcometh the corrupt influence, the inordinate love, the slavish fear, the idolatry, the friendship, the false wisdom, and the maxims of the world: nay, it overcometh not only the folly, but the very *religion* of the world, as far as it is a *false* religion.

'It is not merely comparing or contemplating; it is not having the mind rectified or well informed, that will avail in this conquest. He that overcometh this potent enemy has a *secret alliance* that is as powerful as it is secret. It is only "he that is born of God." John iii. 3.

'We are called to fight upon a field of dangers, snares, and temptations: but having such a cloud of witnesses, all conquerors, let us run the race that is set before us; yet let us take heed of running in our own strength, or according to our own rule and plan, let us carefully mark the footsteps of the flock; and especially let us run "looking to Jesus;" let us keep our eye on that great model, the great Head of influence; remembering that it is laying hold on Him by faith, that enables us to overcome. "Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?" ver. 5. He that has this sacred and secret alliance; he whose life is hid with Christ in God; he who can say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Gal. ii. 20.

'As Christian soldiers let us not be discouraged, though we may sometimes have fears and faintings, for so had the noble army of martyrs, yet they all were conquerors. Rather let us seek to glorify God in the thickest and hottest of the battle; remembering the apostle's exhortation. Ephes. vi. 10—18.

'It is the order of God, it is the very *constitution* of heaven, that he that is born of God, shall overcome the world: and it is in this way only, even by faith in Christ, that any one has hitherto succeeded over the worst of his enemies. It is a grand and sublime principle of faith that must raise a man above the world. To suppose that any one will turn from the love of this world to the love of eternal things, without an operation of the Holy Ghost, is to be as bad a philosopher as a divine; for it is to expect an effect without a cause.

'Is victory over the world the Christian's object? Are we striving for the mastery, and striving lawfully? Are we following the example of the apostle, who says, "I keep under my body, and bring it under subjection?" We must watch the designs of the enemy, and remember that if we do not overcome the world, the world will overcome *us*.

'It is our wisdom to take time, to seize opportunities for reflection, in order that we may walk with God. It is when we shut out the noisy vain world, that the enchantment begins to break, and the shadows flee away; then we begin to have clearer vision; and to hear the "still small voice" that speaks within. It is this which distinguishes the true believer from

the hypocrite: the hypocrite will be found every where but in his closet. He will meet you at Church—at the sacrament—in your most select societies; you will not know him, by his appearance, from one of the most devout saints; but you may know him if you mark his secret walk. You never see him seeking a retired corner to pray; you never hear of his shutting his door about him, and falling upon his knees in private. He wants to be seen of men; if he is found at his devotions, it is in places where he may be seen and admired. But the true Christian, the man who is "born of God," is never so easy as when he can get where no eye sees him, and pour out his heart before God: He has a *root* as well as a *shoot;* he is not an annual, but taking deep root downwards, he stands winter as well as summer, bearing fruit through all seasons.'"

May 3, 1796.—"I feel this a painful and weary part of my Christian pilgrimage. I have much disturbance from Satan, from my own heart, and from distressing circumstances.—May I be enabled to fight manfully!"

Thursday, 5.—"Was favoured by a visit from my revered minister. His conversation has left a solemn effect upon my mind.

"Mr. C. observed, 'the attacks made upon the soul by sin and Satan resemble waterfloods surrounding a house, and incessantly working in at one place or another. No sooner is one inlet secured, than the water makes its way in somewhere else.

'Satan is a constant enemy, never ceasing to buffet us; but whatever bows down the soul, we must bring it to Christ, whether the attack be from the world, the flesh, or the devil.

'Nothing tunes the soul like *prayer*. He that is able to go and plead his case with God, shall soon "mount with wings as eagles; shall run and not be weary; shall walk and not faint." We should pray for a spirit of prayer; we cannot expect a favour we do not ask for. I am persuaded that God will honour *every species* of prayer. It is a sad thing to let the devil persuade us to stand still, or go backward because we cannot do all we wish.

'Prayer is the key that unlocks every blessing. Beware of *general* requests; it is a sign of a cold, unfeeling heart. Come and specify what you would have; carry your *real* concerns to Christ; and be satisfied with his care and management of you. The government is upon *his* shoulders, not *yours*. It is enough that he undertakes for you; therefore transact all your affairs with him. A Christian who is sometimes found

sitting still as a man of *faith*, is at other times found *wrestling* as a man of prayer.

'There are a vast variety of corrections for the people of God. One is sorely tempted; another has great outward losses; another is visited with sickness. The form of the chastisement is of small importance; but each feels the weight, and is touched to the quick; and *that*, perhaps, when those who stand by, see nothing of the affair. To *endure* chastisement is to receive it as to the *design* of it; to take it *willingly*. The manner of our receiving chastisement, will throw great light upon our character, whether we are, or are not the sons of God. Sorrow is a fire: but while it is a purifying fire to some, it is a consuming fire to others. The primitive Christians were remarkable for their patience under suffering. God can make a man as quiet by faith, as if there were no danger at all. But a frown from God is ten thousand times worse than a stake, or gibbet.

'In all dispensations we should be careful not to lose the *benefit*, either by falling into a state of despondency, or by being inattentive to our feelings and sentiments in the affliction; or by impatience under it. Endeavour to keep the presence of God in your heart through every circumstance.

'Learn to distinguish between humiliation and gloomy depression. What St. Paul means by being crucified to the world is not a peevish quarrelling with it, but a noble victory over it. While we say of laughter, "It is mad," let us beware of running into an unscriptural melancholy. The enemy has often made use of this great success to the injury of religion. Holy joy is the proper antidote.'"

'As Christians, it is our privilege to be going on to perfection; to walk free from mists and uncomfortableness; and though, while here, we shall to the end, only "see through a glass darkly," yet we are directed to fix our eyes upon a more perfect day, when the "wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament."'

On the subject of indulging a tendency to melancholy, Mr. Cecil further cautioned Mrs. Hawkes in the following letter, sent the next day:—

May, 1796.

"My Dear Daughter,

"The uneasiness I feel when I see any thing which I think amiss in you, obliges me to write a letter, though you know I am no writer of letters except when absolutely compelled.

"Now as you are a fruitful plant in my vineyard, and one that I have had the honour and pleasure of planting, I cannot be satisfied if I suspect any injury whatever which may impede your growth.

"But I do suspect an injury. I do think I see one enemy, and that, an enemy at the very root of your health and comfort:—It is a little mischievous worm called melancholy. It is engendered by constitution and ill health; and makes both worse. I say this from experience; but then what is only accidental in my case, is almost constant in yours; and I cannot but observe this with great pain. First, because I do not think you are sufficiently apprized of the evil. It strips you of the only ornament of the Christian profession I ever saw you want,—I mean a permanent joy and peace in believing. I know you have such humble views of yourself, that you will consider me a very partial judge: but on this subject, I cannot think I am incompetent to judge; and I do not allow myself (I humbly hope) to say what I do not really think.

"I know every thing that occurs is capable of wounding a sensibility such as yours. But the world is nothing to you. Come, I will give you a bit of an old man who writes better than I can:—

"We may compare an afflicted believer to a man that has an orchard laden with fruit, who because the wind has blown off the leaves, sits down and weeps. If one asks, What do you weep for? Why my apple-leaves are gone! But have you not your apples left? Yes. Very well, then do not grieve for a few *leaves*, which could only hinder the ripening of your fruit.'

"Pardons and promises that cannot fail, lie at the root of my dear daughter's profession; and fruits of faith, hope and love, that no one can question, have long covered her branches. The east wind sometimes carries off a few leaves, though the rough wind is stayed; and what if every leaf were gone? what if not a single earthly comfort remained? Christ has prayed and promised that her 'fruit shall remain;' and it shall be my joy to behold it through eternity.

"Past eleven o'clock, and time for poor sleepy preachers to go to bed. But I shall sleep better for having dropped a word or two, though it be but saying old things over and over again.

"But the morning cometh, a morning without melancholy. To-morrow morning, you and I shall walk in a garden where I hope to talk with you about every thing but sadness; and if I even forgot, and began upon the subject, you would immediately reply, 'Sorrow and sighing are fled for ever.'

"So they do *now*, as faith is in exercise. I received amazing benefit from Hill's tenth sermon, on 2 Kings iv. 26. 'She answered and said, It is well;' which I read walking home from you yesterday. I went and bought the book, and shall return you yours directly, and beg you will go through the same sermon, and pray that it may be as much blessed to you as it was to me.

"With kindest regards to Mr. Hawkes,

"Believe me your very affectionate Father,

"R. Cecil."

Independently of the consolations of religion, a person of Mrs. Hawkes's temperament, and under her circumstances, must unavoidably have sunk into that "sorrow of the world" which "worketh death." For a natural tendency to melancholy, meeting with the pressure of real affliction, and unassisted by that knowledge of the Gospel which opens a brighter prospect, assumes a desolating character and merges into the "sorrow of the world," i. e. hopeless despair.

Perhaps it may be allowed here to make a few remarks on the essential difference between the "sorrow of the world" and "godly sorrow;" distinguishing first the features of that kind of *pensive melancholy* just alluded to, which is incident to some persons of a refined and sensitive mind.

Melancholy, as it exists in the *temperament*, independently of real trouble, is the pensive dwelling of the imagination upon whatever is gloomy or pathetic in nature. It is the romantic contemplation of facts, and not the proper impression of the facts themselves; and as nature has been said to exceed romance, so does real grief far exceed melancholy. Setting aside morbid cases, melancholy is a pleasing illusion; it has its sweet sounds, soft touches, refined sensations; much of the *ideal* in it: the mind lulls itself as in a cradle, and kisses the pillow on which it weeps. Yet this pensive kind of melancholy appears to be only a phantom of the imagination, something below reality,—a waking dream. It however holds a place in the sublime and beautiful; and a dash of melancholy often forms a feature in the finest minds.

But man is born to *real* trouble: and the reality of woe is more forlorn and desolating than an effect produced by imaginary impressions. The subject of *real grief* resembles a blighted tree on a trackless waste, not only solitary, but empty, bare, and useless. A sentence of death seems written there! and what hope presents itself? *None* to those who are unac-

quainted with that "God who raises the dead." *None* to those who being under the power of spiritual blindness, remain ignorant of the consolations which the Gospel offers. Melancholy, with her pensive train, now gives place; and the "sorrow of the world" sits brooding over the scene in hopeless dismay; and at length leads on her sad victims to the abodes of death: death in its three-fold horrors,—spiritual, temporal, and eternal! such sorrow being contrary to the will of God, and arising from an inordinate love of the world. 1 Cor. vii. 30. 1 Thess. iv. 13.

Oh how appalling to launch on that dark ocean which affords no bottom on which to cast a single anchor! This is reality of woe! would that its deepest gloom ended in the grave! But alas, we may borrow the striking lines of Milton, when he represents that abyss of misery into which the arch apostate fell, and into which he desires to drag all his followers:—

> "Me miserable! which way shall I fly
> Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
> Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
> And in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
> Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide,
> To which the hell I suffer seems a heav'n!"—*Book IV.*

But it will be refreshing to turn our aching view from scenes thus dismal, and mark Religion, rising like the sun, chasing away the mists and horrors of night before its rising splendour. Religion leads from realities of despair, to realities of hope; from realities of woe, to realities of peace and joy. Her sorrow is a "godly sorrow," wrought by the influences of the Holy Spirit. With an eye fixed on the cross, she beholds her remedy; and though "now going forth weeping," yet bearing the "precious seed" of faith, hope and love, she will "doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing her sheaves with her;" for "Godly sorrow worketh repentance not to be repented of." Faith embraces the promises: and sees hidden in them infinite prospects. A well grounded confidence and holy joy become the Christian's companions, and attend him till he enters those realms of bliss where he can say from perfect fruition, "In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right-hand there are pleasures for ever more." Ps. xvi. 11.

But we must return to the subject of this Memoir, and view her a little longer as a pilgrim here below, experiencing the vicissitudes of sorrow and joy; dropping perhaps "some natural tears," but ever pressing on to that heavenly home where "all tears shall be wiped away."

The next extracts from her diary are as follows:—

Tuesday, May 17, 1796.—"When a breath from the Holy Spirit would put the soul upon making fresh application to Christ for pardon, a certain voice seems to put in, 'If—if—if thou wilt do this or that'—whereby the soul is terrified and kept back. Christ proposes no *ifs*, except 'If thou canst believe.' He says, 'For mine own sake I will do this.' While I have any groaning towards God, and while I have Christ for a Saviour in heaven to atone and intercede for me, I will encourage hope.

"Faith puts forth in a variety of actings; infinitely precious in all. Sometimes with a holy, bold venture, hoping against hope; believing against all manner of contradictions: sometimes conflicting with strong temptations, buffetings, and the assaults of Satan; sometimes passive; but in all victorious."

July, 1796.—"To what a cost, *lingering*, daily puts the real Christian, none can tell but God and his own soul. So true it is, that nothing can save from ruin here, nor from hell hereafter, but the hand of special grace and infinite power."

The foregoing extracts seem to indicate some inward exercises, the particular cause of which is not expressed. But whether beset by inward or outward trials, Mrs. Hawkes had one resource,—in the sanctuary she ever found "a tabernacle for a shadow in the day-time from the heat, and for a place of refuge, and for a covert from storm and from rain."

Her diary next affords the full notes of a sermon, which will be found deeply experimental and encouraging.

July 6, 1796.—"Heard Mr. C. from Gen. xxii. 14. 'And Abraham called the name of that place Jehovah-jirah: as it is said to this day, In the mount of the Lord, it shall be seen,' (or, in the mount of the Lord, *He* shall be seen.)

'God in his church has ever been seen to provide a mountain of difficulty, or a mountain of action for his people. He not only provides it for Abraham, but for all his children. It is not an accident when mountains are put in our way: for though we are not called in the way Abraham was, to go and offer up a beloved child, yet God knows how to make a small thing become sometimes a very great mountain.

'Observe, first, that when God provides a mount of difficulty, we must not expect his love to secure us *from* it, but *in* it.

'We are very apt to object to God's proceedings with us; but let it ever be remembered, He does not consult our *feelings* but out *profit*.

'Observe, secondly, that God ever provides for the difficul-

ty we have to encounter. "As it is said to this day, in the mount of the Lord, He shall be seen." It is not said, He shall be seen at the *foot* of the mountain—or half way up it—but *in* the mount: that is to say, God will make our extremity his opportunity. God keeps his time, though not our time. We are apt to say, "Now, Lord:" but he seems to say, "This is your time, but not mine." And in the interval, if the mountain be of his providing, there is a promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "The Lord will provide." He provides what some indeed think lightly of, faith and hope. You must not complain if God leaves you nothing in the hand but faith and hope. We are ever wanting something to lean upon: but God says, *No;* you must learn to lean upon me only.

'Acts of faith are public benefits; how little did Abraham think that this act of faith should be the support of thousands. "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation," (or trial). But it is not enough to take up this truth as a mere *sentiment.* We must go through these things. Our blessings lie *over* the mountain, and the believer must be content to sigh and pant up the mountain, bearing his cross. If we find it laborious to go up the "Hill difficulty," yet let us go on step by step, knowing that it is only for an appointed time, and that our blessings are *beyond* the mountain. Oh, it is not *talking*, but *walking!* It is not in *notion*, but in *action.*

'Observe thirdly, God will in this mountain provide for his own glory. He will be glorified in the fire: "In the mount He will be seen." We want ease, but when we get it, how apt are we to grow cold and stupid, and careless about prayer, till we are again roused by difficulties; and then we begin to pray in earnest. Thus it is that God is glorified. He causes us to glorify his wisdom,—his all-sufficiency,—his goodness. He seems often to appeal to our hearts—is not this the best way, though every step up hill? "In the mount of the Lord He shall be seen," (*i. e.*) God will there exhibit his own character.

'In our difficulties God sets up way-marks;—he says *whatever a man gives up for me*, shall be restored, in better things, a hundred fold: and thus we find that religion is only another name for wisdom.

'Fourthly, from this mountain of trial, we are to see Christ exhibited. If we do not see the golden thread through all the Bible, marking out Christ, we read the Scriptures without the key;—we miss the invaluable treasure hid in the field.

'This text has a great scope, "The Lord will provide." He

will provide all that man wants for time and eternity, in and through Christ. When we can see a dying, risen Saviour, in the mountain, we have indeed found the pearl of great price, Oh that such as love great sights, would look at the cross of Christ, which of all others, is the sight the most interesting! God has set up, in his word, great monuments: the text is one, on which is inscribed, "The Lord will provide." The poorest man who can read his Bible, may see it to this day.'

In the month of September, the state of Mrs. Hawkes's health requiring sea-bathing, she went to Dover, accompanied by Mrs. Jones. But those anxieties which had induced the present depression of her strength and spirits, followed her there, and drew from Mr. Cecil the following sympathetic letter:—

Oct. 7, 1796.

"My dear Daughter,

"The melancholy cast of your letter so meets the present complexion of my mind, and some sentiments in it are so exactly my own, that like a man who hears a tune which touches him, and he begins humming, so I fall to writing. I too am at sea, and sea-sick. I laugh outwardly, and inwardly say of laughter, "It is mad." When the candle of the Lord shines upon my head, I am well, and so are you: but when *I cannot see Him*, (you understand me,) a more forlorn creature does not walk the earth; and that, sometimes for days together, though surrounded with comforts and comforters.

"The truth is, He deals out *my* comforts who furnishes *yours;* and if you could weigh them against each other, you would find them more equal than you are ready to believe.

"Another truth is, that among the many things you have learned of me, there is one which I have often brought to your ear, but which none but God could bring to your heart; I mean the real state of the country in which we live, as described, Psalm lxiii. 1. You are the woman 'whose heart the Lord opened,' and which none but himself can fill. The woman 'who stood beside me praying unto the Lord,' and to whom the Lord has given the petition she asked of him. What, I pray you, was the petition; and what are the things you meet with, but an answer to it; and what need I repeat on the subject? You know these things as well as I do; and I should never have *known* them, (though I might have preached about them,) if I had not been, like you, taken from the crowd by a mighty hand, and brought, 'with faltering steps and slow,' to tread the narrow solitary way.

"Still 'He giveth songs in the night;' therefore let us sing when we can. He also commands us to help one another; and to help you, as far as I am able, will always afford satisfaction to Your most affectionate friend and father,

"R. Cecil."

The depression which, at this period, rested on Mrs. Hawkes's mind, was not from imaginary causes. She saw the clouds darkening, and ready to break over her head in a storm of trouble, which, within a few weeks actually burst, and nearly overwhelmed her. The most serious embarrassment was threatening Mr. Hawkes's affairs, occasioned by his having incautiously, though from motives of friendship, allowed an unsuccessful speculator to draw bills upon him, by which the whole of his property became irretrievably involved. On Mrs. Hawkes's return from Dover, in the month of October, she was informed that the shock had actuatly been felt at Holloway, and that every thing was on the point of being given up for security. A lively and pathetic description of her feelings, at this time, appears in the following memorandum.

Holloway, 1796.—"I have of late felt much solemnity of mind: and have been enduring much agony of spirit, and learning to '*go softly*.' But I would rather go *weeping* with my face heavenwards, than *dancing* in the broad way which must end in misery. Thanks be to God, that I have at least a weeping eye, if I have not the true soldier-like spirit that dares the fierce onset of the battle. I am, I trust, made willing to endure, and abide the conflict, however severe. I must indeed ever shrink at the approach of the two-edged sword.—But I desire to put myself into the hands of my great Physician, to do with me as seemeth him good; and that without reserve. My Bible and my secret chamber can witness for me, the floods of tears I pour out for my weakness, and my wickedness, and for the depravity of my fallen nature. And He, whose eye pierceth the reins and the heart, knoweth I do not act the part of a hypocrite. My sins are indeed more than the hairs of my head: nor could I bear the sight, were I not enabled to lay hold of the hope set before me in the Gospel. In this I have always strong consolation; and find it an anchor both sure and steadfast, upon which, by faith, I will now lie down and sleep, amidst surrounding waves and storms of sorrow. 'Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again."'

Mrs. Jones, who had come to town with her afflicted sister, was apprehensive lest the present agitating scene at Holloway should seriously affect Mrs. Hawkes's already much impaired health. She therefore anxiously wished to procure for her a temporary shelter, the house of some friend, during this threatening storm, which it was hoped would shortly blow over.—Such a temporary shelter she ventured to solicit in the house of Mrs. Hawkes's spiritual father, the Rev. R. Cecil, a request which was readily granted.

CHAPTER IV.

HER RESIDENCE IN MR. CECIL'S HOUSE.

FROM A. D. 1796, TO 1802.

Friendship subsisting between Mrs. Hawkes and Mrs. Cecil—Habits of Mrs. Hawkes while at Holloway—Sale of the house at Holloway—Her grief occasioned by that circumstance—She goes to meet Mr. Hawkes at Portsmouth—Has a narrow escape from being drowned, in bathing—She returns to Mrs. Cecil, then at Clapham—Letter from Mrs. Ely Bates—Remarks on Mrs. Hawkes's keen sense of her sorrows—She resumes the use of her diary—Suffers great depression of spirits—Goes to Birmingham—Dangerous illness of Mr. Cecil, in 1798—Mrs. Hawkes visits the Isle of Wight, and comes under the ministry of the Rev. John Newton—Her happy visit to her sisters—She returns to London—Accompanies Mrs. Cecil to Chobham—Is seized with illness, and obliged to return to town—Expectation of death through the Summer of 1801—Visit of Mrs. Jones, who provides for Mrs. Hawkes's removal from Little James Street—Mrs. Hawkes's memorandum on leaving Mr. Cecil's house.

THE close and intimate friendship which subsisted between Mrs. Hawkes and Mrs. Cecil, has already been mentioned. Never were two friends more capable of appreciating each other. The prominent features in Mrs. Cecil's character were benignity, generosity, maternal tenderness, and charity. Mrs. Hawkes's present circumstances called these dispositions into delightful exercise; and Mrs. Cecil experienced an increase of her own happiness, in that ready flow of sympathy, with which she welcomed to her house a beloved friend; an event which took place the latter end of October, 1796.

In order to conceive properly of Mrs. Hawkes's feelings on this occasion, her whole character and circumstances must be taken into the account. There were certain restraining considerations, which interfered with her entire complacency in this friendly arrangement. Her warmest gratitude was, in some measure, overpowered by a keen sensibility, shrinking from obligation, in proportion to the sense of favours conferred. That delicacy of feeling, which accompanied her strength of mind would naturally revolt at any, even apparent encroachment on generous friendship; while her quick apprehension was more than alive to the inconvenience which might attend the increase of an already large family. It must also be acknowledged, that the love of independence was a prominent feature in Mrs. Hawkes's character: nor was it in the power of human kindness to tranquillize her mind under her present accumulated afflictions. Divine consolations alone could have supported her; and that these were not wanting in this hour of extremity, the following memorandum bears testimony.

Holloway, Oct. 1796.—"The experience this day is, "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."—The hand of special grace has been stretched out to lift me above surrounding billows. Every thing around says, 'Escape, daughter, escape:' and faith and hope provide the plank that shall convey me safe to shore. 'The name of the Lord is a strong tower.' Here let me seek shelter, and leave the storm to God."

Hopes were at first entertained that the house at Holloway might be preserved. Six months passed in this state of uncertainty. But in the end it appeared, that prompt and efficient assistance could not be procured. During this interval of painful suspense, Mrs. Jones expresses her sympathy with her sister, in the following letter, and endeavours to suggest considerations of encouragement. She writes:—

"My heart grieves to hear how my dear sister's sufferings abound, and my spirit falls prostrate to hear how her supports abound also. The anchor of hope is invaluable: but its worth is only known in a storm. God says, *prove me;* and when the Holy Spirit aids the proof, great is the rejoicing in Christ Jesus. Suspense is, indeed, the most trying situation the mind can be in; and the most favourable to the increase of faith. The noble army of martyrs have stood there, and found firm footing; or rather lay there, in loathsome dungeons. They leaned on your Father's arm, and his arm is not short-

ened. He now calls upon you to prove its strength: He will be glorified by the manifestation of his mighty power. We may not say unto God, 'What doest Thou?' We can only hang on his attributes, and contemplate this truth, 'He cannot deny Himself.' Nothing but the mighty power of God can save his afflicted ones from murmuring, under the repeated strokes of his chastening rod.

"Do not faint, my dear sister; strength shall be afforded. The Lord is able to comfort his children; and in every stroke, he says to them, 'believe in me,' my name and character is love. Your debilitated state leads you to view every event on the dark side: but when your nerves are braced, I am persuaded you will see that you are privileged 'beyond the common walk of men.' To be taken into friendship with the Father, Son, and Spirit, and daily to enjoy divine intercourse under the strongest assurances of infallible direction and superintendence in the smallest contingencies in life: to be placed under the care, kindness, and benevolence, of one of the most honourable in God's vineyard; to have so many friends that tenderly love and highly value you; with much more that might be said upon this subject,—are favours few can boast. The affectionate kindness of your friends is quite unparalleled: nor could you have bought it; but it is given you by an Almighty friend, as an earnest, a pledge of love, and a part of the 'all things' which are in his gift. Whensoever your heart is afraid, remember his loving-kindness, who says, 'I will never leave nor forsake thee.'"

The year 1797 was opening before Mrs. Hawkes with prospects the most painful, and eventful. Hitherto she had found, in her retreat at Holloway, many resources and alleviations. Domestic duties furnished her with amusing employment; her still greater delight was in that retirement, which afforded opportunity for solid reading, and religious exercises. She had an excessive thirst for knowledge, both spiritual and intellectual; to obtain which, it was her general custom to rise at five o'clock in the morning, at all seasons of the year, having, in winter, her fire prepared for being lighted by herself, before others were awake. It was this desire for instruction, which made her anxious to secure the society of select Christian friends at her house. A taste for the country made her enter, with delight, into every rural scene, and derive enjoyment from every little flower which grew in her garden: while a natural benevolence, and generosity of character, inclined

her to acts and expressions of kindness to all around. At Holloway, Mrs. Hawkes was laying up a store of knowledge, which proved of essential use to her in after life, and helped to sustain her mind under the change of circumstances which awaited her;—for her beloved retreat was to be taken from her. In the month of April, the house at Holloway, with every thing that belonged to it, was sold; and Mrs. Hawkes was called to renounce all—whether of affluence or comfort—and to be without a home.

The following memorandum exhibits the spirit in which she was preparing to meet this painful catastrophe.

"Instead of fainting under the stroke, I would cry, Let the refiner do his work, even though the furnace be made seven times hotter. Let the dross be burnt up, that I may come out purified as gold. Enable me to endure chastisement, to receive it as to the design of it; to take it up willingly; and to show a proper disposition under it, though touched to the quick. 'When my heart is overwhelmed within me, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.'"

Mr. Hawkes being considered a man of good property, Mrs. Hawkes's private fortune had not been settled upon her; consequently it was all lost in the general wreck. Her faith was now to be put to the most severe trial. She was to have no inheritance, no, "not so much as to set the sole of her foot upon." But she was yet blessed, and to be a blessing to that household where a kind and wise Providence had, for the present, fixed the bounds of her habitation; and to the happiness of which she so greatly contributed, during an interval of six years. To assist Mrs. Cecil, under her delicacy of health, and increasing family; to become the beloved instructress of her children; and to fulfil every office by which real and affectionate friendship could manifest itself:—was her unremitting exercise, previous to those severe bodily sufferings, which confined her for many years to a sick chamber.

Though Mrs. Hawkes was feelingly alive to the merciful alleviations afforded, especially in the shelter provided under Mr. Cecil's roof, yet the keen sense she had of the painful facts of her case, caused a depression of spirits, which sympathy could not remove, though it might alleviate. She was conscious of her weakness in this respect. During the interval of painful suspense previous to the sale at Holloway, in addressing a friend who, with much kindness and wisdom, was acting as her representative there, she writes as follows:—

"I hope when you see me melancholy, you will always re-

member it is a very serious defect in my character. Were I as I ought to be, nothing, with my privileges, and eternal prospects, would sink my spirits: but I am frail; may you, my dear friend, escape my pains, and my weakness."

About the month of July, Mrs. Hawkes went, for a short time, to Portsmouth, where Mr. Hawkes had some opening prospects; while there, she was very ill. She had also a narrow escape from being drowned while bathing, as appears by the following memorandum:—

Portsmouth, *July* 19, 1797.—"By the special providence of God, I was this day delivered from the very jaws of death. A sudden movement of the bathing machine, threw me violently down the steps into the sea. The machine was drawn very swiftly up the beach, while the waves carried me some way further into the sea. I expected to be soon launched into the wide ocean. When most wonderfully, I know not how, I felt myself drifted by the waves back again; and turning on my hands and knees, I crept towards the shore. But as no assistance was near, I every moment expected a returning wave to sweep me away for ever. In this situation, I cried, 'Lord save me!' and to his saving help it alone belongs, that I am alive at this moment, to record his wonderful deliverance.

"The attendants, though wishing to put the best face upon the affair, seemed involuntarily to assure me, that they had given me up for lost! and my kind friend M. M., in the midst of her distress, never more expecting to see me, save as a corpse, began to say to herself concerning me, '*now* her troubles are all over!'

"But a wise and over-ruling Providence had otherwise determined; and only presented death to my view, without giving me into its power. I am deeply impressed with this truth, that there is but a step between life and death; and that true wisdom consists in standing at all times prepared for the awful change. The voice of this deliverance is, (and oh, may I have ears to hear!) 'Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning.' Luke xii. 34—43; also Psalm cxxi. seems particularly appropriate; and as the Lord hath so wonderfully preserved my going out and coming in, I trust he will for ever watch over his unworthy creature for good."

Amidst the various difficulties with which Mrs. Hawkes was surrounded at Portsmouth, she wrote to Mr. Cecil for advice, who replied as follows:—

'I cannot express what I feel for your present indisposition,

in a situation so difficult as you describe; and therefore shall say nothing more upon it than this, that I know when Mrs. C. (who is now absent from town) sees your letter, she will feel very impatient for your return; and I, as your minister, ought to counsel you not to act from false standards, as if your returning sooner than you intended looked like caprice. It is enough for us to do our duty; but we cannot do that in many cases, if we will act only as we can *explain* every particular action; especially does this hold in matters that are not at all of a *moral*, but merely of a *circumstantial* nature. I hope therefore, you will stay no longer than is necessary for your own, or Mr. Hawkes's satisfaction; and as I write for my wife as well as myself, I can assure you most sincerely, that your return will afford solid satisfaction and pleasure to us.

'I am sure, (averse as I am to give my notes,) that I ought to refuse you nothing that can be of use to you in present circumstances:—therefore take the following as a great favour, which would have been (I believe) denied at any other time.

Luke xxi. 19. "In your patience possess ye your souls."

'These words were addressed to the disciples with respect to certain impending trials. If any one present feels himself not liable to trouble, loss, temptation, death,—let him go away this morning, and say, the minister took a subject which had no relation to my case: but if "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward," if he is liable to lose possession of himself under it, then let him pray to possess his soul in patience.

I. What is it for a Christian to possess his soul in trying times?

'A *Christian*—for the words are addressed to believers:—"Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"—It implies,

1st. Recollection. Nehemiah—"Should such a man as I flee?" Neh. vi. 11.

2dly. Dependence. Jehoshaphat—"Our eyes are up unto thee." 2 Chron. xx. 12.—Three children in the furnace, Dan. iii. 16.

3dly. Submission to the dispensation. Job—"The Lord gave," &c.—Daniel in the den of Lions. Paul, "Behold I go bound," &c.

4thly. Readiness to perform the duties of it, however difficult.—Esther's reply to Mordecai. Esther iv. 16.

5thly. Disregard to the constructions of a blind world; and

returning good for evil. Instance, Christ—"Father forgive them." Stephen—"Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

'The words of the text are, as if Christ should say, A dreadful shock is approaching; (see the description through the chapter,) but whatever you suffer or lose, do not lose YOURSELVES. "Let patience have its perfect work." Like Moses, endure as "seeing him who is invisible." I have laid a foundation for this. See ver. 18. Stand still, therefore, and see the salvation of the Lord.

II. How the soul is to be possessed.

'Not by stoical Insensibility—ambitious hardness—pagan vain-glory; but in Christian patience, arising out of faith on a Divine assurance; see ver. 18.

'Christian virtues are a chain. Rom. v. 1—5.

'Stoical virtue may look like a Christian, but is as a shining counterfeit. *Your* patience must be distinct from theirs. God looks at motives—principles—as roots of fruit he commends.

'It is the Spirit of Christ which must unite us to Christ, from whom alone our fruit is found. This is the suffering Spirit of Christ, in the members of Christ. Heb. xii. A holy quiet, calm repose, solid peace, believing resignation, well-grounded fortitude.

"I see," said the ancient disciple, "a horrid tumult coming on, but I must endeavour to keep it from entering my heart. I must remember his words, or I shall lose myself. It may distract,—no matter:—this is no affair of mine; He has said, 'Thy shoes shall be iron and brass—and as thy days, so shall thy strength be.' Lord, undertake for me in that day! keep me in possession of my soul, whatever else I am stripped of."

'Thus also a modern true disciple will be instructed, and will say,—I (as well as the disciples of old) must meet with many things that nothing but faith and patience *can* meet: here is my text, what have I lost already for want of studying it! what did I lose on this occasion, and that, by first *losing myself!*

'Under losses, temptations, persecutions, how much more have I lost by first losing my temper and patience, than by the things which disturbed me! Now let me look at Christ, exemplifying his own rule in life and death. Let me see his first followers and martyrs, in every age, treading in his steps! I feel, if I were but right *within*, all would be tolerable without. Grant me but faith and patience, and do what thou wilt with the world about me.

'Thus we see, that it is easy to say to a man in trouble,—

"be patient, be quiet;"—but the word of God, and the grace of God alone can make him so. Christ shews the *ground*, and gives the *ability* (see ver. 18, 19,) and this will meet the events of Eternity as well as time. APPLICATION:—

1. Let the peevish children of an indulging Providence learn, from this subject, to correct their habits—(a nursery of children raging on every denial or disappointment, compared with too many professing families) husbands—wives—children—servants—addressed particularly. One Christian *possessing his soul* among them, a light in a dark place. Who is this? What is his secret?

2. Look to Jesus to give *efficacy* to his own rule. The text is not only a holy feature in Christianity, but also a very grand one.

'Illustration—a rock in storms.

> "His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
> And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl."

'But if he does so, it is not merely because he has the *rule*, but also the *spirit*. Instance, Paul—"not I, but the grace of God which is in me;" Moses—"by faith he endured as seeing him who is invisible."

'Contemplate therefore the example of Christ, but pray for strength from Christ.

3. He that is now enabled to possess his soul in patience, shall eventually possess all things. Heb. vi. 12, 9,'

In the beginning of October, Mrs. Hawkes left Portsmouth, and joined Mrs. Cecil at Battersea Rise. The late Henry Thornton, Esq. had kindly offered the use of his house, during an interval in which it was vacant, to Mr. Cecil's family; and in this quiet retreat Mrs. Hawkes enjoyed much repose: while there, she received a letter from Mrs. Ely Bates, from which the following is an extract:—

"Very glad was I to hear that Mrs. Cecil was at Clapham: but still more am I glad to find that you are with her, and doing for her the only thing that, as a means, could be useful to her. Surely you are a gift of God to her in her very delicate state:—may his blessing accompany your labor of love. It is a delightful thing to feel ourselves in His order; a single *touch* then has effect; while much that is wrought, with perhaps great labour out of it, comes to nothing. This shews what poor judges we are of usefulness. The world is linked together

(as far as union prevails), by wants and kindnesses. But that there should be such a link between heaven and earth, ought to penetrate our hearts with adoration and gratitude! Methinks it ought to give us another view of this world than we often have, to behold a ladder reaching from it to heaven! It is not a forsaken world: we stand related to infinite perfection and excellence; and this involves in it such a seed of happiness and glory, as only wants developing, to raise our hopes and joys above sublunary objects. This would really infuse gladness, raise expectation, and draw forth the soul to action—to follow hard after God. Oh that it may do so?"

Mr. Cecil has remarked, that we may judge of a Christian's experience rather by the *tenor*, than the *ferment*. The next three or four years of Mrs. Hawkes's life, seem to accord with the latter description. The reader must be prepared to contemplate her as passing under a cloud. The sorrowful impressions which her trials produced, were perhaps *too great*, when viewed in connexion with the scripture admonition, "and they that weep, as though they wept not," 1 Cor. viii. 30. We shall presently see her emerging from this cloud, and shining with a steady brightness to the end of her course.—There is a tendency in troubles and disappointments, at first, to *surprise* and *overset* the mind; though when sanctified, they ultimately lead to rest in Christ, the true ark. Nor can the greatness of suffering be always estimated by the apparent cause; the impression it makes upon the *mind* of the sufferer must be taken into the account. When under the immediate pressure of affliction, we are apt to suppose, with Job, that our "wound is incurable." (chap. xxxiv. 6.) Corrupt nature naturally inclines to fret, and rise up against trouble in every form;—and there must be *time* for an afflicted mind, which like the mariner's needle, under agitation, loses its fixed direction, to recover from such disturbance. Every painful dispensation is like a fresh task in the heavenly school. Hezekiah seems to have felt this when he said, "Like a Crane or a Swallow, so did I chatter; I did mourn sore like a dove." But after more calm reflection, he asks, "What shall I say?" what is faith's estimate? "He that hath both spoken to me, and himself hath done it; O Lord, by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit." The afflictions, conflicts, and temptations, through which the children of

God are called to pass, produce not only patience, but also gain *experience*, and acquaintance with the inward evils of the heart; which design is intimated, Deut. viii. 2. When reflecting upon the pain with which this experience has, sometimes, been wrought out in others, we may perhaps think, that in similar circumstances, we should have felt less, mourned less, repined less; but it should be remembered, that the measure of suffering attendant on any dispensation, is a part of the *appointment;* and that God registers the believer's conflicts and sufferings, as *real*. Ps. lvi. 8.

We now return to Mrs. Hawkes's diary, in which few insertions had lately been made. Probably she did not choose to put down on paper what so greatly oppressed her mind:—

Jan. 1798, *Little James Street.*—"I would endeavour this year to resume the use of my common-place book: but my mind yet continues too much disturbed to make any connected reflections. Through the year 1797, I have had so many waves to struggle with, as to be scarcely able to keep my head above water: and though the swelling of the flood a little subsides, yet I am still upon an unknown and deep sea. 'Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me.'

"I am thankful that my faith is not suffered *entirely* to fail. I sometimes lay hold of a promise, like a child in a dark night, who seizes the parent's hand which he cannot see; and his fears make him grasp it harder. Were my faith stronger, I should have fewer fears; but to be enabled to lay hold of God's almighty arm *at all*, is an infinite mercy. If his 'rough wind were not stayed in the day of the east wind,' surely my spirit must fail under its great sorrows.

"I never expected to understand, as I now do, what persons in trouble meant by disliking *letters*. My whole frame shakes at the sound of a post-knock, lest there should be some sad tidings for me. Oh that I had grace to understand that promise, 'He shall not be afraid of evil tidings, his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.' 'He only lives an unchangeable life, that by faith can live on an unchangeable God.'"

Feb. 10.—"'When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord taketh me up.' This I am sure has been my experience. In a dreadful tempest that has swept away all my pleasant things, God has graciously provided a shelter for me, and found me the kindest parents, brothers, and sisters, friends, in the whole world. Nothing can equal the tenderness I experience every hour of the day in this Christian house. I am ashamed and confounded that I am not more thankful:—that

my heart so steals to its former much-loved haunts. How many have my afflictions, without my mercies!

'When I would comfort myself against sorrow, my heart is faint in me.'

"Oh my sweet home!—my lovely fields!—my secret chamber! How often have I fled like an affrighted bird to your sacred retirement!—how often poured out tears of anguish, and received comforts which the world could neither give nor take away!

"I thought myself more secure in my home, because it was given me in a time of deep trouble, and in answer to many prayers:—because, in the best manner I could, I dedicated it to God; and promised that, as far as I could ensure, it should never be made the reception of the gay and the giddy.

"Witness ye solitary walks! ye walls and beams of my chamber! if I took any delight in you equal to that of holding sweet intercourse with an unseen, but to me, gracious and present God and Saviour! My pleasures were sacred pleasures; and such as made large amends for many troubles. I had much leisure, but always found the day too short for my employ. Beloved spot! how can I bear the thought of giving it up! my imagination visits every corner,—counts every pain of glass;—nothing is too minute to be remembered. Rather let my recollection retrace my former dedication, when I first took possession of that retreat, and mark with shame my deviations. 'Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save; nor his ear heavy that he cannot hear.'

"I endeavour to call to remembrance some of my *bitter* things at Holloway. I had many, very many;—but the bitter was so much sweetened by manifold mercies, that I ought to have felt nothing but thankfulness: whereas, I often murmured.

"Great trials prove what strength we have. I have been greatly deceived in myself herein; and have thought far more highly of myself than I ought to think: for I thought, that because I was enabled to weather the trials and troubles I then had, with some degree of courage, and even through all, generally, to go on my way rejoicing, that I did great things; and that whatever might befal, I should never be cast down, or affrighted. But now where is my strength? It is very weakness. Now where is my triumph? I am become dumb. Evermore after this, I must lay my hand upon my mouth. It is easy to be joyous in sunshine. I fear I have been very prone to self-conceit and high mindedness.

"The flesh is ready to cry out, 'It is hard:' such a one, and such a one, is exempt from my afflictions, they dwell among their own people, and can lie down at night upon their own pillow, none making them afraid. But woe be to me, if after all the experience I have had, Satan prevails to make me think my Saviour a hard master. No! whom he loveth he chasteneth. It is not for a *sinner* to say, Why may I not have this or that? and therefore, it is not for *me*. My afflictions are far less than I deserve, and my mercies far above my highest expectations.

"Never say, I have no propensity to this or that particular failing,—stay, till that trial or temptation comes, to prove it.

"In recollecting seasons and scenes that are past, the pleasant things only are present to the mind; the painful are forgotten, or leave but a slight impression. The conviction of this, should be moderate present grief."

Mrs. Hawkes's reverting in these memorandums to the joys she possessed, as well as to the sorrows she endured, at Holloway, suggests the reflection, that perhaps one of the designs which God has in afflicting his people, is to cause them to consider wisely of his *past* dealings with them. Every mitigation of suffering, towards a creature who deserves hell, every good with which evil is intermixed, demands that "sacrifice of praise to God continually," which is "the fruit of our lips." This sacrifice we must on no account withhold under any pressure of affliction; for let the sufferings of the present time be as great as they may, still, "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not. They are new every morning." "But no chastisement for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous:" it is *afterward*, that it "yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them who are exercised thereby:" and the subject of this Memoir lived to exemplify this special benefit of affliction in an eminent degree.

Mrs. Hawkes's diary contains many passages abounding in expressions of gratitude towards that family in which she was now residing. Such passages would have been withheld from the public, did not justice to the sentiments of Mrs. H. require that they should not be wholly omitted. And it is to be remembered, that those whom they principally concern, are removed beyond the reach of human applause.

March 17, 1798.—"David says, 'I said in my haste all men are liars.' Is it not in my haste that I am ready to say, 'All my pleasant things are taken away; I shall see no more

comfortable days?' Yes, it is surely in haste;—for my pleasant things are not *all* taken away; I have yet the precious Gospel; I have still the kindest and truest friends; I have, even under present darkness, a blessed prospect of an eternal home; I have, then, far more cause for praise than for mourning.

"It is a most singular favour that I should, at this time be admitted into this family. As my mind has a thousand secret avenues to pain, so my dearest friends have a thousand kind devices to avert its approach: so much delicacy of apprehension, so much refined generosity, so much true parental regard, I should never have dared to expect. Behold, 'this is the Lord's doing,' and it is truly marvelous in my eyes. May I never forget the first, sovereign, and bountiful disposer,—nor be unmindful of the willing hands that dispense his goodness."

March 25, *Little James Street.*—"How hidden are the feelings of an afflicted mind! How far from being understood by the *gross* or the *hard!*

"I received exquisite comfort to-day, because my kindest friends seemed unwilling I should accept an invitation to spend the day out; and because they repeatedly charged me to 'make haste home.' What! said my yearning heart, have I then yet a *home?* Have I, in this wide world, such as really care for me? May every poor desolate creature find such a home, and such comforters! and may such kindness be returned a thousand-fold into their own bosoms! If a cup of cold water, given in Christ's name, or for his sake, shall not lose its reward, what reward shall be given for the 'oil and the wine' that is given me in such abundance."

March 24.—"Some very valuable friends in town show me much kindness. Sympathy and tenderness is truly all that is worth desiring in this poor world. At least there is nothing else, of earthly growth, so desirable; nor is this of earthly growth, for I never saw it firm, uniform, and unremitted, but when it grew from a divine stock, and had its root in religion.

"My revered minister remarked yesterday;—

'In affliction, be careful not to go over your troubles alone. It is very hurtful to look on trouble but as you look on God in Christ at the same time. Peter took his eye off Christ, and looked at the waters, and immediately he began to sink.

'The Christian, like his Master, must overcome the world; and one method of doing so, is to submit to painful dispensations with patience and resignation,—"Looking to Jesus."

'In difficult times, our care concerning the *events* of the day, should be swallowed up in a care about the *duties* of the day.

'To be under trouble, and to know how to *act* under trouble, is a distinct thing. Christ teaches us how to receive the cup of suffering. He says, "learn of me;" see how I took a cup more bitter than you can have. I was to drink it in darkness, and under my Father's frown. Every Christian may tell to God his tale of woe, which no ear besides may hear. The most severe sufferings often arise from causes which cannot be told even to the nearest friend; interior, deep, inexorable. But this should suffice, "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction;" *i. e.* made thee a choice one.'

During Mrs. Hawkes's abode at Mr. Cecil's house, she generally passed a part of the summer either in the Isle of Wight —where Mr. Hawkes occasionally resided—or with Mrs. Jones, at Birmingham. In the following letter, Mrs. Jones expresses the pleasure with which she was now anticipating her sister's visit; and at the same time, endeavours to direct Mrs. Hawkes's views to the bright side of her present dispensation. She writes;—

"I am glad to think that one more fortnight will bring my loved sister to my house; though I also know, that the pleasure of our meeting depends wholly upon Him who governs contingencies. The want of his presence, no earthly enjoyment could supply: but we will look in faith for future favours, since past mercies have been so bountifully afforded. A daily increase in faith and love, is what my soul longs for; and, I hope, we shall mutually strive for the faith of the gospel.

"Amidst all the storms through which you are passing, I am glad to hear that you hold so firmly to your anchor. May no tempestuous blast be permitted to wrest you from it. It is a happy thing to be kept from choosing, to which we are all naturally inclined; and we have often much cause to repent of our choice. Your heavenly Father knoweth what things you have need of, and therefore he has determined *for* you; and, sure I am, it is his gracious intention to make you happy in the lot of his appointment. How unfavourably soever your temporal affairs may have seemed to terminate, their grand and final termination is within the veil, and will be made fully manifest when Christ appears in his glory. Then, my dear sister, shall the saints put on their beautiful garments. Our Saviour appeared as "a man of sorrows" all the time that he sojourned here below. He was poor, destitute, without habitation, or where to lay his head. Oh, how differently do men and an-

gels look upon the same object! May the spiritual eye of my beloved sister be so enlightened by the Holy Ghost, that she may say, Most gladly do I proceed in this sanctified and holy walk, in which Christ, and so many of his disciples, have gone before me.

"I cannot express the consolation it gives me, to think of the kind hands which have been already stretched out to receive you. May you never experience the want of such a sister and mother as dear Mrs. Cecil; nor lose the aid of such a father and friend as Mr. Cecil. You have the security of God's attributes for all things needful for life and godliness. He can never want the modes of conveyance, who has all nature at his beck. If he says, 'Behold thy mother, or thy sisters,'—a home is provided.

"How is all glorying taken from the creature, under every display of Divine condescension! When the love of God in Christ Jesus rises as the glorious sun, dispelling with its powerful beams, all the fogs of sin, and mists of corruption, we are ready to look at the spot upon which it shines, as if *that* possessed some superior excellence. No,—the earth is still an earthly clod; if it is made more fruitful in one spot than another, it is entirely owing to the vivifying influence of the celestial fire.

"How kind is Mr. Newton to hail you on your way! So diffusive, and ready to communicate, are men of Christian love:—but theirs is a poor society to the 'general assembly' which awaits you. With such prospects let us rejoice evermore!"

Mrs. Jones here refers to the fact, that Mr. Newton being at Mr. Cecil's house, and hearing while at dinner, that Mrs. Hawkes was confined to her bed with illness, immediately rose up, saying to Mrs. Cecil, "you should have told me before," (meaning before dinner). And he then proceeded directly to the apartment where Mrs. Hawkes was, and falling on his knees, offered up prayers for her. When he returned to the dining-room, he observed,—"Great characters are not made by walking on carpets."

Mrs. Hawkes passed the months of May, June, and July, at Mrs. Jones's house. She thus records, in her diary, the satisfaction procured to her by this visit:—

Birmingham, May, 1798.—"Surely mercy and goodness follow me in every place! The kindness of my dear sister, and her whole family, is greater to me now than ever. I plainly

see that she consults my comfort, morning, noon, and night. I have escaped many things in this journey, and in this place, which I had great reason to fear. Oh that I could live by the day, and care less about to-morrow! But still the morrow, and the morrow, will come like a heavy burden. My mind and spirits are here greatly relieved by leisure, reading, and quiet."

Mrs. Hawkes's society was so much valued by all at Little James Street, that her occasional absence became a subject of regret: this is naturally expressed in a letter that followed her to Birmingham, in which Mrs. Cecil writes:—

"I was greatly unhinged by the departure of my dearest sister and friend, and wandered about from room to room, I knew not why, saying, 'Where is Mrs. Hawkes?' Nor are these feelings peculiar to *me* only; for your absence is deeply felt by all around me. The harps of my *little ones* hang on the willows: they say, Mamma, when will Mrs. Hawkes come back? I tell them she had leave to go only for one month, she will soon be here again.

"Since you have been away, Mr. C. and myself have been planning to make your abode with us more comfortable, than it has hitherto been, from the want of a spare bed-room. We have made an arrangement, and the carpenters are now at work, and before your month is expired, your room will be completed, and will stand solitary till you return to occupy it. Your comfort has always been dear to me: but I must ever despair of affording you the interesting and improving society which you find in Mrs. Jones; neither can I afford you equal quiet. Mr. Newton sends his love, and desires me to say he stands to his promise. Mr. Pratt also sends love; and I have so much to send you from every one here, children and servants, that I am afraid I should tire you with particularizing: but 'love is a present for a mighty king.' I should say, as I was desired, that part of the regard is expressed in a wish for your *return*, which will ever be the desire of,

"Your truly affectionate,

"J. Cecil."

Mrs. Hawkes now felt very desirous to undertake some employment, which might prevent her from becoming wholly dependent on her friends and relatives. This subject, among others, occasioned her much solicitude. She had, at one time, thoughts of opening a boarding school: but there were many

difficulties in the way, peculiar to her case. Whether she alludes, in her next memorandum, to this subject, or to the still perplexed state of her family affairs, is not certain.

June, 1798.—"A letter to-day, respecting future prospects, has hurried together a host of cares and anxieties. I can only say with Jehoshaphat, 'Mine eyes, O Lord, are upon thee;'—upon thee to direct—to support—to overrule—to protect. I would fain ask something; but I am so perplexed, so confused, so much in the dark, that I know not what to ask. 'O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me.'

"When I look at what I have to conflict with, from without and from within, my spirit sinks, and fear almost overwhelms me. Yet why should I despond, since it is in *weakness* that my Saviour makes known his strength. It is in *difficulties* that his wisdom is exhibited. 'Now, Lord, make it appear that thou faintest not, neither art weary; and that nothing can stand before thee, and be my hindrance. Break through my sins, the greatest hindrance of all; let not these stop thy way, nor bind thy hands; I do look to thee, O Saviour; help, I am in trouble.'"[1]

July, 1798.—"Through infinite mercy my path begins, in some degree, to brighten after a cloudy day. Every 'heart knoweth its own bitterness.' None but the benighted traveller knows how dreary and fearful, *darkness* makes a journey, especially if the road be full of pits and precipices; and none but he can tell the comfort of a *little ray of light*."

From Mrs. Jones's house, Mrs. Hawkes went to Weatheroak-Hill, near Birmingham; the estate of her brother-in-law, Mr. Mynors. There she spent a few weeks, before taking her journey to the Isle of Wight, at which place we find her immediately after the next memorandum.

Weatheroak Hill, *August* 1, 1798.—"Much kindness shown me here. It has been well said, 'Retirement tells us what we *should* be, but active life tells us what we *are*.' The truth of this I now fully prove. I did, indeed, learn in my former delightful seclusion what I *should* be; but I did not know how distant from the mark I was. I was so ignorant of myself as to think, that what I was there, I should be every where. I thought I bore very calmly, and courageously, the daily vexations and difficulties that occurred; and remember to have often felt, that whatever might happen, want, pain, or sorrow, I

[1] Archbishop Leighton.

could meet with composure. I recollect to have frequently repeated many texts of Scripture, relating to a suffering state, (of which I then knew comparatively little,) as if I was in full possession of *the secret*. But now, how is it with me? How do I bear my bereavement, disappointment, difficulty, dark and desolating prospects? How do I bear the crossing of my will? How do I feel under a state of dependence, and a mountainous load of obligation? How do I conduct myself in more active life? Do I take care to maintain secret prayer through my employment? This is the breach of the soul, which when stopped, it dies. Do I perform what I have to do cheerfully? Are my tempers meek, gentle, and holy? or have I not rather a '*stiff neck*' and 'an iron sinew?' Do I behave to all with patience and humility? If I cannot take pleasure in my dispensation, do I yet fully submit and acquiesce therein, and say, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord?' Conscience! What of the night? 'Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth.'"

Cowes, August 20, 1798.—"This is a new place. I am here like a sparrow on the house-top. I sit all the day alone. I see a beautiful scene all around me, and numerous faces, some sad, and some gay: but nothing speaks to my *heart*.

"I seem like one shipwrecked, but have a single plank left, which just serves to keep me from sinking. This, from the darkness of the night, I can only, as it were, *feel after*. Sometimes when I have just got to it, a wave carries it away. What an unspeakable mercy it is to *have* a plank, and to be assured it shall save at last!"

While at Cowes, Mrs. Hawkes received a letter from Mr. Cecil, in which he writes as follows:—

"Past eight o'clock on Saturday evening, and weary with sermonizing, I take a resting moment to say, that though we are far asunder, I have communion with you in spirit. We are begotten to the same high and inestimable privileges: we shall soon escape from a world of sin and sorrow. I meet you also at a throne of grace, where the foot of the ladder stands; and though, as you know, seemingly very cheerful, yet I have my melancholy abstractions; when the world and all it has to offer, appear not only illusions, but tasteless and impertinent to the last degree. You, I know, well understand this: and are too ready to meet me here. But, 'Hence, loathed melancholy,' as Milton says; 'Why should the children of a king, go mourning all their days?' We have ten thousand times more cause for

rejoicing than for mourning; and shall soon meet where it shall cease for ever.

"I am deeply impressed with this truth,—that there is but one subject worth conversing upon,—namely, that Jesus Christ is the true God and eternal life; and that having given himself for us, he will withhold from us nothing that is good.

"And now, pray, what is Holloway? what is any thing? who would get up to a window to look after dirt? I will not waste any more time and paper with so much as conversing about it.

"Let met advise you to consider your case the more easy, because it is so difficult. Easy things we are ready to undertake ourselves, and find we cannot manage them; difficult things we are forced to leave, or commit to God, and thus find them easy. Now, by this logic, (which I believe to be very sound,) I have proved that you are a woman in *easy circumstances.*

"I hope your next letter will be to assure us you are coming back soon. My wife desires me to scold you for staying so long, and to say how very solitary she is without you; and this I know is what she really *feels.* She joins me in warmest expressions of regard."

Mrs. Hawkes had not been long at Cowes before she was refreshed by the company of a female friend and relative, Miss Mary Milward, a young lady of eminent piety, who has since been called to her rest, after a long and honourable Christian course, maintained under severe bodily sufferings. It is to her coming, that Mrs. Hawkes refers in the next memorandum:—

"I look out with earnest expectation for M. M.—I shall, in her, have a friend to whom I can speak, and who understands my language. How great the value of that friend that reads the heart, and will not withhold any thing that can be desired that is good! If I had more intimate acquaintance with my Saviour, I should not be so solitary in the absence of other friends."

Cowes, Sunday, Sept. 2.—"Oh what Sundays are here! What a church, where Chsist is not preached! Desolation of desolation! What can flourish where there is no living water? Who can be healed where there is no Bethesda? Now, surely, I know something of David's state of mind when he wrote the 84th Psalm. What should I do if it were to please God to seperate me for ever from his church and people? O heaviest of all calamities? It would only be accord-

ing to my deserts: but correct me in mercy, O Lord, and not in judgment."

Sept. 15.—"Much benefitted by reading over the notes of one of Mr. Scott's sermons, on Isaiah vi. 'Under a view of our vileness, there is danger of despair; but God only humbles his children in order to raise them.

'The prophet had no sooner felt the weight of his iniquities in a proper degree, than they were taken away. "Then flew one of the seraphims unto me having a live coal in his hand; and said, Lo, this hath touched thy lips, and thine iniquity is taken away."

'We should learn the lesson of the day:—The prophet's lesson was *humility*, not *despondency*.'—This is my lesson for this day, Sept. 15, 1798,—humiliation not despondency; resignation and silence, not impatience; a calm waiting upon God; not quarrelling with his dispensation—though it be ever so painful. Not because it is night, to say it will never be morning: but to say to my soul under all, "Hope thou in God." This has been my lesson many years, but I have not yet learned the A B C of it."

Sept. 27.—"Too much cannot be said upon the necessity and advantage of forming good habits of every kind. But as respects the *soul*, there must be something more than good habits. I may be in the habit of praying to God seven times a day, and yet my soul will be stupid and dead, unless there be a 'new, spiritual, supernatural, vital, principle of grace infused into it by the power of the Holy Ghost; enabling persons in whom it is, to spiritual, supernatural, vital acts of faith.'

"Under a conviction of neglect, omissions, deadness, I find it not enough to resolve upon greater diligence, and stricter observances. This is making the *frame* of a machine: but the spring that sets all in motion must be added, or it will be useless work.

"O Thou, who knowest all things thou only knowest how I desire to sit down under thy shadow. O set me as a seal upon thine heart, and upon thine arm. Bear up my name, and let me bear thine image. Let nothing separate me from thy love, nor for a moment suspend the communications of thy favour!"

Cowes, Oct. 3, 1798.—"A day of general rejoicing for Nelson's victory. But while the multitude is engaged in noisy joy, how many individuals, like myself, are groaning under some private trouble. As for me, I am in deep waters; my

whole frame shakes under present storms; my heart faints under future prospects! O 'lead me to the rock that is higher than I.'

"One great advantage I find in religion, is, that it gives me an object, which is at all times sufficient to occupy my mind. So that when friends are absent, when I feel alone in the great universe, religion brings me a resource. I remember the time, when to dissipate my mind, oppressed with sorrow, I ran to the theatre, to the public gardens, to company, to any thing for a moment's ease and freedom from thought. A *momentary* ease indeed! which in the end increased the weight of my burden. I never knew what ease was, till I was taught to know and flee to Him, who says, 'Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' And though I know but as a babe, yet I do know, He giveth rest when none other can."

Portsmouth, *Oct.* 30, 1798.—"'Even to-day is my complaint bitter, my stroke is heavier than my groaning.' Job xxiii. My prayer and choice this day, is like that of David, 1 Chron. xxi. 13. Out of the different paths which lie before me, I am entirely at a loss to know which is the right one.—I would not consult my own feeling: my desire is to take the *consecrated* path, the path best pleasing to my heavenly Father; for that will be the most profitable for me. He is my witness that 'I open my cause unto him;' and 'in all my ways I endeavour to 'acknowledge Him;' and to such, He has promised, 'He shall direct thy paths.' O that I were more like the importunate widow who cried day and night for help! I have need to cry day and night for faith in God for the things that pertain to my soul; and faith also in that which belongs to my body. I know not one moment to what I may be called the next: trials await me which way soever I turn. Oh, that I could, though but in a small degree, say with the great apostle, 'None of these things move me.'"

Mrs. Hawkes returned to London in November; and her tender sympathies were shortly after called up afresh, by that dangerous illness with which Mr. Cecil was visited, in the winter of 1798, and which threatened a bereavement to his family and congregation. The incessant attentions of Mrs. H. on this painful occasion were an unspeakable comfort and relief to Mrs. Cecil, who was herself in an invalid state: and it appears by the following memorandum, that Mrs. Hawkes's mind became, in a measure diverted from her own sorrows, while she entered deeply into those of others.

Jan. 1799.—"The beginning of this year is most sorrowful! I now cannot think of my own particular concerns. My time, my anxiety, my whole mind is occupied, in the great sufferings of this family. I am truly thankful to be so much favoured, as to be an attendant on my revered minister, my father, and best friend; though, indeed, the scene is heart-rending. How solemn is a dying-bed! May I never forget the instructions I gain here. I must endeavour to record a gleaning[1] of the choice expressions of Mr. Cecil upon his sick-bed; but my own feelings and views, I have neither time, nor power, to delineate."

We have however some description of her feelings, expressed at this time in a letter to a friend, to whom she writes:—

"Since my return to town, I have been a sad witness and sharer of much sorrow. Our revered minister, and my truest friend, has been pronounced, by the physicians, dangerously ill; and we have had nothing but death before our eyes. You will easily conceive the gloom such an event must shed here; and of the distress of dearest Mrs. Cecil. Such a scene, I never before witnessed! I think myself much honoured and privileged, in being permitted to assist at this time of need, and I trust I shall gain many important lessons. A sick and dying-bed, is very instructive and solemn; and it exhibits most wonderfully the reality and worth of true religion. To behold a mind quiet, resigned, and comforted, in the most painful circumstances,—is a fine sight! Well might Balaam say, 'Let me die the death of the righteous.' And may you and I add, let me live their life, for it is the only happy one."

This painful dispensation lasted about three months; at the end of which, it pleased God to restore Mr. Cecil to a state of convalescence, and enabled him to resume his public ministrations. In the month of July following, Mrs. Hawkes was again called by relative duties to the Isle of Wight. The next memorandum in her diary, seems to have been written on the eve of her journey to Portsmouth.

July, 1799, *Little James Street.*—"I am now called in

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[1] The "*gleanings*" here referred to, have already been given to the public in Mr. Cecil's works, under the title, "A FRAGMENT WRITTEN IN ILLNESS" We are indebted to Mrs. Hawkes for the preservation of some remarks made by Mr. Cecil, at a later period, on the subject of HOPE. (See Appendix.)

providence to take my third pilgrimage. I should go with more ease of mind, could I leave this family, (to whom I am bound by a thousand obligations,) in better health. It is, however, an unspeakable mercy that I do not, as I had much feared, leave a widow and six desolate children, and a widowed church. Farewell, for a season, at least, most honoured, and most justly loved house! Oh that the dew of heaven may be ever descending thereon! Here I have been made to forget my sorrows! 'I was a stranger, and they took me in,' for the sake of their great Master, who, astonishing proof of his love! condescends to say, 'Inasmuch as ye did it to one of these little ones, ye did it unto me.' May this gracious Lord reward them a hundred-fold; for none other can. May he also pardon my want of gratitude to them; and above all, to Himself, for the great benefits, the astonishing favours, I have experienced under this sheltering roof."

Cowes, July 9.—"It is with shame I confess, that I cannot bring my mind into a proper state of submission, and acquiescence to my present unsettled state of life. My fears are always awake; my apprehensions cannot be quieted. O my gracious Saviour, quiet me in thyself: thou hast the power to say, 'Peace, be still.' My mind is too solicitous about 'the morrow:' but I have been endeavouring to venture myself, by faith, upon the deep, mysterious ocean of providence, in the same way that I yesterday was necessitated to venture myself, half terrified to death, upon a very tempestuous sea, to pass from Portsmouth to Cowes. The vessel seemed to be in great danger. We were tossed from side to side: sometimes lifted high upon a swelling wave, and then suddenly sunk down again into a deep pit. I looked round, and saw nothing but terror; no escape, nor any resource left, but to commit myself to God.

"Thus would I do while on my present sea of trouble. It is true, wave comes after wave; I see no prospect, no haven on this side the grave, no track to be seen, no voice to be heard! But I will endeavour to gain a lesson from my voyage of yesterday, and commit myself, and all my concerns to Him, who will do, nay, who doeth, all things well."

Cowes, August 4, *Sunday.*—"To have no longer the privilege of the comfortable ordinances of the sanctuary, is an affliction I know not how to meet.

'Let me hear thy voice, for sweet is thy voice.'

"O let me hear thy pardoning voice,—thy restoring, recovering voice,—thy strengthening, animating voice. Let me

hear thy voice, as Lazarus, John xi. 43. Let me hear thy voice, as Mary, John xix. 15, 17. Let me hear thy voice, as the beloved disciple, Rev. i. 17, 18. Let me hear thy voice, as thy sheep, John x. 27. Let me hear thy voice, as I have heard it in better days; for 'sweet was thy voice,'—in the sanctuary—in the Bible—in my secret chamber—in many providences—in my heart. 'The companions hearken to thy voice,' cause me to hear it."

In Mrs. Hawkes's diary, there next occurs a reference to Lord Duncan's victory at the battle of Camperdown, when the Dutch fleet, at the Texel, surrendered, August 30, 1799.

"Great rejoicings on account of the surrender of the Dutch fleet. That will be a day of truest joy to me when I can make a full surrender of my heart, and my will, to its only King and Saviour. When the reign of sin has submitted to the reign of grace; when my spiritual enemies, if not driven out, shall be made *captives*, and be bound in chains. And above all, joyful day! when 'death shall be swallowed up in victory,' when 'this mortal shall put on immortality.'"

Sept. 1. "All the time I prayed this morning—which through the help of the Holy Spirit, I did with 'strong cries and tears,'—I kept shrinking at my own requests, for I felt, even while I asked, that in myself I was neither able, nor willing, to bear what I asked.

"I know, or rather I know not, what it will cost a proud heart like mine, to be humbled; a stubborn, high spirit, to be broken. The will and the affections are not subdued, without being seven times tried, in a furnance seven times heated. I say, *this* and *that* must take place, if my prayers are answered, and at the *this* and *that*, my spirit faints. What then must be done? Shall I cry, spare? God forbid: rather let me cry, strike, if thou seest good. The Lord never willingly afflicts; and if he wounds, he will support and heal. I may safely leave myself in the hands of a physician that is too wise to err, and too compassionate to wound, if there is not a '*needs be*.'

"O Father of mercies! on me,
On me, in affliction, bestow,
A power of applying to thee,"—
A sanctified use of my woe."

"It is a very easy thing to go to a physician and state to him my complaints, and particular disorder: to tell him that I have full confidence in his skill, and in his knowledge of my disease, and beg him to undertake my case: but when he pre-

scribes bitter medicines, severe operations, perhaps amputations; when he enjoins mortifying prohibitions, and lays down hard rules, it is not then found so easy, as at first it seemed, to yield him an implicit obedience.

"I have let a nauseous medicine stand, day after day, upon my chimney-piece, though very ill all the time, rather than encounter the unpleasantness of taking it. Thus it is I deal with my heavenly physician: I state my case to him; I say, unless there be a cure, my soul must die. I endeavour to put myself unreservedly into his hands. I do this, as far as I am able, sincerely; and find comfort in so doing. But when he sends me a bitter draught, do I *take it?* Do I submit to the pruning knife, and the purifying fire? Do I observe the prohibitions, and follow the rules laid down? Do I deny myself, and take up my cross daily, and follow Christ? Alas, without this, it is but to little purpose to beg for healing. That man deceives himself whose general conduct contradicts his prayers."

Sept. 3—"Returned with Mr. H. to Portsmouth. "Thou art most glorified, O my Saviour, in effecting that which no human arm can effect. Thy power is best seen in extremities. O undertake for me in my present perplexities, and heart-sinkings! O do that for me, which none can do, or would do, but thyself. 'O remember that I am but dust!'"

Frequent mention has been made of the occasional ill state of Mrs. Hawkes's health. From reference to her memorandums it appears, that the serious complaint, (a large internal tumour,) under which she laboured for more than thirty years, began to manifest itself, while she was at Portsmouth, in the year 1799.

Portsmouth, Sept. 10.—"I have this day many sources of suffering; apprehensions of distressing bodily complaints, inward fears, and gloomy prospects as to temporal affairs; so that my head is bowed down like a bulrush. But when I put all the sorrows I now have, all I fear, and all that, in this present life, I *could* be subject to, into one scale, and sin in the other, how should I pray and entreat to suffer affliction rather than to sin. It is *sin*, and not *suffering*, that is the grand evil."

Mrs. Hawkes returned to London in October. At this period she repeatedly refers in her diary to serious bodily sufferings.

Little James Street, Oct. 1799.—"In finding myself re-

stored to my highly-valued privileges and indulgences, I have one source of real grief, namely, lest the deep depression of spirits under which I labour, should wear the aspect of discontent, unthankfulness, or dissatisfaction with any person or thing in this house. It is true, such are my peculiar bodily sufferings, and so dark my present prospects, that 'my soul abhors its dainty meat.' I say of life, 'I loathe it.' Job vii. 16. I am peevish and fretful, even to my dearest friends; I am conscious that this chiefly arises from an unhumbled spirit. Something may, perhaps, be allowed to a *very trying* disorder, but still sin lies at the bottom. From this dearly-loved family, I meet with nothing but constant forbearance. But were the love of all my earthly friends concentred in one heart, that heart would soon be worn out with a thousandth part of the provocation and inattention, my Saviour daily bears with from me."

Nov. 1799 —"My ill health, and depressed spirits, make me a burden to myself and all about me. It is in such sufferings as these that I long to hide myself, and my complaints, in obscurity. If I had more faith, I should be more patient, and content, and thankful, in every place, and especially in this. Oh that I might be called to that only home, where sin, sickness, or sorrow shall never enter!"

Dec. 3, 1799, *Little James Street.*—"My sufferings of body are very peculiar and threatening. While I appear in health, I am undergoing the sharpest pains, often unknown to any but myself. These sufferings, sad to say, make me peevish and impatient. Surely no where in this world shall I find friends that will endure, and overlook, such manifold and manifest faults, as my beloved ones here: so true do I find it that Love 'beareth all things.' Instead of the reproof I merit, I meet pity and sympathy. How merciful is my appointment?"

Dec. 30.—"Much of the last month seems lost; no spiritual life or improvement. Lord, help me to examine what worm is at the root, to cause this withering. Alas! it is soon discovered. 'The heart is deceitful above all things: who can know it?' Worm after worm is working evil; and among the worst, *is impatience.*"

Justice to Mrs. Hawkes requires the remark, that these inward risings of impatience, which on close self-examination, might be sensible to her own mind, were not, as she feared, manifested in her outward deportment, which was sweet, humble, and winning. True resignation, and thankfulness, were

inwardly struggling against depression, and repining; and these graces were, finally, victorious. In the next extract, written a few weeks later, her mind seems led to a more cheerful and settled apprehension of God's goodness to her, and of the gracious dispositions which her dispensation was intended to promote.

Wednesday, Jan. 1, 1800.—"'If the Lord were pleased to kill us, he would not have received a burnt-offering and a meat-offering at our hands, neither would he have shewed us all these things, nor would he as at this time, have told us such things as these.' Judges xiii. 3, 2.

"Under my present glooms, fears and apprehensions, I will recollect the mercies I have received from the Lord's hand. Mercies so innumerable that I cannot count them. To say nothing of the preceding year, what mercies have I been favoured with in the last three dark years of my life.

"If the Lord were pleased to leave me to sink in these deep waters, would he have shewed me such unspeakable favours? Would he have said to one of the best and kindest of his under-shepherds, Take this poor weak sheep, and screen her from the destroying blast: comfort her in her sorrows: counsel her in her difficulties: and pour wine and oil into her wounds.—Surely, this is the Lord's doing, who hath said, 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.' 'He stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east wind.' 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Hope thou in God.'

"But, while, on one leaf, I mark down what I receive, so I would also note what I pay, on the other. What do I 'render unto the Lord for all his benefits?' How have I showed forth his praise, or what mention have I made of his goodness? How have I improved my high privileges? How have I conducted myself towards my best friends, and kindest benefactors? What proportion does my obedience, gratitude, and faith, bear to my obligations thereto? The only answer to these inquiries is, 'He putteth his mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope.' Lam. iii. 29."

Feb. 1800.—"I have one great mercy to be thankful for at this time, namely, that my health is improved. Oh that the health of my soul may not only keep pace, but far exceed, that of my body! If I know my own heart, and am not totally deceived, my *first* wish and greatest anxiety, is not so

much respecting my perishing body, or my temporal concerns, —perplexed and distressed as they are,—as about the concerns of my never-dying soul!"

In the month of June following, Mrs. Hawkes was called, as usual in the summer, to the Isle of Wight. She thus expresses her feelings in the prospect of losing, for a time, the advantages she derived from public ordinances, as well as private friendship:—

Sunday, June 22, 1800.—"A most sorrowful Sabbath to me! Sorrowful on account of leaving my much-loved place of worship; sorrowful to lose my best and kindest friends; sorrowful on many other accounts. 'Give us help in trouble, for vain is the help of man."

These apprehensions were, however, unexpectedly relieved. In the course of this visit, she was brought under the ministry, and favoured by the friendship, of the Rev. John Newton, who was at Southampton when Mrs. Hawkes arrived at that place, —which we learn from the following memorndum in her diary:—

Southampton, June 24.—"I am here greatly favoured by the kind notice of that eminent servant of God, the Rev. John Newton His conversation, and his sermons, partake of the same holy, dependent, child-like spirit. I trust I shall be permitted to make some stay in this place, while such advantages are afforded me."

June 29.—"This is the fourth year of my being a wanderer! of my being peculiarly the subject of many fears, and secret sorrows. I should, no doubt, have many trials of other kinds, if I had a home; and I endeavour to count them over, and to bear them in mind, in order to lessen my too anxious wish for one. Yet, after all, my foolish heart replies, None know the value of a home but they that have *lost* one. When the habits are fixed, and a person has been used to their own customs and ways, it is not easy to change them. But how much more should I have felt this, but for some special favours which have been granted me."

July, 1800.—"My heart is torn by many sorrows, known only to myself. It is of no avail to tell them to any but God. I wish I could speak to Him more, and to creatures less, about my troubles. 'Cast thy burdens on the Lord.'

"The Lord calls for our burdens, he would not have us oppressed with them ourselves; but roll them over on him. The desires that are breathed forth in prayer are the very un-

loading of the heart: each request that goes out, carries somewhat of the burden with it, and lays it upon God. 'Be careful for nothing, but in all things make your requests known unto God.' Try as many ways as you will, there is no other but this which will free you, when in difficulties, from all perplexing thoughts. Though I know this to be true, how very backward am I to act upon it!"

Cowes, Sunday, Sept. 7.—"'How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.'

"Of all the calamities that could befal me, nothing would be so heavy as to be deprived of the precious Gospel. My misimprovement of it for so many years would make such a deprivation a just punishment. But, 'O Lord, correct me in mercy, and not in judgment.'"

Mrs. Hawkes's diary here furnishes an account of a storm which took place at this time.

Portsmouth, Sunday, Nov. 9, 1800.—"This has been an awful day! A most tremendous hurricane, both on land and sea. I never saw a more grand, solemn, and distressing scene! Ships breaking from their moorings—others torn from their anchors—driven before the wind without hope of escape. Poor creatures climbing up the masts of ships, tearing their hair in horror from impending danger! even though surrounded with boats, which the foaming waves will not suffer to approach near enough to receive them. What an unspeakable mercy is it to have a friend in the Master of the storm! who, if He does not see good to deliver *from* death, will graciously deliver *in* death. How would the knowledge and presence of an Almighty Friend, lessen the horrors and distraction of these poor creatures!"

One of the painful circumstances to which Mrs. Hawkes was exposed by the present varying position of her family affairs, and one which was extremely distressing and unhinging to a person of her cast of mind,—was the necessity of continually removing from place to place. In the next memorandum she expresses her sense of disquietude on this account:—

Wednesday 12.—"What a scene of change is my present life! The lodging to which I have this week removed, makes the *sixth* since I left Little James Street. Oh when shall I be able to say with the Shunamite, 'I will dwell among mine own people.' 2 Kings iv. 13.

"My corrupt nature is ready to cry out under my innumerable distresses—'Is not this hard?' But my renewed principle answers, No,—for 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth;' and therefore, I will say, It is kind. My Saviour is not an hard master; He gives no unreasonable commands; calls for no unnecessary sacrifices; 'He does not willingly afflict.' If he puts me to pain, it is to purify; if he calls for that of which I have said, 'This same shall comfort me,'—it is because I have been too much pleased with it. There must be pruning in order to bearing fruit. John xv."

Monday, Nov. 17, *Portsmouth.*—"This year, as well as the former, I have to mourn over my want of faith and dependence. I am apt to say, 'If I could but *see* my way!' While I am, as far as I know, most desirous to walk in that path, and abide in that place, which is best pleasing to God:—I am too apt to feel it heavy, and I had almost said hard, (but far be such a thought,) that my way is so encompassed with thick darkness,—that there is no voice to say, 'this is the way, walk ye in it.'

"One kind friend says, Come hither,—another, Come to me. But as every place has its peculiar feature, and as I am not sufficiently certain as to the path of duty, to be fully at rest,—so my comfort in any place is greatly disturbed. Perhaps I am self-deceived in believing, that if any particular appointment were clearly discovered to me, I should rejoice to enter on it, and embrace it. Perhaps I am grossly mistaken in thinking that I should be happy in *any* place, (where the gospel was preached,) if I really knew it was the Lord's will I should be there. In my earnest desire for a settled home, I am not so foolish and unreasonable as to expect one, wherein are no thorns. In my pleasantest, quietest nest at Holloway, I had some sharp ones; and I think I could still dispense with many, if I might but lodge in my Lord's vineyard; if I might 'go forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed beside the shepherd's tents.'

"Every time I revisit this place, and every day I spend in it, convinces me of the utter impracticability of abiding here. I never come hither but my heart is overwhelmed, my mind agitated, and my whole frame shaken. Surely if I were called to dwell in this furnace, my *call* would be made more plain.[1]

[1] Mrs. Hawkes here makes a solemn appeal to God, as to the insurmountable difficulties attending her residence at Portsmouth,—and her willingness to endure any trials in the plain path of duty:—but her remaining there did not, under existing circumstances, appear *to be* the path of her duty.—Ed.

"O Thou, that knowest my deceitful heart better than I do, quiet me in thyself! and enable me,—whether I am a wanderer or settled,—whether I am in this place or that,—to live every moment depending and believing on Thee! looking and resigning myself to Thee.

"Tenant of my troubled breast,
Yet a little longer sigh;
Death shall shortly give thee rest,
Fluttering heart thy rest is nigh.
Flutter till the strife is o'er,
Beat awhile, and beat no more,"

Portsmouth, Nov. 23.—"Lately, in having to cross a rough sea, my apprehensions of danger was great. I stood trembling on the beach sometime before I durst venture into the small boat that was to convey me to the vessel, at some distance from shore. I longed to be safe on board,—having no fear when I had once reached the ship: but the surf ran so high, and the boat was so tossed that I expected every moment to be upset.

"Thus it is with my small and feeble faith, which has innumerable fears, conflicts, temptations, and unbelief, to encounter, which, like the waves and billows, threaten its destruction. I stand trembling and debating, and fearing, lest, during the storm, my shallow boat should be overwhelmed, and I should sink beneath the waves. I say, 'could I reach my Saviour, I should be safe: but what am I to do in contending with these billows?' Let me learn from my late experience that since I *must venture*, it is better to venture at once. Every moment's delay only makes the danger appear more formidable, and enfeebles hope. Stand not to debate, to tremble, to count the waves,—but with a bold and holy venture, get forward in the boat; and the Blessed Maker who has provided, and graciously sent it out, will maintain, defend, uphold, and guide thee safely to Himself; and remember, nothing is done without a holy VENTURE.

About the end of November, Mrs. Hawkes left Portsmouth, and went to pass some months with Mrs. Jones at Birmingham. The following letters which passed between the affectionate sisters, may interest the reader:—

From MRS. HAWKES to Mrs. Jones.

"I have a longing desire to see my beloved sister, and trust that now the way is open for my visiting her shortly. How are we comforted, even by an earthly friend, who seems to be

interested for us! but that is a word of mighty consolation, 'He careth for you.' Oh for faith to realize this stupendous truth, that our adorable and merciful High Priest, is touched with the feeling of our infirmities! 'In all their afflictions he was afflicted.' Then, fainting heart, fear not. If I may but be enabled to wrap myself in the mantle of divine compassion and love, I shall be safe.

"I wish I could take more comfort in the consolations you offer me in the joys of the *crown*. Yes, truly, let me have the crown, and I shall soon forget all the suffering. But my great affair is, to sustain the heat and length of the battle. I feel the same when any author, or preacher, enters into a description of the joys of heaven; I am ready to stop them and say,—you need not tell me about these things; let me once enter, and I shall find your description to be poor. But tell me how to endure here as a good soldier of Jesus Christ; how to glorify God in the furnace; how to sustain the fire that is necessary to purge away the dross; how to kiss the scourging rod;—these are the lessons I want to learn, and which I trust I am endeavouring to learn, though very slowly. 'Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience; and experience, hope,'—'a hope that maketh not ashamed.' Pray for me, my dear sister, that I may have an increasing measure of *Hope;* as well as of that faith that substantiates and realizes eternal things. It is a gift that whoever has it, in ever so small a degree, can never, never, be thankful enough for; of which I am fully sensible by my own experience. For if I am ever able to live in any degree from the most anxious forbodings, from deep depressions, from hard and rebellious thoughts of Providence, and continual vexation of spirit,—it is entirely owing to, and derived from, God the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, working that measure of faith in my poor faithless heart, which if left to itself, is that moment inundated with every one of these evils. But when faith is in exercise, every thing is well; every string is in tune for praise and thanksgiving. What a treasure then is faith! Unite with me in prayer that this, and every grace of the Holy Spirit, may flourish in the soul of,

"Your Affectionate Sister,

"S. H."

From Mrs. Jones to MRS. HAWKES.

"My dearly beloved,—and I may say,—'longed for,' the pleasures we have in prospect, appear too slow in their advance; but I will endeavour patiently to wait the day that brings you

once more to my embrace. I long to hear my dear sister relate the gracious dealings of God, her Saviour, through her many painful sufferings. That short petition, 'Lord increase our faith!' seems to contain all we want; but there is a wanderful propensity in fallen man to desire to rise by some other way than by the simplicity of faith. Jesus knows how to support his children; and none are more abundant in thanksgiving and praises than those who drink of the bitter cup. Is it not wonderful that we who know his name should ever fear his providential dispensations? 'He cannot deny himself.' GOOD, is written upon all we receive from Him; but not being written according to our language, we cannot read it. O for confidence! unbounded confidence!

"The means of increasing our faith are often to us very dark and mysterious. But let us remember, we are in a dark world, and must feel out our way as we go on; for often we cannot see one step before us. It is surely, my dear sister, worth while to suffer, to prove what is the glory of the inheritance in the saints; which glory is wonderfully made manifest in the dark days of affliction. God's children, who are made vessels of honour, are often chosen in the furnace of affliction, to show to the world what is good, and most desirable even in this life. When we take a prospect of the good things for ourselves or our children, we are apt to look into the world's index, and read, health, riches, large houses, servants, tender connexions, good husbands, wives, children, and many other such like comforts. But when we look at the afflicted servants of God, which are monuments erected to his honour, we must turn our eyes away from this fair catalogue, and, with the eye of faith, take a survey of the believer's inventory. We must direct our view to how much there is of God in the soul. One would wish that all the world should know what God giveth to his children; and devoutly desire that all of us who bear his name might be more transformed into the divine image. 'God teaches his children to indulge immense expectations, and to realize them in the meanest condition. There is no night too dark for a believer to raise his hopes to the brightest prospects.'

"When we have reached the blessed seat of immortality, the city of the living God, we shall remember no more the anguish we suffered in this life. May you, my dear sister, now lean by faith upon his breast, who will whisper more than you ever yet heard. Farewell,

"A. J."

Mrs. Hawkes thus expresses the comfort and repose she felt, when arrived at the house of her beloved sister:—

Crescent, Birmingham, Dec. 1800.—"I most delightfully feel this house to be a sweet haven after many storms. I trust the poor weather-beaten wreck is sent here for repairs. It has sustained many a heavy sea, and many a shock; so as to be often, to all appearance, on the very point of sinking. But the great Master has been pleased to preserve it amidst many dangers; and has mercifully provided it with delightful harbours, where every thing that friendship and kindness can devise, is more liberally and cheerfully administered. May my heart forget past distresses, in thankful remembrance of the undeserved mercies and favours, of which I am now made a partaker."

"I have here,—leisure, quiet, extreme indulgence, and unfeigned affection, from my dearest sister and her family."

Jan. 1801.—"This is the first winter I have spent out of London for sixteen years; my heart shall ever send a wishful look to my spiritual birth-place; and my memory will ever delight to retrace the solemn, interesting moments, with which I have been favoured in St. John's Chapel: when my heart, like Lydia's 'was opened,' and I was, I trust, taught by the Holy Spirit, 'to attend to the things that were spoken.' Precious, glorious things! such as are able to make the hearer wise unto salvation, through the faith that is in Christ Jesus. I would not now repine, though I have the sad prospect of long, and frequent interruptions, in my future attendance. But, 'as the hart panteth after the water-brooks,' so will my heart pant for the restoration of my privileges.

"When I begin to count up my mercies during the last four years, since I have been a wanderer, I am lost in wonder and shame. I can neither number the instances of God's amazing goodness to me, nor the instances of my amazing ingratitude! Surely it may be asked concerning me, 'What could have been done more to my vineyard that I have not done in it?' Alas! what fruit does my Lord find therein? It is because his compassions fail not, that I am not consumed. Well might he say to me as to the barren fig-tree, 'cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?' Oh that the blessed Saviour may intercede on my behalf for yet another year of sparing, nurturing mercy."

Mrs. Hawkes writes the next memorandum at the house of

her sister Mynors, where she had gone in consequence of the illness of her nephew. After his recovery, she again returned for a short time to her sister Jones, previous to an intended journey to Portsmouth.

Snow Hill, Birmingham, Feb. 1801.—" 'It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.' The last month has been spent in nursing my dear nephew. Oh that his soul may be bound up in the bundle of life, and the soul of his dear mother! she shows me much kindness, and I can, in return, only pray for her and hers. This I have done unceasingly; and have now to offer up praise for the recovery of the valuable child. Oh that his life may be spared for God's glory, and for the comfort of his affectionate parents?"

Crescent, Birmingham, April, 1801.—" I must now shortly pack up, and be gone! The last six months have fled away like a post. Here I have been made to forget, for a season, my deep and numerous troubles. Quiet and leisure, those sweet restoratives of the mind and body, I have here been favoured with to the full; yet even these would much lose their effect, were it not for that balm of kindness and love, which has been given me in addition. Oh how shall I endure to put out to sea again, which I must now shortly do! I shrink at the prospect of the adverse winds I must again encounter.

> " Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
> Till the storm of life is pass'd."

" I will, as far as I am enabled, consider that dispensation, trial, or affliction, *sweet*, that brings Christ more sensibly to my heart. I have had many deep troubles; many painful disappointments; many unseen but severe sorrows;—yet not one of them, increased ten-fold, is so much to be dreaded as the suspension of the comforting, life-giving presence of my Saviour. What it is to 'Come up out of the wilderness, leaning on the beloved,' no one will ever know but by happy experience. And they can best estimate the comfort, who have been left to travel ever so short a part of the journey *alone*.

" My next pilgrimage must be to Portsmouth: a place very uncongenial to my mind: but it is my path of duty, and that is enough. In my way there, I hope for the favour of staying a short time in that house, where I have long found a father and mother, brothers and sisters, kindred and friends,—all in one. Nay more, a counsellor,—a guide,—a faithful minister. I would ever bear in mind, that if I have had more troubles than

many, I have had far more favours than many—and innumerably more than I deserve, or should have dared to hope for."

May 1801, *Little James Street.*—"On my return to London, I am again received into this favoured house, with the kindness which could only be expected from the tenderest parents. I cannot be thankful enough for such indulgence. I pray that I may ever bear in mind my deep obligations, first, to the great and gracious giver of such mercies, and next to those friends indeed, with which few are equally favoured. Their hospitable door has been opened to receive me without any other cause or motive than pity and benevolence; and without any seeking on my part, or even an idea of becoming their favoured inmate. Here I have found delightful shelter, —superior society,—the best counsel. And who led them to open their hearts and their door? Even the Father of mercies."

Much is often said concerning the want of benevolence that is in the world; perhaps true gratitude for favours received is far more rarely to be met with. Mrs. Hawkes was blessed with a large measure of this gracious and amiable disposition: the illustratration of which may be a sufficient reason for inserting some of those repeated effusions of gratitude, which appear in her diary. Her deep humility led her to entirely overlook her own affectionate endeavours to promote the welfare and happiness of Mr. Cecil's, family,—every member of which had reason to feel the strongest sense of obligation to her.

In the month of July, Mrs. Hawkes accompanied Mr. Cecil's family to Chobham in Surry, soon after Mr. Cecil had accepted the livings of Chobham and Bisley. In her next memorandum, she expresses her joy on beholding the success of the Gospel in that place.

Chobham, July, 1801.—"Nothing can be more interesting and delightful than this place. Surely the Lord has an especial favour to this spot, by singling it out from surrounding places, and planting his gospel in it. For many years past it has remained in darkness and ignorance: but now is that promise being fulfilled, 'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.' I feel it no small privilege to be witness of so glorious a work. May my soul feel, in a more abundant measure, the reviving life giving influence of that divine breath, which is now so evidently felt among these dry bones."

Mrs. Hawkes had not been at Chobham more than a few

weeks, when she was attacked by symptoms of so alarming and distressing a nature, that it was thought necessary for her to return to town for medical advice, and to renounce all thoughts of going on to Portsmouth as she had proposed. She travelled slowly to London in a horizontal position, and with difficulty reached Mr. Cecil's house in Little James Street, where she passed the summer under severe suffering, and constant medical attendance. Her own memorandums at this period are as follows:

Chobham, Aug. 1801.—"At the precise period when I intended to pursue my journey to Portsmouth, I am arrested by an aggravation of my distressing and mysterious complaint, which obliges me to return to London for medical help. As to the *nature* of it, I have just cause for fear and alarm: as to the *design*, it is no doubt to purge away the dross: as to the *end* of it, I desire to leave it in my Saviour's hands, who knoweth what is best for me."

* * * * * *

Little James Street, Sept.—"I have gone through such a process as I never expected! My sorrows are *very bitter*, —yet dare I not repine. I know that my mercies are far better than I deserve, and though my trials are short, I am not the only one that has passed through the same. Oh for faith and patience to hold out to the end! I would bear in mind, that as my medical friend kindly attends to mark, and if possible to mitigate, my disease,—so I have ONE who has also a process to carry on, in order to bring about a *mighty work;* even that of preparing a poor sinner for a heavenly inheritance. I desire to commit myself entirely to Him who doeth all things well. There is enough in Rev. xxi. 3, 4, to comfort me under all."

The report of Mrs. Hawkes's painful circumstances drew from Mr. Cecil the following letter:—

Sept. 7, 1801.

"My dear Madam,

"Any particular reply that can be made to your extraordinary communications, you will receive from Mrs. C., who intends writing to you: for my own part, I write merely to express my sympathy with you under you sorrows.

"You are conducted indeed by a very dark and distressing path; but then you are *conducted*, and that by a better and kinder friend than any one of my family could prove, if even

they had what your Almighty friend has, 'All power in heaven and earth.' Now is the time for faith and patience to be fully proved; and I trust they will stand the trial.

"I am, with the rest, greatly disappointed that you cannot return to us this summer. But, as the season is far advanced, we shall soon return to town; and I form a hope that you will remain with us through the winter,—being assured, as you may be *most fully*, that no one of my children is considered more as at their father's house than yourself. The plain truth is, (however the matter may appear to your incredulity and prevailing diffidence,) our sense and feeling of your being with us, is, that every minute of the time is a benefit and privilege conferred upon us.

"You certainly said very properly what you said of your relations; and I cannot doubt for a moment, that your expectations would be more than answered; but I wish to add, that I consider it both a duty and a privilege that you should have a friend in myself, and a mother in my wife, which (to say nothing of others out of both our families,) will secure you from being dependent on the persons you name, however glad we may be to see them take a proper interest in your welfare when called upon.

"But as Mrs. Jones says truly, 'we must die.' What then? It makes no difference to you. Your Friend liveth ever, and shall supply all your wants out of his riches in glory.

> "The pillared firmament is rottenness,
> And earth's base built on stubble."

And millions will be shockingly deceived who have built on no better foundation. But, thank God, that is not our case. I should mourn indeed if you had the whole earth in your hand, and nothing more. Then, and not till then, you can be made poor.

"Pray take every means that can accommodate yourself, and have every thing you can invent to alleviate your situation; if it were only to oblige, yours,

"Most faithfully and sincerely,
"R. Cecil."

Mrs. Hawkes's illness soon became so severe as to occasion fears of her speedy dissolution; at which time she wrote as follows in her diary:—

Oct. 2, 1801.—"From all I can gather from my friends, from my own feelings, and from the opinion of several

of the faculty, the message that was sent to Hezekiah is sent also to *me*, 'Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live.'

"I would above all things desire to do as he did, that is, 'Turn my face to the wall, and pray unto the Lord.' But what is my petition, and what is my request? Truly, if I know my own heart, it is, not that the sentence of death may be recalled, but that I may be made meet for a glorious inheritance. There remains much to be done in me before I am, as I trust I shall be, gathered into the garner. I am conscious of the want of ripeness. I am conscious also that there is in me much chaff. O Lord, enable me to bear the winnowings, the siftings, with which thou art about to visit me. Let me not be deceived in myself, and think that I am wheat, when I am but chaff. I appeal unto Thee, O thou searcher of hearts, who knowest what I am, and pray that I may be made such as thou wilt accept, and upon whom thou wilt bestow the gift of eternal life. As to what I must suffer by the way, I would bear in mind that, 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.'"

Oct. 20.—"It is a remarkable part of my present dispensation that I should be left to go through very severe sufferings *alone*, my dear friends being still at their summer residence. Such a separation, at a time when I so especially need a kind and faithful friend to administer to my painful necessities, speaks loudly to my heart that there is but *one* friend who can always be present. What an unspeakable mercy to have such a friend! and to find him graciously present in such a time of need."

Nov. 3.—"My mysterious and fatal disease makes slow advances. The pain, though continual, and attended by much inconvenience, is not so severe now as to hinder me from mental exercises. Though confined either to my bed or couch, yet I can read; and through mercy, I am enabled to pray, and to meditate. I esteem it no small mercy that this poor tabernacle is taken down so gradually, and with so much gentleness. It is a most unspeakable favour to be allowed space, leisure and recollection, to get into a position for the impending stroke. I would be found ready when the bridegroom cometh."

On the return of Mr. Cecil's family to town, the third week in November, Mrs. Hawkes's very sensitive mind was exercised with anxieties lest her ill health should be an occasion of inconvenience to her affectionate friends. She thus expresses her feelings on the subject:—

Dec. 1801.—"My severest exercise of mind, under my present trying dispensation, arises from the painful conviction I have of the expense, inconvenience, and difficulty, which my sickness brings on this family. Being no longer able to administer to any part of it,—which I have always esteemed my highest privilege and pleasure,—I am now a useless, disabled creature, that must be administered unto. And though every member of this house expresses, and I verily believe, *feels*, the truest gratification in continual acts of love, yet neither my feelings nor my judgment can endure that so great a burden should rest upon them any longer. 'O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me!' Thou, that didst in great love and tender care, open this kind door to let in a poor unhoused sheep, where every indulgence has been afforded which my bleeding heart could wish, and where I am still kindly solicited to remain, let thy gracious ear be open to my prayer, that thy good Providence may open this door again to my going out; that I may be no longer distressed and afflicted by the conviction that I am now, by my ill health, constant confinement, and need of nursing, a real injury to this generous family. This is worse to bear than my continual pain. Weeping and praying is my only resource; I am afraid to take a step, my way is hedged up, no glimmering of light as yet dawns upon my path. Lead me, O my Saviour, in the right way. Let me see 'the pillar and the cloud' again moving before me."

Jan. 1802.—"I ought to enter this year and go through every day of it, with great solemnity and watchfulness, for I have no expectation of seeing January, 1803. O Lord, teach me to number my few remaining days, that I may make the best of every moment to prepare for my final dismission. I have great cause to rejoice at the prospect of being removed so soon from a world that has to me proved a sorrowful and desert wilderness. Yet I would remember with humility and thankfulness that, as my sorrows have arisen higher and higher, so a gracious providence has provided most abundant comforts for me. Nothing have I here but marks of love and friendship: and as there is one home only for which I could change this with advantage, so I am bid to prepare for it, and wait a speedy call to it. There my friends will rejoin me, never more to be separated. A few more fears and conflicts, and all will be over."

Mrs. Hawkes's life was prolonged thirty years beyond the period in which she wrote the foregoing memorandum; forming a remarkable confirmation of the proverbial uncertainty of human life, since those dear friends to whom she just alludes,

were called to their rest before her. A period of thirty years, spent in severe suffering, seems long to sense and wearied nature: but were she now asked to give her estimate of this interval of "heaviness," it would doubtless agree with the words of the apostle, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Even before her faith was changed to sight, she was enabled to adopt this language, and we may mark from this period, a growing resignation under affliction, with an increasing joy and peace in believing, 'Glorifying the Lord in the fires," (Isa. xxiv. 15,) as appears in the following extract:—

Feb. 1802.—"If I know any thing of my own heart, its real language, through my present visitation, agrees with that of the deceased Mr. Pearce,

> 'Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
> That brings Jesus to my soul.'

If my soul does but gain health, welcome sickness. O Thou, that alone hast enabled me to say this hitherto, help me thus to say through all I may yet have to endure."

April, 1802.—"I have much cause for thankfulness, that through my present illness, my spirits, for the most part, have been better than for some years past. Yet, with shame I confess, I have still seasons of great depression, through fear and unbelief. My peculiar circumstances lie heavy on my heart; and the idea of falling a dead weight upon friends who have already done more for me than I could ever describe, pierces me like a two-edged sword. Many are my tears and prayers, that I may be spared the anguish of feeling that I add to their already heavy burdens. My fears respecting this matter oppress me far more than my affliction, weighty as it is."

May 20.—"The Lord hath various methods of teaching his children; but he has only one grand design, namely, that they should be 'Builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit.' That they should be 'a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people.' For several years past, I have been highly favoured with public instruction in the house of God; and inexpressibly great have been my opportunities! I have been planted in the choicest and richest part of my Lord's vineyard, and have been mercifully taught to esteem it as my best heritage. Yet of me, alas, the awful question may be asked, 'Wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?' or crude, unripe fruit, without flavour or sweetness. So little humility, so

little patience, so little faith, so little of the vital sap of the true vine! How great is his mercy that he does not proceed to pronounce the same judgments on me as on those of old, 'And now go to, I will tell you what I will do to my vineyard.' Isa. v. 5, 6. Instead whereof, he says, 'I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her, and I will give her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope: and she shall sing there.' As if my Lord had said, Instead of cutting off this barren branch, and casting it into the fire, which I might justly do, I will take it into more peculiar cultivation. I will, to public and general ordinances, add sweet and interior teachings, betwixt her and myself *alone*. I will confine her to a sick chamber, visit her with an incurable disease, leave her to silence and contemplation, try her with pain and anguish; *i. e.* I will purge her that she may bring forth more fruit. Amen; so let it be, O Lord; and I heartily bless thy holy name for thus graciously correcting me. Thou hast, indeed, brought me into the wilderness; and thou hast also vouchsafed to speak comfortably to me therein. And, I trust, thou wilt soon remove me out of it, to that place from whence 'sorrow and sighing shall for ever flee away.'"

July, 1802.—"My physician has just put me upon a course of regimen and medicine very unpleasant. Yet upon his urging the *necessity*, I promised him entire submission and obedience. Ah, ungrateful, silly, faithless creature, (said I to myself when he was gone,) to feel so much confidence, and to yield such a willing obedience to an arm of flesh, while in a case of infinitely more importance, namely, the healing of the diseases of sin, and under the direction of one, who in the commands he enjoins, can neither fail in wisdom nor in love,—thou art inattentive, forgetful and disobedient!"

July, 1802.—"I have lately gone through severe attacks of spasms. But how light are the severest pains of the body, compared with the anguish of a wounded spirit. I know, from experience, the difference; and therefore I can the better appreciate it. I have, during the past night, enjoyed true consolation in the sorest pain. And I have known what it was to suffer the keenest mental torture, when all without was comparatively serene."

The season was now arrived when Mr. Cecil's family should go, as usual in the summer, to Chobham; Mrs. Hawkes, (who had been confined at Little James Street by illness nearly a year,) was quite incapable of travelling, and was therefore

obliged to remain in London. Her anxiety, on this occasion, was removed by the kindness of Mrs. Jones, who came to town on purpose to administer to her sister's comfort, during Mrs. Cecil's absence. Mrs. Hawkes thus records Mrs. Jones's arrival:

August 1, 1802.—"How graciously does an ever-watchful Providence deal with me! Just when my heart fainted within me, at the thought of being left solitary, the Lord hath put it into the heart of my dearest sister to come, and kindly undertake the office of nurse, companion, counsellor, and every thing I want. I am, I trust, duly and heartily thankful for this great indulgence. Alas! the days and hours will fly too swiftly away, and bring forward the time when she must again leave me! Oh, that I could improve the present moment, and not anticipate the painful hour of separation!"

Under some perplexing difficulties, Mrs. Hawkes wrote to Mr. Cecil soon after he left town, which drew from him the following letter:—

Chobham, Aug. 1802.

"My dear Madam,

"I am greatly obliged by your letter. It is a picture of your mind, which, as far as it has fallen under my observation, is full of tenderness and integrity. The reality and power of your faith was, I believe, never questioned by any one who possessed any himself. But the Author of it seems, for wise reasons, disposed to bring it into public proof, by the long, constant, and very severe trials, with which it is exercised. Your case is extraordinary; and the only consolation we have under it, is, that your Helper is no less so. May he give you faith and patience,—the only gifts now of value. * * *

"You cannot wish that I should visit town more than I wish to see Mrs. Jones and yourself. Yet, as 'the pillar and cloud' went before me so as to make it clear to me that I should come here when I did, so I must wait for it to direct the next remove: nor in all my experience do I remember to have waited for it in vain. Worldly minds would think me an enthusiast in speaking thus; but I am not writing to such. When my son's time is out, I shall expect my way to be opened, and some ability given me to undertake, what is to me, a vast journey; and then I shall readily take it.

"I shall only add, that I ever remain,

"Most truly and affectionately yours,

"R. Cecil."

Mrs. Jones was induced at this time to come to town not only to relieve her sister's solitude, but also with a view to arrange some plan for Mrs. Hawkes *permanent* accommodation out of Mr. Cecil's house. There was now no prospect that she would be able, in future, to spend a part of the year, as she had hitherto done, in the Isle of Wight, or with her sisters at Birmingham. Nor was it suitable, in her present state of health, that she should be left alone in Little James Street, during the four or five summer months in which Mr. Cecil's family were at Chobham. Also, the painful anxiety of Mrs. Hawkes's mind from the fear of becoming burdensome, interfered with her tranquility: nor could her over sensitive apprehensions be quieted, by the strongest assurances, that the happiness of Mr. Cecil's family was really increased by her being one of its members. This will become evident by the next extract, in which Mrs. Hawkes appears, as usual, weighing every thing by the highest moral considerations, aided by the most delicate apprehensions of propriety.

Sept. 1802.—"I have been endeavouring, as I have often done before, to enumerate and weigh what I shall have to meet with in exchanging this honoured, loved, and valued residence for another. I know and feel, that it is a serious thing to take a step in life; and therefore I have been afraid to stir over this threshold. But in my removal I am conscious that I act from the following motives,—namely, from a desire to remove anxiety, care, expense and great inconvenience, which must every day be increasing to this family, by my stay. Never shall I find such tender friends,—never in this world meet with a society so suited to my taste,—never again be admitted into such high privileges. I can neither enumerate nor describe what I leave, when I leave this house. But justice, honour, affection, obligation, *all* call upon me to depart. And shall I be so selfish as to shut my ears to these demands? Far be such unrighteousness from one so deeply indebted. O Lord, my expectation is from Thee; be pleased either to quiet me here, or to direct my steps to some other dwelling."

It was necessary that Mrs. Hawkes should reside in London, for the sake of medical advice. It was also desirable that in her suffering state she should be with those who could render needful assistance with affectionate sympathy. It pleased God to open a way towards an arrangement which combined these advantages, by her removal, in the month of September, 1802, to the house of Mr. Collyer, a pious member of Mr. Cecil's Congregation at St. John's, who had married Mrs. Hawkes's niece. The next memorandum records this removal.

Sept. 23, 1802.—" A MEMORABLE DAY. Left my honoured and spiritual father's house, and removed to Mr. Collyer's, Constitution Row.

" This makes one more change in my sorrowful pilgrimage! When shall I be permitted to remove, once for all, to that long desired habitation where 'God shall wipe away all tears from my eyes; where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.'

" I consider myself as now entering upon a new dispensation; and would 'get upon my watch-tower' to hear what the Lord will condescend to speak unto me; and 'what I shall answer when I am reproved,' as to my past and present experience.

" At present, such a tumultuous crowd of oppressions and sentiments pass upon my mind, that I feel it impossible to take any calm or profitable view of present circumstances, or of my future prospects; even should my worthless dying life be prolonged.

" Like a voyager, newly launched on untried seas, every thing is unknown, unsettled, unorganized. I have to form new associations, new sympathies, to breathe a new atmosphere. So scattered are my thoughts, I can only concern myself about present affairs; and pray that the presence of my Saviour may be with me.

" In my removal, let me, however, note down a few remarkable circumstances, in order to promote present thankfulness and future hope. 'He despiseth not the prayer of the destitute. So graciously has my heavenly father attended to my cry, and condescended to grant me my request, that the very same friend, (namely, my dear sister Jones,) who brought and left me at my minister's house, when I had no longer a covering to my head, or a bed to lie upon, returned, after an interval of six years, and having again provided an abode, conducted me out from a never-to-be-forgotten 'hiding-place!' Oh, that it may be my last removal to any house made with hands. What a mercy that the storm is in some degree abated before I am bid to quit my hiding-place! Surely I ought without misgiving to trust my Divine Leader the rest of the way.

" Another remarkable circumstance attending my removal, is, that some strong, and till within a few days, unconquerable objections respecting the abode proposed to me by my dear sister, have been made in a great measure, to give way to more weighty considerations.

"No one could be received with more kindness and affection than my dear niece and her husband received me. Lord, let thy blessing attend this change! It is brought about in a way that is wonderful to me. Not for your sakes, 'O house of Israel, will I do this, but for mine holy name's sake.'"

In the step which Mrs. Hawkes was now taking, she was actuated by strictly conscientious motives, and not those which feeling might dictate; and thus following the leading of Divine Providence, she was sure of being both safe and happy. "All things," says the apostle, "work together for good to them that love God." If we seriously compare and examine, we shall find, that the Scriptures, and the book of Providence, harmonize with each other. The promises are all limited to certain characters; "All the paths of the Lord are indeed mercy and truth," but it is "unto such as keep his covenant and testimonies." The features of Mrs. Hawkes's religious character might be traced as answering to those portrayed in the Bible. Her whole walk and conversation manifested love to God, and obedience to his will, even before the promises were poured in a blessed tide over her spirit. And as an "Israelite indeed" her "journeyings" were ordered by Him, who in all ages goes before his people, truly if not visibly, as the "angel of the everlasting covenant," to order all things for their good. Exod. xxiii. 20.

CHAPTER V.

FROM HER SETTLEMENT AT MR. COLLYER'S TO HER REMOVAL TO BETCHWORTH.

FROM A. D. 1802 TO 1811.

Mrs. Hawkes's removal, a source of regret to Mrs. Cecil—Afflictions sanctified—Letter from the Rev. John Newton—Mrs. Hawkes's reflections on a repining spirit—Her views on the subject of being dependent—Her usefulness, especially to young persons—Her extensive correspondence—Her sense of manifold mercies—Pecuniary anxieties—Temporary return to Mr. Cecil's house, and re-settlement at Mr. Collyer's—Danger of her disease terminating in sudden death—Cheerfulness under affliction—Friendship and medical attention of Dr. Fearon—Serious self-examination—Her remarks on Mr. Cecil's paralytic affection—Letters on the subject—Reflections on Mr. Cecil's death—Her view of his character—She visits Mrs. Cecil at Hampstead—Is supported by Christian hope—Letter to Mrs. C——tt, on the duty of praising God.

Mrs. Hawkes's removal from Little James Street was a subject of real regret to Mrs. Cecil, who felt that her dear friend's society was a loss not to be easily repaired. Mrs. C.'s feelings and sentiments on this occasion will appear in the following extract from one of her letters to Mrs. Hawkes, written from Chobham, in Sept. 1802.

"I confess to you, my dearest sister, there is but one rich gift I covet, and that is, that you might be thrown into my lot, to live and die with me and mine. This would be no impoverishing circumstance: I could only view it as a certain increase of my own and my children's inheritance. I have sometimes thought this might be; and then I have seen why I had a house large enough to receive you, as well as a heart fully ready to meet this favour. And I have thought also, that even were I taken away, I should leave you among my children, as their guardian and friend.

"I most cordially thank you for your letter; I cannot express how much pleasure it afforded me. I scribble a line now, and for my apparent neglect, have one plea which I hope will be accepted, namely, having had eighteen in family for some days past. Ah! I never have so many as not to regret

that I have not *one more!* One, whose society has afforded me more real pleasure than all other I ever enjoyed.

"I am grieved to hear, both from yourself and others, of the increase of your pain. You have need to look to a better country, where pain, and sorrow, and sighing flee away—as I know you do. Nevertheless, I am aware how delicate a recipient of sympathy you are, and I feel a sad regret that I am unable now to render you more than sympathy; for I am not content to offer you only that which you must receive from every common friend."

Writing to a friend, shortly after her removal, Mrs. Hawkes says,—"I spent last week in visiting my old and ever kind friends in Little James Street. Mrs. Cecil most bitterly complains of my 'inflexibility.' And I assure you that it costs me more than she knows to keep it up. But I consider it very wrong, and unworthy, to act only from *feeling* instead of being ruled by the *judgment*. And therefore till some circumstance arises that will allow me to think it *right* to return, I hope to be able to withstand all her persuasive powers; and all the earnest entreaties of the dear children. One or other of them come to see me most days; so that though we are separated, our intercourse is not interrupted. I am very comfortable here, and have a room and fire entirely to myself, which is a great enjoyment. My health has been rather better of late, but my complaint continues much the same."

The purifying and sanctifying effects of Mrs. Hawkes's painful dispensation, became now more and more evident, in her rapidly improving Christian character. This design and tendency was made so far manifest to herself, that she was enabled to kiss the rod, even while smarting under its strokes: as appears in the next, and many subsequent memorials of her Christian experience.

Nov. 1802.—"Purifying work is painful work: the refining furnace needs a well-established confidence in, and love to, the great Refiner. I feel there is much dross to be purged away. My nature trembles at the fire: but my faith commits the process to God, with strong cries, 'Correct me in mercy and not in judgment.' 'By this shall the iniquity of Jacob be purged away; and this is all the fruit to take away his sin.' And again, 'Every branch in me that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.' God is now seeming to say to me, Instead of bringing thy sufferings to a close, as thou hast

impatiently desired, thou must still be 'emptied from vessel to vessel.' One trying dispensation shall give place to another; and this is designed,—

First, To bring thy sins to remembrance, and to correct thee.

Secondly, 'To prove thee,' and shew thee what is yet in thine heart.

Thirdly, To purify and purge away thy dross.

Fourthly, To make thee 'as a weaned child,' from every created good.

Fifthly, To bring down thy proud independent spirit, and teach thee submission and dependence.

Sixthly, To afford thee opportunity to glorify thy Father which is in heaven, by speaking good of his name; and by bringing forth the fruits of patience, love, &c.

Seventhly, To make thee meet for glory.

"My honoured minister in one of his sermons says, 'Oh it is a mighty blessing indeed, if God makes use of any affliction whatever to bring us nearer to himself, and to make us know more of ourselves, and to become acquainted with his dispensations towards us.'

"I would humbly adore and praise God the Holy Ghost, who alone teacheth to profit, *i. e.* to purpose, who in some measure enables my almost broken heart to respond feelingly, and I trust sincerely, 'Yes, I do find it a mighty blessing.' May my life, as well as my lips and heart, bear the same report: or it will be to little purpose."

The following letter was, about this time, written by the Rev. John Newton, to Mrs. Hawkes.

Nov. 18, 1802.

"My Dear Madam,

"You are now removed out of old seventy-eight's track, and therefore I must try my poor eyes, which are very weak, to send you a small token of my love upon paper.

"'We must through many tribulations enter into the kingdom of God:' so our Lord has forewarned us, but he adds, 'In me ye shall have peace.' Tribulations, both you and I have felt, and still feel; but I trust at the bottom of them all, we have peace within, from the knowledge of our acceptance in the Beloved, and His gracious promises of strength, according to our day; and that He will, in the final event, make all things, whether sweet or bitter to the flesh, to work together for our good.

"Though 'man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward,' none of them spring out of the ground. They are all to God's

own people, under the direction of infinite wisdom and love. If we are 'in heaviness,' there is a 'needs be' for it,—whether we know it or not. For He who so loved us as to die upon the cross to free us from the curse of the law, will not inflict any unnecessary pain on those whom He has taught to put their trust in Him. Some of our afflictions are medicinals, to check that worst of maladies, indwelling sin,—or to prevent a relapse: and though, at present, they are not joyous but grievous, we know not how much worse it might have been. If you had always remained as you were when I first knew you, —or I, as I was three or four years ago, Satan might have lulled us asleep upon 'the enchanted ground.' But the Lord in mercy sent something to rouse us. Our path has been rough, but I trust it will be safe; and we shall one day say, 'Happy affliction, which brought me nearer to my God, or prevented any wandering from Him.'

"Again, sometimes the Lord honours his people by appointing them a great trial. As He has given them to believe in his name, so also He gives them to 'suffer for his sake.' So far as he enables us to support affliction with cheerful submission, patience, and hope,—so far the post of trial is a post of honour. Thereby the reality and power of religion, the power and faithfulness of our Lord in supporting and relieving, is exhibited to his glory, for the encouragement of believers and the conviction of gainsayers; and we ourselves are taught more and more of the vanity of creature-dependence, and the all sufficiency of our great and unchangeable Friend, who has promised, that 'If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him.'

"Let us cheer up, madam: the time is short, and shortening apace. Every pulse we feel, beats a sharp moment of the pain away; and the last stroke will come: then heaven will make amends for all. I commend you to the Lord's blessing. Dear Miss Catlett, though not quite well, is better than when she first came home, and is again a great comfort to me. Pray for her, and for

"Your affectionate,

"John Newton."

Mrs. Hawkes's next memorandum opens the year 1803.

Jan. 2.—"Never did I expect to see the beginning of the year 1803. It must be almost a miracle if I live to see 1804. Nay, so does death seem to hover over me, that when morning comes, I say, 'It is very probable I may not see the night;'

and when night comes, 'it is more than probable that I may never see the morning.'

"Has then my soul dressed herself for immortality? Is the wedding garment on, and all in readiness for the Bridegroom? Conscience, 'What of the night?' Soul, 'What of the night?' Canst thou upon sure ground say, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly?'

"Within these seven years I have been twice apparently on the borders of the grave. In either case, had the Lord taken me, I should have escaped many and great sufferings; but I should have known far less of the Lord's goodness and truth to me a poor sinner. I trust he has made me more willing to suffer, so that he be but present with me through my affliction. How have I this evening been refreshed in my spirit by a letter from my invaluable sister! Oh that every poor sufferer had the comfort of such a sister and friend in trouble!"

The following undated letter from Mrs. Jones, seems that to which Mrs. Hawkes here refers:—

"I wish I had a letter from my dear sister, that I might share in her joys and sorrows: and enter, by sympathy, into her severe pains and languid weakness; and notice, how the spirit is weighed down and depressed by its union with the body; and how the soul rises from under the weight; 'Cast down but not destroyed,' by the pressure of affliction. When I was once suffering from excruciating pain, it appeared to me that all my power to endure was derived from keeping hold, by faith, on the hem of Christ's garment. The pious Beveridge has said, 'the latter works of a Christian are furnace works.' Faith and patience are furnace works indeed, and blessed are they that *endure*, not they that *resist*. 'Fight manfully,' was not a cursory precept, but an upholding word for a trying hour. Thank God, there are not years of unremitting contest, but 'days' of tribulation, and 'hours' of temptation. It is proper we should encourage each other; and 'so much the more as we see the day approaching.' A little more conflict, a few more days of heaviness, before all tears are wiped away for ever! When you and I are seated at the feet of the great Captain of our salvation, we shall shout victory to Him; and if there were any garments of shame in heaven, we would cover ourselves with them, while we give glory to our great Deliverer. What encouragement is it under all present trials to have access to the 'God of hope,' the 'God of patience,' and the 'God of all consolation.' He has yet to give more

than we can ask or think: and He can impart to his suffering children as much power to endure as He pleases. No pen can describe what the martyrs experienced of his mighty power; and we have the same promises as they, and the same God. Farewell. "A. J."

As in natural things, there are sudden and visible stages of advancement; so, in the Christian experience of Mrs. Hawkes, the reader will be pleased to observe at this period, remarkable enlargement of mind, from the gloomy and desponding feelings which marked some of the past extracts. This improvement must be ascribed to the ripening influences of grace upon her heart, by which, faith and hope were brought into fuller exercise; producing a cheerful acquiescence in her painful dispensation, accompanied by a corrected view of her past tendency to depression.

March, 1803.—"There is nothing upon which I look back with more real shame, and I hope real sorrow, than upon past seasons of murmuring, discontent, and fretfulness. I say *past seasons*, because though I am still too apt to feel the same evil spirit, and am never at any time a thousandth part so thankful as I ought to be, yet there have been seasons in which I have been a *victim;* and that which I now, through great mercy, feel only occasionally, I in those seasons felt continually, and almost constantly; by which, I now see, I was an infinite loser. While robbers are in the house, we are often either in a sound sleep, or do not hear them, or are too much terrified to recollect what spoils they may make: but afterwards, when our recollection returns, then we perceive the plunder. Thus it has been with me. While I was under the dominion of discontent and unthankfulness, I considered not the devastation. I said daringly, that 'I did well to be angry.' *This*, and *that*, was cause enough. Alas, all this time I was being robbed of my faith, my hope, my peace, my confidence, my innumerable comforts, my pleasant prospects. That temple which was preparing for the Holy Spirit's residence, I was resigning into the hands of evil spirits: for when once a discontented devil gets in, his name is 'Legion': and if he is not directly cast out by faith, watchfulness, prayer, and continual care to cultivate the *opposite* spirit, he will soon gain possession, and destroy every holy, every pleasant plant. Oh, how in my own case, and in others too, have I seen every pleasant thing blighted and withered by this horrid demon!

"There are many of us who may, I trust, with safety be numbered among believers, who would be shocked if we were under the dominion of open sins; and who yet are not sufficiently aware, that if the sin of discontent is not so scandalous in the eyes of men, it is as hateful in the sight of God; and perhaps more fatal because less marked. It eats as doth a canker; it blights and withers all the Christian graces; it injures and hardens the minds of those with whom we live; it turns all the privileges and blessings we have, (and who has not many more than he deserves?) into poison. Nothing can be more opposed to that exhortation of the apostle, 'Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.'"

Good-Friday, *April* 8, 1803.—"I have been endeavouring, under grievous pain, to contemplate the sufferings of my Saviour, which this day is set apart to commemorate; and through the help of the Holy Spirit, I have been enabled to meditate thereon with profit. Shall I, who am a sinner, faint under my affliction? rather will I take comfort that, by these sufferings, I am brought to a nearer acquaintance and union with my suffering Lord, than I could have known without them. Herein will I rejoice, that 'We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.' None but the believer can flee into the bosom of his Chastiser, and kiss the hand that smites him; and afflictions are designed to produce this disposition. To this do I now, under the very dominion of pain, set my seal, namely, that as far as this disposition is really produced,—which it can only by the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit,—no affliction can be thought too severe which may have helped to obtain it. This shall silence my too petulent enquiries, why this comfort, and the other convenience, is withheld? Communion with a suffering and exalted Saviour, shall cheer my otherwise desolate and sorrowful hours."

> "O lead me to the Rock
> That's high above my head:
> And make the covert of thy wings
> My shelter and my shade."

April 30.—"I perceive that one design of my long and painful disorder is to bring my spirit not only to submit, but to *rest* itself, in that against which it naturally rises up with a mighty resistance. Nothing has ever been so dreadful, so bitter to my soul, as a state of *dependence;* I have said, 'Ever so little, if it be but in my own keeping; if I may but have it without a suppliant's cry.' I find by attention to what is passing

within, that this old evil principle only gives way, inch by inch, disputing and struggling to the last. If at one time it seems more wounded than at another, it presently, upon some sudden occasion, rises up again like a lion. 'O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me.' Destroy this evil principle of pride and unbelief. Not only do Thou preserve me from repining because thou ordainest that I should be, (as thousands of thy children have been before,) dependent upon thee for daily bread, but make me pleased not only to receive it, but to ask it from such hands as are disposed, or able, to send it me. Enable me to take pleasure in dependence: to say from the bottom of my heart, that since thou dost appoint it, it is the thing I choose. I am ready to hope I do feel some change for the better in this respect: but when my love of dependence is utterly destroyed, then indeed I shall have a strong evidence that my affliction has been greatly blessed to my soul."

Though Mrs. Hawkes was now constantly confined to her sick-chamber, a sphere of usefulness was opening before her in the opportunity of assisting, by her conversation and instruction, many younger Christians. She took much delight in the society of young persons, to whose affections she found easy access by the sweet and social temper of her own mind. One after another resorted to her for the advantage of her counsel or encouragement; and thus, by degrees, her religious acquaintance became extensive. The next memorandum furnishes an example of the solemn manner in which she reflected on the cases of those who spoke to her upon the state of their souls.

June, 1803.—"A person has been talking to me, who expresses much desire to 'enter the strait gate' and to walk in the 'narrow way;' but who is fearful she cannot get on, because of her hindrances, and because she is solitary; she therefore looks on this side and that, for the arm of some close friend to lean upon. May it please God to cause her to hear the Gospel trumpet, waxing louder and louder, saying as it does to every one of us, 'Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain: escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed.' There have been many solitary travellers, and that too among females, who have made their way against every sort of opposition. If God says, 'Walk alone,' He will give wisdom and strength: and we must not *wait* for any human arm, though we may *wish* for one. In the day

of judgment, it will be in vain to say to our Judge, 'I could not escape, or flee, as thou didst command me, because I had no father, no husband, no brother, no sister, no friend, to help me.' Our own mouth would condemn us: for God was made manifest in the flesh that He might be a Father, a Husband, a Brother, a Friend: and such the Holy Scriptures declare Him; and such the believer experimentally finds Him. There is a case, that seems to allow us more to say, and such I have seen, namely, when the wife thought she should have received more help from the Christian husband; the brother from the brother; and the Christian friend from the friend. But in such cases, instead of mourning, faltering, complaining, we should stop and ask, 'Do I use all the help I have?' If so, it may be that God does not allow me to find all I wish in the creature, lest I should lean too much, and so continue feeble; lest I should build upon a religion not my own. He disappoints me in the cistern, that I may apply to the Fountain: for after all, though the waters are pleasant in the streams, they are most life-giving from the Fountain. So that even in this case, our mouth will be stopped with shame, because there can be no ground for complaint, while we have God for our Father, Jesus Christ for our Saviour, and the Holy Spirit for our guide; and while we have the ordinances, both public and private, for our instruction and consolation. But here is the mistake,—we incline to external helps, because we find it more easy to look to them than to maintain a secret and close walk with God. 'Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee.' Nothing so effectually teaches us to do this as affliction."

The correspondence which Mrs. Hawkes maintained, was another means by which her usefulness was extended. A friend who has kindly furnished some letters for this Memoir, writes at the time of forwarding them:—

"I was favoured with Mrs. Hawkes's correspondence for many years, which I considered my greatest earthly blessing, as a preservative from evil, and as a safe guide in the path before me. Before being under the influence of religion, the desire to please her, and enjoy her approbation, acted as a *talisman* spoken of in fairy tales. Her letters were to me most valuable, and the great ordinance which a gracious God was pleased to make use of for my comfort and encouragement through many trials." The extracts which follow, from letters addressed to this friend, will manifest that she wrote as well as

spoke in the spirit recommended by the apostle, Heb. x. 25. "Exhorting one another: and so much the more as ye see the day approaching:"—

"You say, you hope God will teach you 'to understand practically, as well as in theory, the meaning of justification.' But I think you confound the term justification with sanctification; by which your views may be kept confused, while you are really the subject of both. It is a great advantage to have clear and distinct views, and to understand the true meaning of terms. Nor can the child of science, of business, or of literature, make any progress but as he first gets well informed as to *terms*. Much more should the Christian be informed in every thing which belongs to so important a profession; and I name this, that your mind may not be perplexed. If I have time, I will transcribe a few sentences that are well expressed, and perspicuous, on the subject of justification and sanctification.[1]

"You must excuse me, as indeed I am sure you will, if in writing to you, I seem to take too much the teacher's chair; which arises not, (if I know any thing of myself) from a vain wish to appear somebody, but simply because I feel that I shall assuredly soon be gone; and therefore I am anxious to give you every possible hint; more especially as you say, I am your only confidant in these matters. I learn from the faculty, that the termination of my complaint is likely to take place suddenly; and so continually am I attacked with symptoms that are significant, that I only wonder I live from day to day. I therefore feel towards you, and some other of my friends, that I am no longer under the restraint of delicacy or ceremony, but under the law of love, which obliges me to do all the good I can. If ever I can be supposed to have a just view, and a just estimate of things, it must be *now*, when I am every hour, and often every moment expecting the command 'to depart hence and be no more seen.' There can be no dissembling on a death-bed; and I only wish I could impart to you my views and feelings, both with respect to this world, and the next. Believe me, what things appear to be in a dying hour, *that* they really are. May divine grace enable you to look at them in this only true point of view; and teach you to cultivate a life of faith: that is, to be like those of old, continually looking 'not at the things which are seen, but at the things that are not seen.' Nothing is a greater enemy to faith than *sense;*

[1] These extracts have not been forwarded with the letters.

and if, through the divine aid, you can get into the habit of turning your eye and ear from present things, and simply ask, —'what does God say in his word about this or that matter,' it will be a blessed habit indeed; and will keep you from much loss.

* * * * * * * *

"Do not let us give way to discouraging apprehensions, as if our salvation were not in Almighty hands. If our Saviour has undertaken to deliver us from the power of Satan, he has also undertaken to deliver us from the dominion of sin, and from being our own ruin, as we certainly should be, without his gracious care. We are to be 'workers together *with* Him.' There are two very dangerous errors;—one is, to believe that Christ has done every thing for us, and therefore we need not be concerned as to our part of the affair;—and the other is, to believe that He has done a *part* of the work, and has left us to perform the remainder, by our own ability: one leads to presumption, the other to despondency; and both, if persevered in, to ruin. May you in mercy be kept from every species of error—for so much error, so much loss."

* * * * *

"I wish, with you, that your brother had some wise Christian friend and counsellor; for it is an universal remark, that young converts, from their zeal and inexperience, are exposed to much suffering and loss. I think the best advice that can be given him, is, that he should not much seek religious society in general, but take all the time he can, for getting rooted and grounded in right principles, by prayer, and the study of the Bible. You know my opinion about connexions,—that I esteem it a mercy to have been kept, at my first setting out in religion, from forming *any*. To ponder divine truth in the heart, and hold converse with an ever gracious Saviour, is the best plan."

To the same, after her marriage:—

"I hope, my dear friend, you are entering more and more into the happy secret of reposing yourself on a divine helper; and in order to facilitate your progress, pray that you may be enabled to acquaint yourself more intimately with the Divine Character; that is, with the character in which Christ, in all his offices and relations, condescends to stand to us. You will only get on with advantage, as you look more to Him, and more off yourself, and all created things. He knows you have

a feeble frame; He knows you have to encounter the cares of a family; He knows all your hindrances, and all your temptations and trials; and that which you should labour after, is, to tell him of your depravity,—of your weakness,—of your wants; and receive out of his fulness 'grace for grace.' You say, 'If prayer and meditation be necessary, you cannot tell how the soul is to thrive without *time* for such exercises; and, in a family, such time cannot be easily obtained.' Here you are tacitly inclining to the side of him who said, 'Thou reapest where thou hast not sown, and gatherest where thou hast not strawed.' But it is you, who are requiring of yourself, more than does your merciful Master. If only a *short* season can be afforded, He will be satisfied with a short season: only take care that you never defraud Him of one single quarter of an hour that you can give. While you are told to be 'fervent in spirit,' you are also told to be 'diligent in business.' None disgrace their holy profession more, than they who make it a pretence to neglect one necessary family duty. Nor need this interfere with making the affairs of the soul still the first care; for *first* they must be, or they will soon be nothing. As you advance in Christianity, you will be able to get into a habit of mental meditation, and ejaculatory prayer, that will greatly help you; not to the setting aside *stated seasons*, but as preparatives thereto. As your faith strengthens, you will understand that there is, even in this world of conflict, 'A rest prepared for the people of God,' and into which they do enter by faith: some more than others, according to the strength and prevalency of grace; but not one perfectly; for perfect rest is only to be enjoyed in heaven. This is a state of combat, not of rest;—

'A call to duty, not discharge from care.'

Hereafter we shall enjoy such a blessed rest, as will make all our present trials and troubles appear but as momentary."

We now return to Mrs. Hawkes's diary, and find her occupying her solitary hours in summing up those mercies with which her afflictions were mingled.

August, 1803.—"In my painful struggle over the bridge of time, I am sometimes forcibly struck with one mercy vouchsafed to me, and sometimes with a view of another; just as the ray of the sun passing over a picture, in which there are many figures, brings out first one and then another, more vi-

vidly than the rest, though the other figures are still visible. I would keep in view *all* my mercies, though they are more than can be numbered. I have many pleasant friends, and am thankful for the acquisition of another. *Mem.* Those friends have always proved the best, whom I never sought, but who were sent to me unexpectedly."

Oct. 1803.—"To ennumerate all my manifold mercies under my present afflictive dispensation, is impossible: but some of them I can dwell on with great thankfulness. My severe and incurable disease has removed many anxieties:

"*First.* It fully proves beyond all dispute, that I am in my proper place, where I can have the best medical help, and where I can have the administration of my truest and dearest friends; and where I am not exposed to those circumstances of constant agitation which would have been peculiarly aggravating to my complaint, as well as fatal to my rest of mind.

"*Secondly.* It removes anxious desires, and constant projects, to enter upon some way of procuring a maintenance; so that I should not seem to eat the bread of idleness, and not enter, as I ought, into the dispensation of poverty, with which God has seen good to visit me.

"*Thirdly.* It changes censure into compassion; and some, who before were disposed to judge harshly, now express sympathy.

"*Fourthly.* It takes away a host of fears about the future. I have not now to look forward to many sorrows which life would present, and which to me would be far harder to bear than any thing I now have, either in feeling or prospect.

"*Fifthly.* It has proved to me, that there are no *real* friends but such as are found among the godly.

"*Sixthly.* While I have the most decided message, 'Thou shalt die and not live,' yet the sentence is executed so gradually, that I am not put into a hurry, but time and help is granted me to put my house in order.

"*Seventhly.* While the pain of my complaint is sufficient to keep death in sight, yet it is so *bearable* as to allow me to keep possession of my mind, and to occupy many hours pleasantly and profitably which would otherwise be very heavy. It also secures for me that quiet, retirement, and leisure, which are so congenial and delightful to my mind, and so desirable in order to prepare for death.

"*Eighthly.* I am, by this dispensation, led to see more, than I ever before did, of the utter emptiness, and nothingness, of every thing in which *God is not;* and how infinitely he

surpasses whatever bears the name of excellent; and that in the midst of disease, poverty, and the keenest trials, yet 'happy beyond all description' is 'he that hath the God of Jacob for his portion.' Most happy, even in this life."

When Mrs. Hawkes uses the expression, "a dispensation of poverty," she speaks *relatively*, comparing her present state of entire dependence, with her former affluent circumstances. Actual *poverty*, as it implies the want of necessaries, she never experienced; for when all remittances ceased from that quarter whence she might naturally expect them, a certain, though small income, was supplied by her own relatives; and that long before she became a widow. In her latter years, when, by the pressure of sickness, her necessary expenses were unavoidably increased, her resources were, from time to time, enlarged by the offerings of Christian love: as well as by the generous and more regular assistance rendered her by her affectionate nephews. And so much was her naturally independent spirit corrected by grace, that she became as willing to receive kindness, as to show it. Indeed she could take pleasure in necessities, as we see in the following passages of her diary:—

Nov. 1803.—"When persons have been, like myself, reduced in life, and brought to a state of dependence, it is very common to hear one and another old friend and acquaintance say, with a tone of pity, 'Ah! I knew her in her better days! I remember so and so, in her better days!' Nor is there any impropriety in the expression, in their sense of it. But this I know by experience, that the days of ease and worldly prosperity are seldom to Christians, their *better days*. So far from it, that to the praise and glory of God's holy name would I speak it, I have substantial reason to call *these* my better days;—these days and nights of pain,—these days in which I am visited with an incurable disorder,—these days of frequent anxiety from various quarters; these days of almost absolute confinement and solitude,—are not only my better, but my *best* days: because the Saviour condescends to be more present with me in them: to manifest himself as he does not to the world; to stand by my bed of affliction, and speak kindly to my heart; because I am taught by affliction, and enabled by grace, to cultivate the life of faith; which is as superior to the life of sense, as the heavens are higher than the earth; and that, even in so very small a measure as I have known it.

"I heartily, and, as far as I know, sincerely thank Thee, O Heavenly Father, for giving me the blessed portion of thy children, (though it be a bitter portion to flesh and blood,) rather than the portion of the worldling, which is too apt to be looked upon with admiration, desire, and envy,—even by such as in reality know better."

Dec. 11, 1803.—"A letter has lately brought tidings of the approach of an outward calamity which I have long dreaded: but because it has never actually taken place, I had in some measure, (as I discover by my present feelings,) ceased to realize it as probable. It is now come upon me like a flood,—and I have for some days been in danger of sinking, more than I ought, in the newly troubled waters. I had hoped, as my days are near a close, I should have been permitted to go to the grave in outward as well as inward peace; I had hoped to have no *new* solicitude as to how I should be taken care of,—when, behold, the waves begin to rise higher and rougher. My unbelieving fears would present terrible things to my view. I have already looked at the waters till I begin to sink. But to-day my Saviour has stretched out his arm of love, and has said to me as he said to the disciples, 'Wherefore do ye doubt, O ye of little faith?' And I now find, though every thing without continues the same, that the storm *within* begins to subside, and I am filled with shame that I am still of so little faith: little indeed! to doubt after such manifold mercies: I would go to Manoah's wife and blush.

"I am often told by my invaluable minister, and I know it by almost continual experience, that I am shamefully defective in faith with respect to the supply of my bodily wants. I am rather at a loss how to account for this. I seem more able to exercise faith with regard to the supply of my spiritual, than my temporal wants. Yet how inconsistent is this! for will God take care of the greater and not of the less? Will he provide for my soul, and leave my body to starve? Yet still misgivings harass me, and I feel it harder to live by the day, in this case, than in any other. 'Lord, increase my faith,' and pardon my sin and folly."

It might not be easy, at this remote period, to ascertain what particular circumstance threatened suddenly to cut off Mrs. Hawkes's small pecuniary supplies. The distress which such an event would occasion her, even in anticipation, may be conceived,—since she was now living with relations who were not able to receive her without remuneration. That her present

fears were of this nature, may be gathered from the following note, sent to her by Mr. Cecil at this moment of anxiety :—

" My dear Madam,

" As I cannot stir without my horse, and as it is dangerous to venture out in such a frost, I add a line with the rest, this morning, to say, that whatever pain the letter you received yesterday might occasion you,—and of course it would give us pain on account of your feelings,—yet I confess to you that we have a secret satisfaction in every movement which has a tendency to place you again in your old quarters. From thence I most sincerely wish you may never be removed, till you enter the 'House not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." I am also happy to observe, that *we* are not more dssirous to have you for a perpetual guest, that my daughters are to administer to your many, and often painful, infirmities; nor do I believe that any piece of news,—not even the defeat of Buonaparte,—would give them so much pleasure as your return.

" I have had a thought upon your affairs, which I will communicate as soon as I can. Till then, I am glad you have taken no step.

" I remain most truly yours,

" R. Cecil."

"*Friday Morning, Dec.* 9, 1803."

Under the existing circumstances, it was thought advisable that Mrs. Hawkes should leave, for a season, her present dwelling, and return to Little James Street. There she remained till Mr. Cecil's family went to Chobham in the following summer: at which time, her affairs being arranged, she returned back to her niece at Constitution Row, with whom she resided nine years;—making only occasional visits, in the winter, to her friends in Little James Street.

The complaint from which Mrs. Hawkes was suffering, (an internal tumour,) occasioned, among other painful symptoms, severe attacks of spasm. Medical men were of opinion, that her decease would take place suddenly, from the great oppression on her breath,—should the tumour continue to increase in size, as rapidly as it had hitherto done. In one of her letters to Mrs. Jones about this time she says:

" I was this morning awakened out of sleep by some distressing oppression upon my breath, which gave me the idea of sudden death: but as this has so long and so often attacked me, it is not a circumstance to be considered as the immediate

forerunner of dissolution, or I had been gone long ago. I consider it, however, as a call to be *ready;* and I never feel my mind so composed and happy, as when I am under the strongest impressions of being suddenly called home; therefore instead of putting it from me, I cultivate and encourage the impression.

"The expectation of sudden death, to one in any measure sensible of the importance of dying, keeps the soul awake, and careful to see that the loins be girded, and the lamp burning; that all things are set in order and readiness, so that there is nothing to do but to obey the summons.

'The realizing of this expectation also helps me to get through some of my most painful exercises of mind, much better and more easily. When a keen pang darts through me like a two-edged sword, and begins to rankle, I sometimes stop it by 'How foolish! what does it signify! I am as one gone! it cannot be long at any rate! it may be the next hour! nay, the next minute.' Perhaps the expectation itself may be given purposely to help me to endure: whether it be so or not, it certainly has such an effect; and I am grieved when any body robs me of this comfort, by telling me I shall live for years to come; which, as no one can possibly know for certain, so I endeavour to discredit it. If I am not deceived by my too deceitful heart, it gave me real pleasure when Mr. A. said, last week, he perceived that the disease had increased, though my health was pretty good. Surely it cannot be displeasing to my Saviour that I should wish 'to be absent from the body, and present with Him.' I am comforted by the recollection that *time* is not necessary to Him, in order to bring about that meetness which is wanted to fit my soul for his glorious kingdom: 'With the word of a king there is power,' and he has only to say, 'Let it be done,' and his word shall be instantly followed by every necessary preparation. Surely I may answer to Him who saith, 'Behold I come quickly,'—'Amen; even so, come, Lord Jesus;' come, by the power of thy grace, to ripen me for the garner, and then send forth thy messenger to gather me in. But my pain bids me, for the present, lay down my pen, and I obey, as I often do, most unwillingly. Oh what a heavy clog is this body!"

The year 1804 supplies only a few unfinished extracts. Mrs. Hawkes's increasing disease, occasionally attended with severe spasms, may account for her discontinuing the use of a regular diary. From this period the scattered remains of her

Christian experience are found on single scraps of paper, written probably at intervals of ease, and frequently marked with the date of the year only.

1804.—"Why am I disposed to faint, or to complain, under my various afflictions? Because my mind is not yet cast into the mould of the gospel. Does the Scripture mean any thing, or does it not, when from beginning to end, it clearly and fully speaks, not only of the trials, temptations, and sufferings, of God's people, but of the *blessedness* of such as are thus tried. Nay, I know from happy experience, that 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.' And yet I am often ready to say, 'It is enough:' as if I were wiser than God; or as if I would be treated differently from the rest of his children; or as if the things I read of in the Bible were written as a mere history, rather than as what must be wrought into my own experience. It is *I*, myself, that must 'count it all joy' when I 'fall into divers temptations.' It is *I*, that must 'reckon the sufferings of this present time as not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall follow.' It is *I*, as well as Moses, that must 'endure, as seeing Him who is invisible,' and with the very same faith as he did; substantially—actually—steadily. 'Lord, increase my faith!' Enable me to honour thee, by adding to the too few, who suffer cheerfully; glorifying my Father which is in heaven. But this I can only do by the constant influences of thy Holy Spirit."

1804.—"I think and believe, (if I am not much deceived,) that I do, from the very bottom of my heart, thank God, that he has not given me riches, honours, nor worldly prosperity. But I could not thank him for what he has *denied* me, if I was not conscious and sure that he has given me what is infinitely better; so much better, that even the very *earnest* of my future inheritance yields more than I can describe; so much better, that the afflictions, mortifications, fears, &c., that are given me instead of health, wealth, and honour, are, in my estimation, only the conveyance of necessary correction, medicine, and"—

1804.—"I feel a very earnest desire to proclaim, as loud as I am able, 'The goodness of the Lord;' to bear witness to his mercy. And I desire it more especially, because as he hath declared himself in his holy word, so have I experienced him, through years of trial, affliction, and distress. He is good to the rebellious; such was I. 'He is found of them that sought him not,'—nay, that sought every thing but Him; —such was I. 'He hears the cry of the destitute;' He bears with, and pardons unfaithfulness, ingratitude, backsliding, im-

patience, &c. But as I cannot number his mercies, neither can I number my own demerits. For this cause, I long to sound his praise. But my tongue is often kept silent, and perhaps ought to be more so, from the following considerations:—

First. The life and actions, and not the tongue, best show forth the praise of God. It is easier to speak well, than to act well. Every day, and hour, I can mark this and that in some action or temper, that does not put honour upon God.

Secondly. Lest *constitution*, and *strong feelings*, should give motion to my tongue, rather than *grace*.

Thirdly. Because *self* often steps forward into the place of that Divine object on whom I would dwell; and pride would insinuate, 'How well you bear your affliction! Well may the horrid insinuation strike me dumb; and when this evil works, may I be dumb.

Fourthly. Though, as far as I know, I do desire to be among the few that glorify God, and that because they are few, and because praise is due to him;—yet I fear, lest people may mistake me, and think it is enthusiasm, or animal spirits, or vain-glory, or—

Fifthly. Because, instead of exulting, I ought to be more humbled, more with my mouth in the dust, more full of confession, of contrition, and self-abasement. When Job had the clearest and fullest knowledge of God, he said, 'Behold I am vile, I will lay my hand upon my mouth.' When the prophet saw the vision in the temple, he cried out, 'Woe is me, for I am undone.' For which I fear, that I am only on the surface of things, and that therefore my tongue is too flippant.

"I wish I could get an answer to the enquiry,—How far a Christian, under peculiar trials, favoured with peculiar supports, may with the *tongue* endeavour to show forth the Lord's mercy, notwithstanding he has, in himself, causes of humiliation and sorrow, from the conflict of sin and Satan?—and, secondly"—

The interesting and important enquiry here suggested, causes a regret that the passage should end so abruptly, as to deprive the reader of the close of that train of thought which occupied the mind of the writer.

Mrs. Hawkes was now seldom able to attend public ordinances. Her great love to the courts of the Lord's house induced her to make many painful efforts to frequent them. She could only be conveyed to church on an elastic cushion, placed

between the seats of a hackney coach; and the paroxysms of her pain frequently prevented her from remaining through the service. How her soul longed after renewed opportunities of worshipping in the sanctuary, and what was her estimate of them, will be seen from the following letter to Mrs. Jones, in which she writes:

"I was out on Sunday morning, because it was sacrament Sunday; but I much question if I can now go except on those feast-days, which I shall give up still more reluctantly, if possible, than I do the other Sundays, which are commonly feast-days too. But if I am deprived of both, I trust I shall not want; for it is not from the ordinances, but from the God of ordinances, that good cometh. I am indeed constantly astonished at the goodness and mercy I every day experience: so much demerit, and yet so much loving-kindness! Truly as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are His ways above our ways!

"This time last year, I thought, if I should live to see another winter, I should feel really unhappy. Yet I have lived, and I am now glad on the account; for though it has been a year of suffering, yet I have also therein largely experienced the Lord's faithfulness, love, and amazing condescension. The views of himself and eternal things with which He has favoured me; the nearness and dependence into which he has been graciously leading me; together with a deep and abiding sense of my own entire unworthiness and helplessness; and the vanity and emptiness of earthly things, such as I never could have gained but by suffering;—these oblige me to say, I am glad I have seen this year; and I am led to hope that, if it should seem best to the Divine will to continue me yet longer, I shall not in the end be sorry. I confess I should feel it better to depart; yet I have no doubt that our conceptions of what God has to reveal to faith, even in this world, are very inadequate. We may say, I shall see glorious things in heaven; and a stronger degree of faith would say, I may, I shall, if it is not my own fault, see, by faith, glorious things on earth—such as the heart has never once conceived. The glorious character of the Triune God, seems a subject of which we can hardly take a glimpse: and which calls for every capacity of the soul and mind, to explore in any degree. How does it at the same time both humble and exalt!

"According to *sense*, I have much more to fear now than I had last year. The prospect is dismal, and when faith ebbs, and sense prevails, my fears are mighty: yet I dare not tempt

Divine power and goodness, by allowedly giving place to despondency. Who is it that has taken care of me hitherto? And who has kept me as in the hollow of his hand? Who is it that has put it into the heart of so many friends to show me such wonderful kindness? Ah! He is too tried a friend for me to distrust."

While, however, Mrs. Hawkes was generally prevented from worshipping in the assembly of the saints, she was not left comfortless; but was still enabled to seek, and enjoy, ineffable communion with her adorable Saviour; of which a glimpse is afforded in the following extract:

Jan. 13, 1805, *Sunday.*—"While seeking, and weeping, after my Lord and Saviour, he seems to say to me with the same gracious love and benignity as he did to Mary, 'Woman, why weepest thou, whom seeketh thou?' My heart replies, I seek one, whom not having seen I love. One, whom my faith realizes as 'the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.' One who can make me happy in himself, though all other things were against me. One, whom to know is present joy, and life eternal. I would only live to become more acquainted with him."

Jan. 20, 1805, *Sunday.*—"Word was brought me that Mr. C.'s text this morning was, 'Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him;' or, 'say ye to the righteous, GOOD.'

'The characters are such as God esteems good—not man—not themselves.'

"I desire to stand forward as a witness to the truth of this text. I have had years of pain—of humiliating circumstances—of anxious cares and forebodings—of perpetual disturbance—of inward conflict—of much confinement—yet I have had experience of GOOD, *unspeakable*:—Therefore, in pain, in weakness, in humiliating circumstances, in disappointments, in solitariness, in tossings, in conflict, and especially in death, 'Say ye to the righteous, GOOD.' And let every one bear their testimony that 'good is the word of the Lord which he hath spoken.'"

During the winters of 1805 and 1806, the writer of this Memoir had the privilege and happiness of being Mrs. Hawkes's constant companion and attendant. At that time, a deep impression was made upon her mind, though but a child, by witnessing the cheerful submission with which Mrs. Hawkes bore her sufferings. Her kind and instructive conversation made

the hours, even of a sick room, to pass pleasantly. Every interval of tolerable ease was occupied in listening to reading, during which she would employ her hands in doing many little offices, in order to lessen the duties of a servant, or to promote cleanliness and order. Even when the infirmities of age were added to those occasioned by disease, she was a pattern of industry, and effort. She used often to say, "I consider it an absolute duty not to yield to feelings of langour and lassitude, but to rouse myself to exertion; and I find that such efforts, though often painful, tend to keep up good habits, which in pain and sickness we naturally incline to neglect."

Mrs. Hawkes's hours of pain and solitude were at this time much relieved by the Christian friendship, as well as medical attention, of Dr. Fearon, whose active, sympathising, and unremitting kindness, was continued to the end of her life. The benefit and comfort which she derived from Dr. Fearon's visits, may be inferred from an allusion which Mr. Cecil makes to his temporary absence from town, in the following letter to Mrs. Hawkes:—

Chobham, Aug. 26, 1805.

"My dearest Daughter,

"I was thinking, (after reading your letter to Mrs. C., received this morning,) of the new symptom of your disorder, and the long absence of Dr. Fearon, and that I should send you a line; but it occurred, What have I to write about? especially on a Saturday, when I ought to think only of my sermons for the morrow. Yet I ought to recollect, that I have some reasons also for writing. Are you not one of the 'plants of my hand, and children of my prayer?' Are you not passing through a very trying dispensation though, as my wife says, the very happiest woman in the world? Is there, as you remark, a soul left in town, &c. &c.

"But I must tell you, my dear daughter, that I have received considerable benefit from passing through the marked parts of 'Adam's Thoughts,' (which indeed are almost all marked in my book,) and particularly with respect to the entire resignation we should make of our own will and choice, as to the things and events. A believer seems quite to forget himself when he begins to *wish*. 'The such and such things,' (such I mean as Fortunatus's cap and purse, and the ten thousand things besides, which the *unfortunatuses* pine after in vain,) are all in the believer's inventory, and ready for his use, when-

ever he can use them. Of this we have infallible certainty: we acknowledge it, and then sit down and wish!

"'O God,' says Mr. Adam, 'give me what thou knowest to be good, and thou alone knowest; and if that is the reverse of what I ask, give me that reverse, and let me not be undone by my prayers.'

"We are, in short, all wrong till we are in this state of mind; while, the listening to our suggestions, and the leaning to our understandings, is but walking with fools and robbers, the trained gang of old 'Lord Will-be-will,' that wicked one, which my little daughter so cries out against.

"I cannot get a house in either of the parishes, or any thing like one.[1] I have a mere chance, and that at four miles distance; and as Mr. Jerram comes with his family at Michaelmas, to make preparation against his scholars' return in October, it is probable that I must remain here later than my family,—which, I fear, you will sadly lament, as I have reason to think you are yet not quite out of old Will-be-will's control, though I know that you, as well as the child, protest against his government.

"But after what I have written, I must not go to wishing, but endeavour by example, to teach you not merely to be satisfied, but to be *pleased* with whatever occurs. Yet as I feel greatly the infirmities of age coming on, and as I do not expect soon to be able to say with Adam, 'Blessed be God for all his favours, and particularly for the special mercy of the stone,' I cannot help wishing for a quiet retreat for the old age of your very affectionate father and friend,

"R. Cecil."

A slight reference has been made (page 150) to the circumstance, that after Mrs. Hawkes became dependent, she had thoughts of opening a borading-school. In one of the memorandums which belong to the year 1806, she confirms this fact, by her own allusion to it:—

1806.—"In reviewing the great privilege, and high advantage, of being an inmate in the house of my revered minister, I have been ready to ask—Why is this! Surely it is to fit

[1] It was on this occasion that Thomns Bainbridge, Esq. a member of Mr. Cecil's congregation at St. John's, kindly and generously came forward, and built a house at Chobham, which he let to Mr. Cecil, at a low rate, as long as he was able to make use of it.—Ed.

me for some more active and useful sphere hereafter. When I had thoughts of opening a boarding-school, my enquiry seemed answered. But how different is my dispensation! Instead of active life, I am visited with an incurable disease, shut up to endure solitary days and nights, in pain and restless turnings. Instead of instructing others, I am made to turn my eyes inward to my own heart. How great have been my advantages, in having so long before my eyes the example of my afflicted, suffering minister! How often have I seen him bear up under pain! What lessons of humility, faith, patience, holy fortitude, cheerful submission, resignation, and even thankfulness, has he constantly exhibited! How he has seized every interval of ease for the good of the church! labouring under extremity of pain, in his holy calling. And are these lessons nothing worth to one who has also to pass through many sufferings? They are of unspeakable value; and my aim shall be to improve such an example, how little soever I may attain; and I will look for the same Divine helper that he had."

1806.—"I am much grieved for a dying friend who is in a very uncomfortable state of mind; and who seems unable to adopt, under her dispensation, the language of Jeremiah, 'He putteth his mouth into the dust,' &c. 'Wherefore doth a living man complain?' Lam. iii. She unhappily keeps looking at *second causes*—a sure way to pierce herself with the sharpest thorns. Whatever blame may, and often does, attach to instruments, yet it is the believer's privilege, and highest wisdom, to refer every circumstance through life, great and small, to God, the great First Cause, who numbers the hairs of our head. Till the heart and mind are brought to bow down in absolute submission, and to say with full consent and satisfaction, 'Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?' there is no rest for the soul.

"But how is this absolute submission, self-renunciation, and full acquiescence in the Divine will, to be obtained? By reading many books? By hearing many sermons? By frequenting the sacramental table? By the best human instruction and persuasion? By separating from the customs, fashions amusements, and company of the gay world? By learning to speak the language of peity? By maintaing a religious profession, and consorting with the excellent of the earth? By having the understanding enlightened to understand gospel doctrines? By occasional strong convictions of sin, and frequent retiring to read the Scriptures? By saying, and with meaning too. 'Let me die the death of the righteous?' Not

by these means alone, is this lesson of submission to be obtained: but also by a deep impression made upon the heart, by the teaching of the Holy Spirit. The blessed Spirit alone can give a 'contrite heart;' and a contrite heart alone can be an absolutely submissive heart.

"Come, Holy Spirit, and teach me never more to question, never more to dispute, never more to resist, never more to complain, never more to doubt, fear, or faint: but teach me entire submission to, and simple dependence upon, infinite wisdom, infinite power, and infinite mercy."

1806.—"My pain and the restlessness of my days and nights, is not to be described. I am driven by absolute necessity 'to live by the day:' nor can I ever be sufficiently thankful for this happy secret. To look forward to the morrow, would be to look, like Peter, at the waves, and sink. But to live by the day, enables me, in some degree, to walk upon the waters; or at least, to keep hold of the rope thrown out by a friend to save me from sinking. How invaluable is that Friend, who not only holds out the rope, but who enables me to lay hold of it! while He, at the same time, keeps (if I may so speak,) the upper end of it in his own Almighty hand.

"I hope that among other invaluable lessons I have gained from my revered minister, I have in some measure learnt to comfort myself, during fits of pain, by frequently enumerating my mercies. And I always come to the conclusion, that the half cannot be numbered: especially if I take a view of my deserts."

We will close the year 1806, with a letter from Mrs. Hawkes to Mrs. Jones, in which she further describes her feelings at this period:

"How does my dear sister? and how does all her household? with whom my thoughts are often in the day. Time makes all possible haste to speed us where, I trust, we shall enjoy each other's society without a sigh or a tear. Strange, and almost past belief, that I should be near the close of 1806, when in 1801, I had, as I thought, all things in readiness to set sail, and but a very short voyage in prospect. I fear, that from long continued expectation, I begin to be insensible, and to lose sight that I still, as much as ever, stand on the banks of Jordan; and that sentence suspended, is not sentence revoked. How insensible, and strangely stupid is human nature! Nothing less is sufficient to keep the mind awake than one shake

after another; so I find it, even while, as it were, carrying death about with me. But every body is not so stupid, so cumbered by a vile body. I often, like Samson, attempt to 'go out and shake myself as at other times;' and get my books and things around me, and say to myself, 'Now I can go on again.' But soon alas! the heavy clog weighs down my mind,—or restlessness distracts it,—and I find I can do nothing. However, I have to be thankful that if in one respect my case resembles Samson's, it does not in the other; for the Lord is not departed; though that He is not, is owing to His own unspeakable mercy, and not to any thing He can see in me; for truly He can see only utter depravity, want of faith, of love—with weakness of every sort. I am sometimes ready to shrink when I consider, that if I see such evil and death in myself, what must those eyes behold that search and pierce the spirits through! If the holy prophet cried out, 'Woe is me, for I am a man of unclean lips,' what must such a creature as I say? Thanks be to God, He has put it into my mouth, and into my heart, what to say; and as far as He enables me, His word I will plead, and His promises will I build upon: and thus truth shall be maintained, and peace and joy in believing be secured. I have those words much in my mind, 'To whom coming as unto a living stone.' If spiritual life were lodged in our hands, our souls would be in a withering state: but it is lodged in higher hands; and it is our privilege, no less than our duty, to be in the constant habit of applying for it. 'To whom coming,'—a continued act. Oh for faith to be more alive to the exercise! This alone makes life to be endured,—especially such a life as mine; and when faith grows feeble, then it is truly a burden to live.

"I know not how I shall feel when death really approaches; but at present, I have much comfort in thinking I shall leave a weary world before old age arrives: though, I confess, I do shrink at the expectation of the dreadful pain that must, as far as I can judge, attend my dismission. The threatening foretastes I already have, make me tremble: yet I know the divine arm is still able to support me through the most trying hour; and that if it please my Saviour to allow me faith to lean, like John, upon his breast, no pain would tempt me to give up that sacred privilege, in exchange for ease. My constant cry is, that I may be enabled to glorify God in extremity. I have been sadly deficient in this high privilege through life, and it will be a great mercy if I am enabled to do it in my sickness and death. Farewell, "S. H."

The year 1807, supplies only two memorandums, both of which are interesting,—as affording a specimen of the interior working of Mrs. Hawkes's mind, and her habit of strict self-examination. The first occurs at the beginning, and the second, towards the close of the year.

Sunday, Jan. 4, 1807.—"In approaching the table of the Lord to-day, I think I had, in some measure, an answer to my prayers for recollection. I went with the idea that perhaps this might be the last time I should ever be present at that sacred ordinance; and my prayer was, that all my sins and follies might indeed be blotted out by that precious blood which was shed for sinners, and which 'cleanseth from all sin;' and that my Saviour would undertake for me with respect to my sufferings and death. I endeavoured to urge the plea of the Psalmist, 'Thou hast been a shelter for me;' O be such to me unto the end. It was in this favoured house, thou didst first say unto me, 'Live.' In this house, thou hast, through the ministry of thy faithful servant, brought me up even till now. Here have I been nourished, and cherished, as a child under a tender nurse. Here, I have been fed with the choicest food, and learnt my best lessons; and here I have found my best friends. Lord, let these past mercies be a pledge of future favours. While thus pleading, it was said to my heart, 'Daughter, remember.' Recollection presented to my mind a view so vivid, and so extensive, that in vain shall I try to delineate it; I can only sketch the mere outline. I was particularly struck with this remark in the sermon I had just been hearing, (upon Luke xvi. 25.) 'Among other considerations which makes a death-bed awful, is *this*,—that it is generally *a time of recollection;* it is then emphaticaly said, 'Son, remember.' This awfully important consideration has led me to cry to my Saviour that this time of painful recollection may be *before*, and not *in*, my last hours. That those sins and follies which I have forgotten, or thought lightly of,—but which must yet be set before me, for repentance, humiliation, and in order to magnify divine mercy in so long bearing with me,—may, if it please Him, be brought to my view *before* I have to struggle with weakness and pain, confused faculties and death."

In the summer of this year, Mrs. Hawkes was again attacked by severe spasms. The state both of her body and mind at this time, is described in the following letter to Mrs. Jones:—

"In the sharpest attack of spasms I have had for the last

two years, and which lasted six hours without intermission, your letter was brought to me. 'That is right,' I said, 'you have brought me the best cordial, this earth can afford.' May the Lord who knoweth what I need, continue my beloved sister to me as long as it shall please Him that my pilgrimage should continue.

"The weather is so very seasonable for the harvest, that I am afraid to say how it oppresses me, lest it should look like complaint. Last night I was not able to remain in bed, but being relieved from the spasms, I could not be thankful enough that I had not those pains to endure as well as the heat. Ah, at the worst of times there is abundant cause for praise! I often thank the Lord, not that I am a sinner, but that since, alas! I am so, he *shews* it to me; because the knowledge of my deserts gives me to feel every thing so mixed with mercy. I can sit and enumerate, time without end, the sufferings I deserve, and have not. This instances free and sovereign grace beyond the calculation of angels. Yet I still love to mourn, and be ashamed, over a thousand shoots of that root of bitterness, *heart*-atheism; for what but this makes me ever cast down about the future? What but this, makes me a *practical* unbeliever, while calling myself a believer. What but this makes me stand aghast at some of the dark ways of Providence? Oh for faith to take the scriptures as a child does his horn-book, and never once ask why A is placed before B. It is so—and if we will perversely misplace the alphabet, we shall never get on, except in ignorance and folly. Two or three most affecting providences have lately occurred within my circle of friends, to persons of real godliness, which are so overwhelming and mysterious, that I say in my haste,—give me the Bible, and may the Lord give me faith to fix on it, or my head will grow giddy with amazement, confusion and dread. 'Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?' Let a thousand, and ten thousand tongues, with the deepest reverence reply, 'Righteous art thou, O Lord.' This makes a *practical* believer. But I, sad to say, am not one of that blessed number;[1] either with respect to myself or others; yet it is well to have the *standard*, since, as Herbert says,

——'Who aimeth at the *sky*,
Shoots higher far than he that means a *tree*.'

"Ever yours,

"S. H."

[1] Compare Mark iv, 40, with Like xvii. 6.—Ed.

From the same to the same.

"As I have great pleasure in writing to my beloved sister, and as she kindly desires to hear often, I will write straight forward that which is uppermost. When ruminating on my pillow this morning, many painful and anxious thoughts rushed into my mind, like an overwhelming tide, till my tears began to flow. When I raised myself up, I opened my Bible upon the 95th Psalm; which the moment it met my eyes, seemed to call upon me with the voice of mercy and authority, not to be grovelling among earthly cares, but to raise my heart, and join in the song, 'Come let us sing unto the Lord, let us make a joyful noise unto the rock of our salvation.' And through divine assistance, my soul mounted upwards on the wings of faith; I forgot my anxieties, and my mouth was filled with praise:—first, for being led to the rock that is higher than I, and being enabled to feel it a rock of defence and of shade in a weary land:—secondly, for the many and great mercies I have experienced the last ten years of my life; by which I am encouraged to hope that it shall be well with me to the end; because 'the Lord is a great God, and in his hand are the deep places,' or the treasures hid in deep places; 'the sea is His,' &c.; and therefore, though it may please him to humble me, by giving me but a scanty portion, it shall be a sufficient portion: and last as long as it will be wanted, and come from whom He pleases. Wherefore, leaving the ordering and managing of all events to him, the conclusion is 'to worship Him in spirit and in truth,' and to keep close to him by prayer; blessing his holy name that He has made me 'the sheep of his pasture;' and, though I am like the emblem, a poor, silly, weak sheep, yet I *do* know his voice, and desire above all things, to follow my good shepherd most fully, till He be pleased to take me into his fold above.

"Thoughts like these have dried up my tears, and will, I trust, give me a lift through another heavy day;—for the hot weather, together with my many infirmities, truly make my days so heavy I scarcely know how to get through them.

"Ever yours, affectionately,

"S. H."

There remains only in this year, a reference made by Mrs. Hawkes to a funeral sermon preached by Mr. Cecil, and which may be seen in his works, vol. III., page 80, of the first edition.

Nov. 22, 1807.—"Our revered minister preached this day

on the death of the Rev. Nathaniel Gilbert, formerly assistant minister at St. John's Chapel. His text was taken from Psalm xxxvii. 37. 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.'

"I am much struck by some short accounts of Mr. G.'s truly peaceful end. For many years he had lived in the fear of death. But the latter part of his life, and especially from the beginning of his last illness, he lost every fear. When he was very near his last moments, he was heard to say in low, but animated accents, 'I am ready, Lord!—Lord, I am ready!'

"Who but the *real* Christian can say this? I would ask myself in the presence of an all-seeing eye,—can I, after having for many years the name to live,—after much desiring for many years to depart,—after having for many years warning to prepare for death,—can I say, 'Lord, I am ready?' Make diligent search, O my soul; do any sins of folly, pride, infirmity, self-indulgence, ingratitdue, &c., lie hidden, which thou hast not brought out, and dost not continually bring out, and spread before the Lord, in deep repentance and humiliation? Does any darling sin lie rolled up, for which thou art pleading, 'Is it not a little one?' Art thou that perfect, sincere, and entire character that was described this morning? Is there no double-dealing, no subterfuge, no concealment, no face and colour put upon thy actions? And if the answer of conscience to all this is *peace*, dost thou renounce righteous-self as well as sinful-self? and rest on Christ alone for the salvation? Is He thy only hope, refuge, and plea, in life and in death? If so, fear not; but pray, and believe, that the same grace which was afforded the late dying saint, will, in the measure that is seen fit, be also afforded thee. In the mean time, till this happy hour arrive, watch and pray. This excellent faith must be sought for, and fought for too; none ever 'yawned it into being with a wish; nor when in being, kept it alive, without a close walk with God."

The year 1808, opens with Mrs. Hawkes's remarks upon that affecting event which closed Mr. Cecil's public ministry, and which had been preceded by visible marks of his declining health and strength.

March 2, 1808.—"This melancholy day confirms the fears and sorrowful apprehensions which have, for months past, pervaded my mind. I, and many others, have marked, with anguish of heart not to be expressed, my honoured minister's rapid approach to the sad crisis at which he is now arrived;

probably never again to reascend that eminence on which he has so long stood! Yesterday evening, he felt a paralytic affection of his right-hand; and after going to bed, the use of his whole right-side was taken away, and his speech rendered very inarticulate.

"I have long expected this solemn event, and have endeavoured to prepare my mind to meet it. But on the sight of my dear minister this day, I found how little my feelings *could* be prepared to meet so afflictive a circumstance. Language can never describe my sensations on seeing that grand temple, which I had known in all its glory, so defaced, so injured! Oh, what is man in his very best estate! Alas, for his widowed church! Alas, for his bereaved family! Alas, for my own irreparable loss! 'My father, my father!' Weeping is now my meat and drink!"

Mrs. Hawkes's feelings upon this mournful occasion, may be so easily conceived, that it is not needful further to enlarge upon them. At the time this dispensation took place, her mind was well exercised in the graces of submission and resignation. But still it might be needful that her views of "ceasing from man," should be more deeply impressed. Such was indeed the effect produced. She was repeatedly reminded by her own sufferings that "time was short," and that she was to "weep as though she wept not." It will be seen by what follows, how soon after writing the above, she was herself again brought to the confines of the eternal world.

July, 1808.—"Truly I may, in a certain sense, say, I have been in 'deaths oft.' And yet death, though permitted to advance, is again ordered to recede. I have been taken down to the edge of the grave, and endeavoured to contemplate an immediate entrance. But neither is this sickness unto death. It is to awaken my drowsy powers; it is to arouse me from the supineness, and stupidity, I had insensibly fallen into. And I heartily thank my gracious Saviour, for thus dealing with me. I thank Him for this fresh visitation of pain and danger; and that He has by his all-sufficient grace made my sufferings very profitable. Whenever I again fall into the same state of insensibility, may He again take that method that pleases Him best, to rouse me from my lethargy. My heart, like an old picture, had become dim and defaced, obscured, soiled,—and its traces faded. It wanted to be re-touched by the master's hand; and I trust this is in some measure effected, though not in the degree which I desire it should be."

The increased debility which this severe attack of illness occasioned, is feelingly described by Mrs. Hawkes, in a letter to Mrs. Jones, to whom she writes:—

"What an infinite and stupendous mercy is a throne of grace, when, by the Spirit's assistance, we can approach it in simplicity and faith! Without this, such an existence as mine would be an insupportable burden. My life, like that of many other poor sufferers, is entirely a hidden one. I appear, as people tell me, comparatively well; while all the time I am sensible of such pain and weakness as drinks up my spirits, and dries up the marrow and strength of my frame. This is always the case, at the best of times; and thankful I am, at the close of each day, that one more day is past. When I rise up in the morning, I say with a sigh, 'Now for another heavy day, which will probably pass, like the last, in labouring to do something, but end in doing nothing.' Such a lingering death calls for faith and patience; and I trust that though I groan, I do not murmur; if I did, my merciful supports and mitigations would rise up against me, and fill me with shame. Whether my dispensation be for discipline, or for correction, (and I believe it is for both) I have not a word of complaint to utter; for He visits me less than my deserts, and multiplies loving-kindness above my expectation. 'He is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we can ask or think:' and often surprises the soul with some gracious manifestation which infuses into it fresh vigour. Blessed be his name, He does strengthen the inward man, while the outward decays daily, though indeed so slowly, that none is sensible of it but myself. There is comfort in seeing life spared when it can be used to some purpose; but as to mine, I see no use that it is of: but I check the thought; for it is of use to *myself*, to make me more meet for heaven; and since it is the Divine will, that is enough, without any other reason whatever; for the will of God is the result of all his other Divine attributes,—wisdom, power, and love. Grant, therefore, O Lord, that there never may arise in my mind a *wish* that any thing should be altered; but only that I should be made conformable unto thy will in every jot and tittle.

"It was well said by one, 'If God condescended to ask me what I should choose, I would refer the matter back again to Him to choose for me.' I long for self-annihilation, so that not even a thought should arise, 'if I had but this, or if I had but that.' All I really want is more grace, more exercise of faith.

Yet a very little while, and it shall be said, 'Come ye blessed, inherit the kingdom I have prepared for you.' Till that happy time arrive, I would live in the exercise of repentance, as upon my daily bread; for this flows from faith, and makes Christ precious. Pray for me, that I may have more of this."

One more private extract shall close this year.

1808.—"I have been shocked and grieved for some time past at the ill-behaviour of a favourite servant. My thoughts, this morning, were involuntarily enumerating the kind acts I had done to her; and the ungrateful returns she had made, were beginning to raise a ferment in my mind, till an inward hint was given me,—'All this is only a faint picture of what you are towards your heavenly Master; nay, what is far worse, towards your heavenly Father. Take all her defects, and ingratitude, and make the parallel, and learn how infinitely are your sins greater than hers.' O Lord, I acknowledge the charge; I cease to be angry; I lay my mouth in the dust.

"How would a habit of bringing the faults of others, as a glass in which to see my own, cure me of censuring, and of high-mindedness. Instead of doing this, the reverse is too often the case. The faults of others are dwelt upon; magnified; while my own, through self-love, are excused, palliated, passed lightly over. May I henceforth learn a better lesson.

'And if he trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent, thou shalt forgive him.' Luke xvii. 4.

"If a brother, *i. e.* any human being, is commanded to extend, beyond all limits, forgiveness to a brother,—what may I not infer as to the extension of the Divine forgiveness. Why then does every fresh failure, repeated oftener, alas! than seven times in a day, produce a timid backwardness to go to my Saviour, and say in deep humiliation, 'I repent;' and why do I not simply believe that He will forgive me in a way no brother could forgive a brother?

Quere.—"Does my heart, in the sight of God, honestly bear testimony, that after every sinful deviation and failure, I do truly repent, and am heartily sorry for such misdoings; or, do I only experience a partial regret?

Secondly.—"Does every fresh application to Christ for pardon, render sin more hateful, increase real contrition, self-abhorrence, and indignation? Does it excite a holy jealousy, and produce a reverential fear of offending; or does the freeness of pardon and grace, incline to carelessness or negligence?

"If I loved a friend as my own soul, would I for all the world grieve or offend him? and if I do offend, is there any sorrow so poignant? and in proportion as my friend is ready to forgive me, am I not unable to forgive myself?—Have I such feelings as these with respect to my Saviour? If I dare answer in the affirmative, then I need not fear to go seven times in a day, and say, 'I repent;' nor fear the freeness and fulness of pardoning mercy, and strengthening, renewing, grace. 'Lord, increase my faith.'"

In the early part of the year 1809, Mrs. Hawkes was much occupied in attending the dying-bed of Mr. Cecil's second son, Israel, during the absence of his parents, who were at Bath. In the month of March she writes to a friend,—

"Poor Israel Cecil has been hovering between life and death for six weeks! the physicians declare they have never met with such a case as this in all their practice; such a lingering between life and death! You will easily conceive that my task to communicate every passing day's event to his distressed mother, must have been a painful one. The going daily, to and fro, in a coach to see him, has been as much as I could endure; yet his mother was anxious that I should be with him; and equally so is the kind friend at whose house he is, who seems to feel me a sort of substitute for his poor mother. His dear and honoured parents are expected in town to-morrow, and I am under fresh anxiety of mind on hearing that Mr. C. is so poorly and feeble, that he is scarcely able to undergo the journey; and after the fatigue, to meet such a scene as their son's present state will present, is truly to be dreaded! So you see, my dear friend, that woe is mixed in every cup: happy is it that mercy also is mixed with it. And since usefulness so extensive, labours so abundant, and piety so exalted, must still share in the lot of suffering common to the human race,—let each of us take our share with patience and submission."

This labour of love was not long needed; as the early sufferer, who had just attained his twenty-first year, was shortly after admitted to that city, where "the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick."

The state of her afflicted minister now wholly occupied Mrs. Hawkes's mind. It has been seen how she had learned to improve her own sufferings for increasing the graces of submission and resignation. The present dispensation opened a field for new and varied exercises. And here we may observe the

importance of St. Paul's exhortation to the Ephesians, "I desire that ye faint not at my tribulation for you, which is your glory." See also 1 Thess. iii. 3. The continued illness of Mr. Cecil, who was now totally laid aside by a paralytic affection, and labouring under that mental depression which so commonly attends this disorder, weighed on her spirits more heavily than she could well sustain; as will appear by her own notes on this subject:—

1809.—"I had almost said, my trouble and sorrow is greater than I can bear! And so I *may* say, unless I am mercifully upheld by an Almighty arm of grace and power. Great as my own personal troubles have been, they seem nothing to the agony my heart feels for my honoured minister and father in the Gospel, under his present dark dispensation. As to his *bodily* afflictions, many have been visited with the same; but oh, if his mind might have been spared—if the dark cloud might but be dispersed? for this I will pray day and night. Not that I am stumbled, though I am distressed. For 'shall not the judge of all the earth do right?' And has he not a right to deal with his creatures as he pleaseth? His wisdom cannot err; His love and mercy cannot fail: silence and submission belong to us,—and prayer and hope shall be our resource."

Mrs. Jones expresses herself on this subject in language very similar to the above. In a letter to Mrs. Hawkes she says,—

"I must confess, this world never appeared to me such a waste, howling wilderness,—such a vale of tears,—as since I have entered into the sorrows of that man of God! What shall we say to these things? but that they are too deep for us; we cannot know them; we must be dumb because of our ignorance. Herbert says,—

> 'God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,
> But what thou wouldst thyself, couldst thou but see,
> Through all events of things, as well as He.'

"But who can realize this in the days of darkness? or in other words, who can believe that God's dispensations are dispensations of love to his children! At least I have gained this painful knowledge, that my faith is small,—very small indeed."

The struggle in Mrs. Hawkes's mind at this time, between believing and fainting, may be gathered from a letter sent June, 1809, to Miss C. Cecil, in which she writes;—

"I am sometimes ready utterly to faint under this painful

dispensation: and to fear that the weight of it upon my mind, in my present very nervous and feeble state, will reduce me to a condition nearly as bad. And this would certainly be the case, did not a voice seem to say, 'hope against hope;' wait; 'Enter into thy chamber, and shut thy doors about thee;—this is the time not for despair but humiliation, and for wrestling, like Jacob in prayer. Yes, my love, there is a hand that has hold upon your dear father, even an Almighty hand: nor can sin, or Satan, or death, or hell, force him out of that hand; for it is said, 'None shall pluck them out of my hand.' This Divine hand took hold of a ruined sinking world, just when the hellish powers began to triumph over their too successful plot for the destruction of our whole race: but their defeat was glorious. Your dear father cannot just now see this hand, any more than we can see to sun through a dark cloud; but, as he has himself often remarked,—'How should we mistake, if we said the sun were not there, because the cloud was before it.' And even should the sun never appear, (as it never does to the *blind*,) yet this makes no difference,—it shines still.

"This dreary vision cannot last long: keep constantly uppermost in your mind that this depression is the effect of disease; and should you see human weakness mixed with it, yet only remember the years and years that are past, when he went out and came in before you as an angel;—and when, year after year, he endured constant pain with a firmness and patience, that astonished all who saw him. But this very pain, together with a variety of other things, has brought the poor machine to what it is. And now the force is upon the mind: but it will be well in the end, whatever may take place by the way.

"But why do I write these things to you, since you know them? However, there is one thing I would recommend to you, and it is what I daily aimed at myself, namely, to improve this dispensation for the good of your own soul. Ah, my dear, this is a serious, a solemn work; and must be persevered in. Yet abundant help is promised; you are not to set about these things in your own strength;—if you were, you might indeed say, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' 'Help is laid upon one that is mighty;'—But what was it laid there for? Even for such poor sinners as you and I, whom a corrupt nature, and a cruel adversary, would otherwise totally overcome. He will not give any who cry to him for help, into the hands of his and their insulting foes: for it is said, 'He ever liveth to intercede for us.'

"You cannot have a just conception how much I am with you in spirit, nor how desirous I am to hear every particular about the dear sufferer, upon whom my anxious thoughts are unceasingly occupied."

To think it strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try either ourselves or others, is the propensity of human weakness and unbelief. How many assurances have we that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth;"—that the *trial* of faith is precious, as well as the grace itself,—and that, to trust God in dark providences is to honour him. There is a blessing pronounced on not *seeing*, and yet *believing*. Perhaps much that appears mysterious in God's dealings with his creatures, might be more easily comprehended by a clearer perception of that truth, "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field, the grass withereth, the flower fadeth;" (Isa. xl. 6.) and this withering teaches us, with more entire acquiescence, to seek repose in that divine "dwelling-place," which has been the refuge of the saints "in all generations." The best estate of man upon earth is described by the Psalmist "as a shadow that declineth;" but he adds, "Thou, O Lord, shalt endure for ever; and thy remembrance to all generations," Ps. cii. 11, 12. Our tender Father frequently prepares us for the loss of creature comforts, by some intervening circumstance, which shews us their weakness and their vanity; and thus He gradually weans us from earthly attachments, and loosens our grasp of every object, short of himself. Such appears to have been Mrs. Hawkes's experience, under the solemn event which took place in the year 1810; when, by a fit of apoplexy, the disorder under which Mr. Cecil had been languishing for two years, terminated in his death.

August 15, 1810.—"A day ever to be remembered! when the imprisoned spirit of my honoured minister, and father in the gospel, was released from its painful and humilitating captivity, and winged its way to the land of liberty and rest! In past time, there was scarcely any event at which I could so little bear to look, as his death. But such an inroad, and havoc, had disease made on this extraordinary man, that I even longed for his release before it took place; and when the tidings reached me, a sad and solemn gladness overspread my mind; I could only contemplate the amazing change from pain, weakness, and depression, to glory unspeakable and never ending!

"A few more suffering days for myself, and then, I trust,

his own words written to me in a letter will be verified: 'to-morrow morning, you and I shall walk in a garden where I shall hope to speak to you about every thing but sadness.'[1]

"He is gone! and take his character in the whole combination of it, and in its circumference, he surely has not left his like. He is gone! unknown, but to those who lived with him in the same house. I had that privilege for many years. I have had the favour to attend him in his sick chamber,—in his family retirements,—and in his most confidential habits; —in those unbended easy moments, when some, even great ones, have appeared little, and common:—but when he appeared most superior.

"It has been said, he was austere; and before I knew him intimately, I thought so too: but it was only because he was not known. He was sometimes austere in like manner as truth is austere,—for he was a lover of truth. If there was any one virtue he prized more than another, it was integrity, —a high and honourable principle; and he would mark the smallest deviation from it, in a moment. Severity might sometimes sit on his brow—dart from his eye—and be perceived in his decided manner of speech: but it never for a moment lodged in his heart,—which was too noble, too benevolent, too affectionate, to be the seat of any thing so unlovely as severity. And whenever he bore the aspect, it arose from the prevailing abstraction of his mind, which was always intensely pursuing rigid subjects; and from his most uncommon energy and decision of character. But his friendly and benevolent sympathies were awakened in the moment they were called for. His heart, and his ear, were open to the cry of every sufferer, whether high, or low. He was, like his Divine master, peculiarly the friend of the friendless,—the comforter of the afflicted, —the gentle instructor of the ignorant. The rich he never sought; the poor he never neglected or shunned. But words would fail me; his worth can never be known. No matter; —he had, and so should I have, higher views than the honour which cometh from man,—even the honour which cometh from God. May every one of his children, and myself, (who was unto him as a daughter,) be careful to transplant his virtues and graces into our hearts and lives. We shall go to him, but he shall not return to us!"

In the following month of September, Mrs. Hawkes went to

[1] See page 127.

stay a few weeks with Mrs. Cecil, at Bellevue-House, Hampstead. It was in this spot, that Mr. Cecil was residing when seized with that fit of apoplexy, by means of which, his mortal garments were quickly changed for those of immortality. During her stay in this house of mourning, where many circumstances conspired to draw forth her tenderest feelings, she wrote the following memorandum, of which the former part is in obscure short hand:—

Belle-vue, Hampstead, Sept. 1810.—"My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" * * a voice. * * he is gone! But to *me* also a voice. I would follow him as my example, and devote every future moment to the great work of preparation for a dying hour. Death came here, and seized the captive in an instant: so may I expect him to come to *me*. 'Be ye also ready.' My valued and honoured father had but one inquiry,—'what is most needful for a dying man?' Every thing else was, by him, deemed impertinent. If he was requested to lay aside his books, and rest his poring eye, and relax his weary mind, his reply was, 'Why talk of relaxation to a dying creature?' If it were not from stupidity, forgetfulness, and infatuation, every human being would feel the same. It is only because death and eternity are not realized, as near, (though for aught we know, death is this moment coming over the threshold,) that we can turn aside to amusement, or any trifling pursuit whatever; for how does it all appear to us, when entering the valley and shadow of death! 'Verily altogether vanity.'

"I am now ready to say, I shall never any more look to any *creature* for consolation. Painful experience has taught me the vanity of every earthly prop; and henceforth my expectation is only from my Saviour. To this my heart fully consents in its best moments; I am well assured that this is the only way of peace, and comfort; and that many of my sorrows have arisen from leaning on an arm of flesh. As far as I know, I say sincerely, I no longer desire any human arm to rest upon. And yet I often detect a depression of spirits, when I reflect, Such and such a friend, who used kindly to visit me, and seem interested for me, is withdrawn; and I am left solitary, and desolate. How inconsistent is this! How deceitful is the heart! How far from being really, and indeed weaned from every creature, even when we fancy it is so."

To be sorrowful is the birthright of man; but to be able to

rejoice amidst suffering, is a privilege peculiar to the believer; and the ground of this joy, is Christian hope; "Rejoicing in hope," Rom. xii. 12. Though this is not the climate for fair and promising hopes, but rather for blighting, chilling, and withering fears;—yet, that hope may not be supposed to have taken its flight from this unfriendly region, there are certain circumstances, under which it not only flourishes, but defies the inroads of time, the decay of age, and all other attacks which threaten its destruction. In deep affliction, and in the near prospect of death, the Christian's hope, like the flower which blooms at midnight, appears in all its beauty and vitality, and casts its fragrance around the dying pillow. When the things of time are vanishing, and passing away like shadows, and the ocean of eternity presents itself, this hope is realised as *substantial;* it is then especially found "an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast," or, as Dr. Owen says, "the substance of it is firm, the proportion of it is suited to the burden of the ship; it is no fair, promising, and yet deceitful engine. It is also, as to its use, stedfast and firm; which no violence of winds, or storms, can either break, or move from its hold. Such is genuine hope to the soul; it is sure, not a deceiving imagination; it 'maketh not ashamed' by any failure or disappointment. Groundless presumptions are the deceitful engines whereby the souls of multitudes are ruined every day; of no more use than if the mariners should cast out a log, or a burden of straw, to stay their vessel in a storm. But hope built on faith, is infallible: it is firm, invincible against all opposition; not indeed from itself, but from the ground which it fixeth upon—Christ in the promise."

This Christian hope sustained the mind of Mrs. Hawkes under every storm. "It entered within the veil," or through the heavens, and fixed on the person of Christ, as the covenant-head of all blessings for time and eternity. With the eye of faith, looking at things not seen, she beheld her departed minister amidst "the general assembly and church of the first-born." She felt that, to her, one more earthly tie was loosened, and that now she had only to plume the wings of her soul, and prepare to soar away, and take her part in the general song of praise.

Writing, about this time, to a very dear friend, and sister in affliction, Mrs. C——tt, she says:—

"Often, when in pensive mood, and the sun is, for a time, hidden behind some intervening cloud which unbelief has

raised, and I am just going to hang my harp on the willows, I with shame take it back again, and begin some song of praise; and that sets all to rights. The Scriptures, and especially the Psalms, not only abound with praises to our God, but assure us also, that he is *pleased* with our praises; I think, scarcely any Christian seems to cultivate this temper of mind, this holy habit, sufficiently; for it should not be an accidental, but an habitual frame of heart: not merely flowing from the sense of his mercies to *ourselves*, but from the contemplation of the glorious perfections and attributes of the Triune Jehovah, as he is in himself, and in relation to us, as poor fallen creatures. What a theme does this open! Eternity alone can make us know and estimate it! Oh, for faith to look,—not at the things that are seen, which are temporal, tempestuous, contradictory, confused, and often heart-sickening,—but at those that are not seen, which are eternal, unchanging, certain, peaceful, and heart-cheering! Not such a faith as generalizes, but realizes; and which makes the things of sense retreat, and actually give place to the things of faith, with as much certainty, as if they were present and in possession. This, my honoured friend, is our high privilege, and, I trust, our constant desire and aim, however we may fail in the attainment. And as to our failings, we will mourn over them, and fight against them; but give no place to despondency, even for a moment, while Christ our Saviour ever liveth to intercede for us, at the right hand of the Majesty on high."

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CHAPTER VI.

HER TEMPORARY ABODE AT BETCHWORTH.

FROM A. D. 1811 TO 1812.

Accepts Dr. Fearon's offer of a vacant parsonage house—Her gratitude on the occasion—Her sense of solitude—Letters to Mrs. C——tt—She meets with an accident—Is obliged to return to London.

NINE years had now elapsed, since Mrs. Hawkes went to reside with her niece, in Constitution Row. Her next remove was occasioned, not by any remarkable change in health or

circumstances, but she was attracted by a very friendly and promising offer, of a vacant parsonage-house, at Betchworth, near Dorking, in Surrey; belonging to her much valued friend, the Rev. Dr. Fearon. As this opening occurred early in the summer, when the country, especially in that part, is most inviting; and as her health and nerves much needed the benefit arising from change of air, she thankfully acceded to the proposal, which seemed like a providential leading. It did not however, in the result, appear to be a spot in which Mrs. Hawkes was appointed to make any long stay; her health compelling her within a few months to return to London. A memorandum, written soon after her removal to Betchworth, exhibits that generous sensibility, with which she ever met the kindness of friends :—

Betchworth, 1811.—"Let me never cease to be grateful for, and deeply penetrated with, the great goodness of the Lord, in bestowing on me, most unworthy, the favour and friendship of his honoured and faithful minister, Dr. Fearon. He has indeed put himself in the place of my dear departed father in the gospel, Mr. Cecil; whose care for me I never expected to be again felt and exercised by any other. Yet here I am, dwelling in a house lent me by the generous, kind, Doctor; both he and his wife are daily shewing me kindness, and laying me under very weighty obligations.—May the Lord be pleased to reward them a hundred-fold: and may he give his blessing to our intercourse, and make my sojourning here salutary to my body and soul! In my revered friend, I have both an able physician, and a faithful and experienced minister.

"I would above all things desire, that my heart should be affected towards my Saviour, as it is towards a friend dearly beloved, *i. e.* ever to be anxious for His sacred presence with me.

"If I love a friend, I am not satisfied with an interview now and then, or an occasional short conversation. But in proportion as his company and converse delights me, I long for it, I seek it, I am not contented without it; I am in haste to dispatch any business that detains me, and feel the time irksome which deprives me of intercourse. If he depart, I feel desolate, listen for his return, and meet him with high expectation of advantage and instruction; for the glow of friendship animates and elevates.

"Ah! faithless, ungrateful heart! dost thou feel this towards

thy Saviour, to whom all other friends are as the glowworm to the sun? Thou art, perhaps, not happy unless, in time of prayers, thou art permitted some freedom of approach to him: but when that is over, and thou art constrained to turn to temporal pursuits, dost thou anxiously catch every interval, to obtain a glimpse? Dost thou seize every leisure moment to retire into thy heart, and exchange a word or look? Dost thou count every moment of separation irksome? Ah! faithless and ungrateful heart! thou art dumb with shame."

Fond as Mrs. Hawkes naturally was of retirement, it was now less suited to her than formerly; since, from her bodily sufferings, she was less capable of improving it. She soon experienced a sensible depression of spirits on being removed from her circle of friends, especially during the occasional absence of her valued neighbours, Dr. and Mrs. Fearon. To this sense of solitude, as well as to the means of improving it, she slightly refers in a letter to her friend, Mrs. C——tt, dated Betchworth, Aug. 1811, from which the following is an extract:—

"To apply simply to Christ, upon every occasion, is the only way of obtaining peace. This also is the secret by which we maintain converse with God, in or out of solitude. Trials, dear Madam, of one kind or other, are the portion of God's children; they cannot do without them. I have for many years, as you know, had wave upon wave of sorrow; but I must declare, I cannot call any thing a *real* affliction but that which separates the soul from communion and fellowship with God. Let but the light of his countenance shine upon us, and all things, how difficult soever, become comparatively light and easy. He will be found of those who cultivate an interior acquaintance with him. He is full of compassion and love; and as often as we apply to him by faith and unfeigned repentance, heals the wounds to which we are exposed by the sins, follies, and negligence of our carnal nature. His constant voice is, 'I am the Lord that healeth thee.' I could fill a volume, if I were to recount the instances I have had of the great love, power and willingness of our good physician; and through his great mercy, I find He is 'the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.'

"As I have the opportunity of obtaining a frank, I venture to indulge myself with writing a long letter, which I trust you will pardon. Indeed, when I am favoured by intercourse with a kindred mind, tuned to the harmonious theme of Di-

vine grace and love, I know not how to drop the subject; and if it gives such delight to the heart *here*, what, my dear Madam, will be our joy in heaven, where we shall, after a short moment, have, I trust an abundant entrance! Let me bear up cheerfully through whatever we may have to pass; and thus, to the glory of his good name, give proof that we consider ourselves as pilgrims and strangers, whose home and happiness is in a better country.

"My health is rather improved of late, chiefly from change of air. A very kind friend has lent me a small house in the country, about twenty miles from London, to which, with some difficulty, and many fears, I removed about two months since. I am quite alone, with only a servant, in a very solitary spot, and have only two friends near me, whose company I cannot often have; I should therefore, be very lonesome, were it not for the secret contained in the little book I sent you. Solitude, as well as society, has its peculiar temptations, many of which I could enumerate. But the path of duty is the path of safety; and whatever the Divine will appoints, we shall find best for us on the whole.

"I had not heard that Mrs. B. was going on a new enterprise. May it tend to her comfort! How rejoiced should I be to hear that her fine understanding had submitted itself to receive the kindgdom of heaven as a little child! How grievous to think, that unless this is the case, her bright talents will be like the sparks that glitter for a moment, but in the end go out in darkness! Ah, dear madam, one spark of grace is of more value than can be estimated."

In another letter to the same friend, written while at Betchworth, she speaks of those trials which believers often experience in advanced life; and by means of which, God is pleased to renew the experience of former years. Matthew Henry remarks that, "Sometimes the saints' last encounter is with 'the sons of Anak,' and the parting blow is the sorest." See also the opinion of Bishop Beveridge, page 185. While, however, taking this view, it may be encouraging to bear in mind, that the best mercies are also reserved till the last, and that these are introductive of still better. Mrs. Hawkes writes:

"If I could converse with you, my dear madam, as unrestrainedly with my pen, as I could in speaking, I should find no solitary evening in this very solitary place. I am thank-

ful, however, for the privilege of holding intercourse, in any way, with a mind so much in unison with my own; and I pray that a divine blessing may rest on our desire and endeavour to strengthen and animate each other in the heavenly race. While encompassed with the infirmities of the body, bowed down under the corruptions of an evil heart, and beset with the temptations and devices of an ever-vigilant enemy, we shall, till we arrive at the very gate of heaven, and until safely admitted therein, find many things to make us groan for deliverance. I imagine it is a very common idea with young Christians, that there will arrive a period in the Christian journey when, like Pilgrim, they shall find a pleasant arbour of rest, to sit down in; and when they shall have so far overcome sin and Satan, as to be allowed a little respite from the heat of the battle. But as far as my own experience goes, and from all I can observe, and learn from old Christians, this seems not to be the case. With very few exceptions, trials, and exercises of faith, rather increase than diminish in advanced age. This may appear a discouraging view till we look at it with the eye of faith; and then, we may see many reasons why it should be so. *First*, God is most glorified when his children cheerfully sustain tribulation. His power, truth, and love can only be truly manifested by the powerful supports he gives under trouble, when the fruits of the sanctifying influences of his Holy Spirit, are thus made to be read and known of all men. It is also by trial after trial, that we are brought to the discovery of our deep depravity, and utter helplessness, and are made feelingly to cry out with Job, 'Behold I am vile,' and with the holy prophet, 'Woe is me, for I am a man of unclean lips.' By trouble, the Holy Spirit trains us in the school of faith; teaching us that which is a hard lesson to proud human nature,—that all our wisdom, strength, and righteousness, is treasured up in Christ; from whom we must receive power, to think even one thought that is good; and to whom we must go, for the continual supply of every want, and the relief of every sorrow and burden. Our blessed Lord left us a legacy, 'My peace I give unto you:' to which is annexed that which is ready to make us shrink, for he adds, 'In the world ye shall have tribulation.' I have often compared myself to a pursued bird, that lights first on one branch of a tree, and then on another. Something still disturbs, affrights, or molests it; and after many fruitless attempts to settle, or to rest, the poor thing at length flies quite away, and we see it no more. In our Christian journey, there

are many spots where we make an attempt to rest. Sometimes it is on some favoured manifestation of the Divine love and presence; at which seasons we are ready to say, 'my mountain stands so strong I shall never be moved;' my enemies are slain, and will annoy me no more; my feet are delivered from the snare of the fowler, and I shall never more be thus entangled. Sometimes we are peculiarly blessed with the ordinances, both public and private; and sometimes the heart is cheered by the cordial of Christian friendship. Many other spots might be enumerated, on which we alight, and begin to plume our wings: but we are soon made to feel our mistake; and in every disappointment, we are reminded of our Lord's words, 'In me ye shall have peace.' Not in any rich experiences, or favoured moments; not in any ordinances, or creature helps, further than as they lead you, (as if our Lord had said,) simply to *me*, the only centre of peace and rest. Now when we are driven, like the poor bird, off every branch and sprig of nature's tree, and fly from 'good self and bad self,' to Christ for shelter and for rest, then have we reason for great thankfulness, let the cost of such teaching be ever so great.

"I would therefore, my dear madam, encourage you and myself, under all these heart-sinkings to which we are liable, from whatever cause they may arise;—whether from a sense of deadness and dulness in the ways of God; whether from the stirrings of heart-corruptions; whether from the assaults of the enemy; or from weariness and fainting, by reason of the length of the way; whether from difficult, dark, and perplexing providences, or from the absence of those advantages and comforts, with which other Christians are favoured,—or if, like Job, we are constrained to say 'He hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see him;' or with Jonah, 'I am cast out of his sight;'—yet, in the strength of the Lord, let us make Jonah's resolution, 'I will look again towards thy holy temple."

In the month of January, 1812, Mrs. Hawkes met with a slight accident, occasioned by a fall; which however, was followed by consequences so serious to her health, that she was obliged early in the spring to return to town. Through the winter she had suffered much from the effects of damp, which had occasioned a serious, and long continued inflamation of her eyes, as well as severe rheumatic pain in her face. These circumstances made it appear expedient that she should seek a

residence in the dry and airy parts of London. The kind intentions of sincere friendship seemed thus defeated: But, in the end, it was shewn to have been overruled for good. Had Mrs. Hawkes remained at Betchworth, the company of those dear friends, who were her only society in that place, would not have been long afforded her,—as a new sphere of usefulness was shortly opened to her valued friend and minister, Dr. Fearon, by his removal to Oare, near Hastings.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM HER SETTLEMENT AT PENTON PLACE TO HER REMOVAL TO QUEEN'S ROW.

FROM A. D. 1812 TO 1817.

Kind welcome of Mrs. Collyer—Mrs. Hawkes's reflections after severe illness—Her endeavours to become useful—Letters to Mrs. C——tt on the new year—Attacked by fever—Values prolonged life, and why—Her general correspondence and Christian intercourse—She refers to the change in political affairs, Easter Sunday, 1814—Her sentiments on indwelling sin, expressed in several letters—Fear of being again obliged to remove—Suffers from continual inflammation in her eyes—Letter on giving loose to a roving imagination—On faith and dependence—Conversion of Mr. Vaughan—Letter to a friend at Honduras—Reflections on opening the year 1817—Suffering from Nervous and bilious fever—She goes to Clapham—Letters to various friends.

On arriving in London, Mrs. Hawkes was welcomed to the house of her affectionate niece, Mrs. Collyer, where she remained till comfortable apartments, in a more airy situation, could be provided for her. Besides her usual sufferings from her complaiat, she was, at this time, nearly deprived of sight, from constant inflammation in her eyes; and was also confined to a couch with a painful and serious wound, which had arisen in the first instance, from merely breaking the skin of her leg, in a fall. The great debility into which she had fallen, rendered all these evils difficult to bear; and her state became critical. After some weeks, however it pleased God to bless the means used for her relief, and she was able to remove to Pen-

ton Place. Soon after her entering upon this new residence, she wrote the following memorial of her feelings:—

Penton Place, 1812.—"Restored apparently from the very grasp of death, I seem to be put once more into a peaceful haven. But pain, sickness, and extreme feebleness are my allotted companions. However unlovely, and irksome, such companions must be, yet so far as they shall prove salutary to my soul, I welcome them. I need correction. I need purification; and the rod of affliction has not yet done its appointed work. I pray that I may not shrink from it. Why should I? seeing it is my Saviour's hand, who does not chastise as earthly parents too often do, passionately, excessively, and unwisely: He corrects tenderly; 'In measure when it shooteth forth, he debateth with it.' I rejoice that the chastening rod is in his hand, and not in the hand of man. I pray Him to support me under it; I trust I do really and cheerfully submit myself to it. He once gave his back to the smiters for our sins. How much more should I submit to be smitten by him for my *own* sins. Why should I, who deserve to be destroyed, complain when only chastised? I will hope, and pray, and believe, that when the rod has done its work, it will be laid aside."

Mrs. Hawkes still continued her endeavours to be useful, under all impediments. Though writing became extremely difficult, from the weak state of her eyes, yet she was ever making efforts to meet the wishes of her correspondents, especially in the case of young persons, who desired to receive from her, either instruction or advice. She thus addressed a young friend, who was for a time, removed from opportunies of hearing the Gospel;—

"Much have I wished to write to you, my dearest, under your new dispensation; particularly on account of your present privations on the Sunday, because I can feel for you, and well understand you. But whatever may be lacking to you in the public ordinances, I trust you are able to gain much by private exercises. I do not mean that you should shut yourself up always in your chamber, for we may spend many hours shut up, and yet do very little to purpose. A short space, spent in laying open the heart before God, and in stretching forth the empty vessel to receive out of his fulness,—to abase ourselves at his sacred footstool, and to cast ourselves on Christ, by simple and true faith,—will do more for us, than the longest

and strongest efforts of our own. I trust you find an increasing humiliation of mind, and an increasing victory over every opposing evil principle, together with increasing simplicity of aim and dependence. But remember, that the graces of the Spirit, so very beautifully enumerated by St. Paul, will only grow in a soil where there has been much ploughing and harrowing, and weeding out the roots of bitterness, which are the natural and spontaneous productions of the soil: and the plough, the harrow, and the hoe, are instruments we do not love; and they bring out many an ugly reptile, which lay beneath the surface, quite undiscovered before.

"I am grieved to hear so poor an account of your health. But spiritual strength is more important than either bodily or mental. Bend all your most serious energies to get firmly built on that Rock from which no sickness, or loss, or even temptations shall remove you. It is of great importance to get a firm footing before storms and dangers assail you: for they will come to you as well as to others; indeed, young as you are, you have not been without them. But they do not accomplish their design until they destroy the deep, and hidden, and entwining root of *self*. Now mark well, if you find in your daily experience, that this root is weakening and withering. It is a gradual work, which will never be perfected till death. But still we should be able to perceive that the crucifixion of *self* is going on, and that the opposite most desirable grace, that of humble dependence and universal submission to Christ, is increasing. You may observe by marks in themselves very small, how far *self* is giving way; and in proportion as it does give way, your real peace and comfort will increase. This I know, though, alas! after all the discipline I have had, I still know comparatively very little of true self-renunciation. I trust when you have fought as many battles as I have, you will be a far more victorious soldier.

"I have written this under much pain and languor, besides considerable inflammation in my eyes. I seem to lose strength rather than gain it. However, though my body and intellect decay fast, I have great cause to be thankful that there is a principle capable of being invigorated when every thing else moulders away. But he that numbers our days, knows the best time of release, both for you and for me. Our business is to be ready to embark whenever the signal is given, and to be often taking an animating view of the delightful country where we hope to land."

In the following letter to Mrs. C——tt, Mrs. Hawkes thus expresses her sentiments and feelings on entering the year 1813:—

"In entering on the new year, my mind has been much occupied in reviewing my past wearisome journey through life, and especially for the last thirty years; and in noticing the difficulties, sorrows, and temptations, which, since the commencement of my spiritual pilgrimage, have beset my path, and been the occasion, in combination with sin in my own heart, of innumerable deviations and mistakes, which I mourn to look back upon. During these revolvings, my mind is much penetrated with the amazing subtility and ceaseless vigilance of Satan, in so exactly varying his temptations to the different stages, circumstances, and situations of life. He knows how, in the vigour and zeal of early years, to elate the mind, and fill it with vanity and self-conceit: and, after some successful progress in the spiritual journey, he knows how to offer specious reasons why there may be an abatement of toil, and labour, and effort; suggesting, that we may now rest awhile. When we begin to descend the hill, and feel the benumbing effects of increasing age, or are heavy-laden with bodily infirmities, or outward and inward troubles, then, (if I may speak from my own experience,) we are beset on every side; and nothing but victorious faith can keep our heads from sinking beneath the deep waters. I find it often difficult to distinguish between what is really temptation and sin, and what is merely the effect of infirmity, the disabilities of a diseased body, and the weight of oppressing trials. But we need not be nice to distinguish, for whatever it be that troubles us, or is an impediment in our way, whether bodily or mental, our highest wisdom is not to stand and dispute with it, but to go immediately to Jesus, and with simplicity, hope, and dependence, to say, 'Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me;' thou hast bidden me to bring my burdens to thee, and here I bring them: O take them, and give me rest according to thy word! There is much danger in poring too intensely over either ourselves or our troubles. Under any bodily disease, if we were more anxious to examine it, watch its progress, and mark its different and varying symptoms, than to go to the physician, and diligently follow his directions, and rest on his judgment of the case, our recovery would be greatly retarded. Thus it is in spiritual things: we should indeed be humbled and ashamed for our manifold sins and defects; but after all, it is by simply

looking to Christ, that we shall be healed. It is by faith our adversary must be resisted, and not by humiliation *alone*. I speak the more freely on this, because I suffer much from depression and languor, both of body and mind; and am sometimes ready to say, Surely every fruit of the Spirit is withered, and nothing is left in my cold heart, but barrenness and death. And if Satan could make me believe this to be true, he would be fully as content as if he could lead me to plunge into open sin; for despair is the last extinguisher of faith; but, through mercy, He in whom are our fresh springs, grants us, at times, fresh supplies of life, and renewed manifestations of his free grace and favour; and then we can say, 'Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy, when I fall I shall arise;' though cast down, my Saviour will not suffer me to be destroyed. It is indeed, as you say, very hard to keep from looking too much on the dark side of things, when scarcely any thing else presents itself,—for really *within* us, and *without* us, a bright spot is scarcely to be discovered; but there is, above us, a bright prospect, a Sun of Righteousness always shining, which we should do well to contemplate; and when disease, or temptation, or corruption, form so thick an atmosphere as to intercept the brighter beams, yet let our faith, as a mighty principle, teach us to say,—as we do when the sun in our lower sky is obscured by damps and fogs,—The clouds prevent the shining of the sun to-day, but it is still behind the cloud, and will break forth again, by and bye, as bright as ever. May we both begin, and go through the year, (if life is continued,) looking to Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; for by thus looking we are strengthened.

"Do not fail to pray for your fellow-traveller,

"And affectionate friend,

"S. H."

In the spring of the year 1813, Mrs. Hawkes had a serious attack of fever. In a letter to a young friend, she describes her painful bodily sufferings at this time, and the support and comfort graciously afforded her under them. After explaining the cause of her long silence, she goes on to say:—

"If I were not assured that you are fully aware of my feeble state, I should fear you would think me unkind,—but unkind in *reality* I can never be to one I so dearly love. The truth is, I have not passed a single day without such a share of illness and suffering, that I have literally done little else than mourn and groan; and if I have now and then been granted

half an hour's mitigation of pain, I have been glad to embrace it for imploring grace and help to go on and endure, without fainting, or complaining. I have had an intermitting fever, with sickness, faintings, and various other death-like symptoms;—among which, one, not the least depressing, is the exquisite soreness of my mouth and throat. It has been torture to me not only to attempt to eat, but also to speak, from which I have been obliged to excuse myself, if any one called upon me. To-day there has been some mitigation of these symptoms, and the fever is not quite so strong, though by no means removed. My head also is much affected; in short, I wonder how it is I get on; for I say in the morning, When will it be night? and at night, When will it be morning? Yet through all,—so great is the mercy of the Lord to his afflicted ones,—my mind is kept not only in peace, but I have been favoured with more life in my soul than when my painful feelings were not so acute. The near approach of death, (at least as it seems,) is accompanied with more clear and comfortable views of the glory that shall follow; and I am therefore encouraged to wait, endure, and hope unto the end. If we may but receive more of the divine image, and be able, in any degree, to glorify that Holy and gracious name by which we are called, it is worth all that we can suffer,—for 'the time is short.' The flesh naturally cries out, Spare, spare! and the Lord has pity on such a cry; but He will still perform his own work; for as one says, 'He loves us too well to spare us for our crying, if it be to our loss;' and it is our mercy that he does so. Discipline is wholesome; and He will correct in mercy. You, my dear, are an early sufferer, and I sympathize with you; but if sanctifying grace, and the teaching of the Spirit be afforded you, as I pray and trust they will be, you will perceive, as you go on, that you are so enriched thereby, as to be induced to say, 'I would not have lost one pain or sorrow.' But our danger lies in having the pain, without the profit;—in going through our trials and afflictions as a sort of allotted calamity, common to all; instead of deeply considering them as a medicinal process, appointed for a certain purpose. We do not sufficiently watch symptoms, either of our disease, or our remedy; we do not, as we ought, deliver up ourselves, and fall heartily into the designs of our great Physician; therefore we lose much. I wish to encourage you, and myself, to expect great things from the school we are likely to remain in as long as we inhabit our clay tabernacles; and when we are 'clothed upon with our house eternal in the

heavens,' we shall sing a louder song of praise. Yet I know, and feel, that the heart sinks under suffering; and nothing but constant and new supplies of Divine grace, can enable us to hold up our heads; for these we must constantly pray,—and a supply of these we may assuredly expect.

"I am grieved to hear so poor an account of yourself. I had hoped the fine air would have done more for you. But where is the spot, however delightful, or the air however pure, where the east wind does not sometimes blow, and cause a blight. Yet there is now and then a gleam of sunshine, and it is our wisdom to make the most of it. By and by, we shall have nothing else, when we get, as Rutherford says, 'on the sunny side of the brae.'"

The following letter, to the same young friend, may be interesting, as showing the view which Mrs. Hawkes took, in the advanced stages of her Christian experience, of the danger and inexpediency of indulging in melancholic impressions.

"I thank my dearest —— for her letter, though I was sorry to find it was written in a melancholy mood. You and I, my love, shall always meet with fuel for our gloomy fire, as long as we live. We must, however, strive against depression; and you in particular, because you are young, and melancholy is a growing evil; and because it is death to all exertion, and almost to all comfort: and moreover, Satan takes great advantage of it to injure and disturb our spirits, and to hinder our progress in the best things, I am sadly afraid of depression, having suffered so much from it myself. The indulgence of melancholy and sadness is a cheat, even in a religious point of view: though it may seem to favour spirituality yet it does not do so in truth: it favours the *feeling* more than the *principle*. But you and I, in this tempestuous world, shall have more call for principle, than feeling,—though this too certainly has its place. Self-denial, submission of our will to adverse circumstances, taking up the most irksome cross, compliance with ten thousand arduous claims and demands,—and all this in a spirit of kindness and cheerfulness,—are lessons only to be obtained *in* the combat, through the aid of Divine grace. It is not only our faith that must be tried, but our love, our patience, our submision, resignation and humility; all these must be brought forth by the purifying fire. But one thing you must constantly bear in mind, or you will faint in the day of adversity, namely,—that you are not called to undertake one single difficulty in your own strength. Good reso-

lutions, the finest and most correct views, will all fail, unless you go simply as a child, to the strong for strength, and lean on all-sufficient grace. This is a secret which, I trust, you will understand more and more.

"I am much gratified by your freedom; I hope you will cultivate a communicative habit, if you think me worthy of your confidence. 'Eat not thine heart,' says a wise man, when speaking of reserve. I think you will not easily find one who has an ear more ready to hear or a heart more tender to feel for you in every thing, than your truly affectionate friend, "S. HAWKES."

The only private memorandum which is supplied for the year 1813, shall lead to its close. Mrs. Hawkes's reflections suggest the importance of diligence in early life, especially with respect to the cultivation of the mind:—

"1813.—Oh! for some of my former energy, mental and bodily! but it is departed. I now feel the great advantage of early reading; for long trouble and disease, have brought on premature old age, so that all my mental faculties are, like my body, become feeble and languid. It is only in some favoured seasons, that I can do any thing to purpose. What I read, seems to be forgotten as soon as read; and I am sometimes ready, in despair, to give over the attempt.

"Bishop Hopkins speaks well to this case:—'If thou complainest nothing remains on thy memory, therefore thou thinkest as good to give over reading as thus continually to pour water in a seive; this should rather put thee on a more frequent study of the Scripture, than discourage thee from it. A vessel set under the fall of a spring, cannot leak faster than it is supplied. Scripture truths, when they do not enrich the memory, may yet purify the heart. Such is the irresistable force of the word, the Spirit often darts it through us, as it seems but like a flash of lightning, and it is gone; yet it may melt our hard hearts when it leaves no impression on our memories."

Notwithstanding the rather depressed view which Mrs. Hawkes here takes of her weakness and infirmity, she was indeed becoming eminently useful at this time in her private sphere, which by means of correspondence and social intercourse, was daily extending. Her society was equally sought by the old and the young, the rich and the poor: and it appears, by the next memorial of her christian experience, that

she obtained about this period, a strong impression of the value of prolonged life,—both as allowing further space for the deep work of repentance and faith, connected with increased self-knowledge, and humiliation;—and as affording opportunities of glorifying God, by seeking to promote the spiritual edification of her fellow creatures.

Jan. 1814.—"During so many years of suffering and of almost continual seclusion, while reduced to weakness, languor, and total uselessness, a burden not only to myself but to others,—I have found it more easy to resign myself to life, because it is God's will that I should live, than to thank him for the preservation of it. I trust, however, I can now thank Him for life, and that on the following account: because discoveries have been made to my heart of many sins and corruptions —to repent of which, with due humiliation, a long life would be too short. It is only by very slow degrees that the heart is taught to know its innate deceitfulness, and total depravity. And it is only a gracious knowledge of this, that can produce true penitence, deep humiliation and self-despair. In proportion as this is learnt, by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, the soul is brought to the foot of the cross, and there casts itself upon the Saviour, and obtains a more simple and transforming view, of his love, his suitableness, his beauty, his all-sufficiency to save. Then the word of the Redeemer begins to open in all its splendour, and the divine perfections of the glorious Trinity, in their different offices, shine forth with an effulgence of majesty and love. Hereby the soul is gradually changed into the Divine image, and prepared for heaven. And, now, it begins to feel the importance of *life*. It is only the *living* that can shew forth the praises of God, in suffering, in repentance for sin, in rejoicing in tribulation, in evidencing the truth of Scripture, in being an instructor and an example to others; and in manifesting, that the life of God in the soul, with sweet communion and fellowship with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, is sufficient to keep the mind in peace and comfort, under the most severe and long continued afflictions. If these blessed effects are in any measure produced, is there not sufficient cause to thank God for the preservation of life?

"The greatest favour, and honour, that can be afforded to a believing sinner, is to be permitted, and enabled, if by any means, to glorify his Father which is in heaven. For this purpose Christ came from heaven; and this should be the business of believers, on earth."

From this period Mrs. Hawkes's sentiments, and the progress of her sufferings, will be chiefly gathered from her correspondence; in pursuing the course of which, we shall be refreshed, rather than wearied. As, when tracing the windings of a river,—though the way may be somewhat long,—we are allured by the varying prospects, and revived by the healthful breezes.

In writing to Mrs. Jones about this time, after expressing fears with regard to some very distressing symptoms, she goes on to say,—

"But 'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'—I will not say *evil*, but *suffering* thereof. Affliction has never brought me any evil, but much good, and many feast-days; and my feasting has been in proportion to my humiliation;—because, then the riches of divine grace have the finest flavour, and appear in their brightest aspect. I have seen, when formerly in the Isle of Wight, a landscape painter traversing from spot to spot, to obtain the best point of view for the object he was about to take. The lowest, and most self-abasing place, into which a real penitential spirit can sink, seems to afford the best position for our beholding Christ. Oh, for self-emptiness, and His fullness! Our utmost spiritual enjoyments are only like little rills, sometimes appearing, and sometimes almost disappearing: but in Him is a boundless ocean, wherein I would fain plunge myself. In heaven we shall thus plunge.

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"The conversation of a friend has lately given me a fresh feeling of delight in the contemplation of the happiness of heaven. I was almost entranced, for nearly three hours, with a display of the finest intellect, the deepest Christian experience, and most astonishing knowledge of human nature, with the brightest views of the Saviour, I ever met with, except in Mr. Cecil; and yet, even this, though it put my feeble mind to the full stretch, gives but a faint idea of the society we shall have in heaven, and the delight it will afford us. It has been quite a rich harvest time with me, lately, in Christian society. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Sheppard and the above-mentioned friend, have each brought in their ripe fruits, from which I have, I hope, gained something.

"I have just been remarking to Mr. Sheppard, that when I was a young Christian, I said, 'my mountain stands so strong, I shall never be moved;'—but now, after many years increasing experience of my own weakness, and heart-de-

pravity, and with some deeper views of the evil of sin, I am afraid to say what I have, or what I am. I can tell my gracious Lord all that concerns me,—but to *man* let my words be few,—and those, 'seasoned with salt.' But when I speak of the mercy and goodness of God, let my words be *weighty*, for his love cannot be told. I was much struck with hearing Mr. Simeon say in the most impressive manner, when referring to Mark vi. 52, 'He had learnt that mercy was no cause of wonder,—and sin no cause of despair.' I said, that very declaration is to me a cause of wonder. He replied,—'but consider *who* it is that shews mercy,—it is God! And it is only because we do not consider Him in his perfections and attributes, that we are disposed to wonder. Christ said to his disciples when they feared and wondered, "where is your faith."' My mind seems to expand with the idea, and my expectations are enlarged: What may we not ask of God,—a God in covenant! I hope to take the promises with more faith, hope, and expectation, and wrestle for their fulfilment,—for concerning them I see as yet, but 'through a glass darkly.' My present state seems to forbid every other object of anxiety, or pursuit, but that of being found with oil in my vessel, ready for the cry, 'Behold, the bridegroom cometh.'"

Extract from another letter to Mrs. Jones.

"I should have no intermission from sinking fears and forebodings, were it not for the measure of faith, small as it is, that my Saviour graciously bestows; enabling me to flee to Him, as my strong tower and my constant hiding-place. Every event, and every possible occurrence of every day, I commit to Him. Satan, with all his designs against my soul;—sin, in all its secret workings;—the want of spiritual graces;—my daily bread;—my bodily pains and infirmities:—and the fearful apprehension of still greater;—with whatever else adds to my burdens; I gather all up, and go to my Saviour with them, and beg Him to enable me to roll them on Him; to leave them with him; and to make me abide under the shadow of his wings. And in proportion as He enables me thus to do, what should proceed from my heart, but praise and humiliation! When I have the comfort of this experience, I say, Ah, this is the fruit of redeeming love, and of sanctified affliction. Thanks be to God, for his secret and sacred teaching! 'Tis true the east wind has blighted and stripped away those earthly fruits and flowers which I see many of my friends in the en-

joyment of. But these might have been briars and snares in my carnal heart. Instead of such meaner things, He leads me into the green pastures of his love, by still and refreshing waters, where no deadly poison nor envenomed sting lies concealed; I hope, therefore, I can and do say, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul.' And oh, may He pity and pardon me, whenever faith so fails, as that I should, for a moment, cease to trust in Him, or cease to magnify his holy name. But faith *will* fail, and doubts and fears *will* spring up; because, as an old writer says 'Though the graces of the Spirit, as they flow from their original fountain, are clear, and pure, yet no sooner are they received into the unclean and leaky vessels of our hearts, than they are weakened; the wine is mixed with water—yea with dregs. In heaven these sad vessels shall be made capable of holding them purely, and be ever full'"

The entrance of the allied armies into Paris, in 1814, and Buonaparte's consequent abdication of the throne of France,—events which caused so great a change in the face of European affairs,—are thus noticed by Mrs. Hawkes in her diary:—

Easter Sunday, April 10, 1814.—"My mind is still overwhelmed, and impressed with a sacred awe, by the news of yesterday, concerning France. Surely the Lord's arm is made visible to man. May the inhabitants of the world thereby learn righteousness! So manifest a display of the Divine power, disposes the mind to a more solemn observance of the grand event, which the Church this day commemorates. Our risen Saviour has all power, both in heaven and earth. And, surely, his spiritual kingdom shall be advanced by the great changes in the kingdoms of this world. The time will come, when all enemies shall be put under his feet. Let it be my business to fight under his banner against sin and Satan." See Ezekiel xxxviii.

Mrs. Hawkes, in the course of her correspondence, and especially in the following letters, describes very clearly her sentiments on the subject of indwelling sin, quite in accordance with the statement made by St. Paul, in the 7th chapter of his Epistle to the Romans. In the month of June, 1814, writing to her friend Mrs. C———tt, she says:—

"I can, my dear friend, feelingly unite in the complaints you utter; for I too have much reason to fear a torpid and lukewarm state, which seems to be the chief danger of such as

are less surrounded with temptations from external objects. Persons who have lived long enough to detect the snares and follies of the world, and all its vanities, have their dangers from other quarters;—for to dangers we shall always be exposed while we are inhabitants of a depraved world, carrying about with us a fallen nature; and while our vigilant adversary is ever on the watch against us. For my own part, I feel sometimes quite weary with looking into my own corrupt heart. Ah, I say, here is enough to do to weed this rank soil;—there is no time for drowsiness. Roots of bitterness, that seemed to be destroyed, are ever putting forth their buds and branches, in a thousand different appearances; all poisonous and injurious to the growth of grace. In this work I should utterly faint, if I were not enabled to look more to the Good Husbandman than to myself for success. I find that the best way to have corruptions destroyed, is to take them to the foot of the cross, and there wait the purifying, sanctifying, and renewing virtue of that precious blood, which alone procures and maintains our peace and spiritual life."

To the same friend, at another time, she writes:—

"I find nothing so damping and impeding to this work of faith, as the shoots of that evil root of bitterness, indwelling sin. Sin puts forth its poison into every thing. I will transcribe a passage on this subject which I lately met with in the diary of a most eminent and godly minister, and which greatly pleased me;—'I was much distressed,' says he, 'by my discoveries of the remaining power of indwelling sin, and the invasion of sins of daily infirmity: not understanding well our state here, that "If any man say he has no sin, he deceives himself"—for "In many things we offend all;"—neither understanding the gracious provision made for this case, in the covenant of grace, the daily sacrifice;—i. e. the daily application to the throne of grace,—the blood of the atonement,—the "fountain opened." In my ignorance I essayed to humble myself distinctly for every one of my failures:—but I found, had I followed this course, my whole time would not have sufficed. Hereon, the Lord led me to that course a worthy friend advises in this case;—I was fain to take them in the lump, or rather so go with them all at once, and plunge myself in the "Fountain opened for sin and uncleanness." If any one grosser sin overtakes us, we must endeavour a distinct recovery and intimation of pardon, by a distinct applica-

tion to the blood of sprinkling. * * * Herein lies one of the greatest secrets of practical godliness, and the highest attainment of close walking with God, to come daily to the fountain and wash, and yet to keep up as great a reverence for this provision of forgiveness, as if it were *once* only to be had, and *no more*.'

"No wonder, my dear madam, that such as know nothing of the gospel method of salvation, nor the constraining influence of the love and grace of Christ, and the true filial fear of a child of God, should condemn this merciful and wonderful doctrine of 'daily washing,' as leading to licentiousness. Such an objection was started as early as the days of the Apostle; and he knew how to answer it. In the same way does every true and sincere follower of Christ answer it, both to himself and others. The branch that is really united to the true vine, and that lives and bears fruit by virtue of this union, will never, —from that root,—bring forth wild and sour grapes. But we must be content to be misunderstood; as we are content when we hear a blind man mistake in attempting to describe a fine prospect, or beautiful colours; and we must turn such mistakes into a prayer, that the eyes of their understanding may be enlightened."

Writing to a young friend on the same subject, she says,— "It is not difficult to know and believe *theoretically* that the heart is deceitful and desperately wicked; but to feel it, to trace *really* its secret windings, to detect how sin insinuates itself into our motives, designs, objects, thoughts, prayers, and every action, sleeping and waking: and on that account truly and sincerely to be afraid and ashamed to lift our mouths out of the dust, because we are vile, and because we cannot open them without danger; these are lessons gradually learnt under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, in the various means He is pleased to use; and from continual occasions, and circumstantial occurrences, by which, as in a glass, an enlightened, observant eye, obtains important discoveries of what is hidden within. You say, you abhor yourself because you are proud; —and so do I, my dear, and yet I am proud still. But we must sentence this arch-fiend to die the death of crucifixion; and every day drive in a fresh nail, and pray to be made willing that nails should be driven in from every quarter, till it bleeds, if not to death, (which it never will in this world,) yet till it is enfeebled and overcome by the contrary feelings of self-abasement. The very discipline and subjugation of your

natural abilities to the humility and simplicity of a little child, will constitute one part of that obedience of faith, which is so essential to the Christian character.

"You made me smile at your simplicity, in not knowing what you should pray for on my account. Ah! my love, I am as full of weakness, want, and wickedness, as you or any other. The moment I cease from *plying my oars*, that moment spiritual life languishes. I need your prayers, and those of all others who will bestow such a kindness: I need faith, patience, humility, holiness, resignation, and entire reliance upon God for life and for death. My disease much increases; and if faith, patience, and dependence increase not accordingly, I must sink under my load. Therefore you now know what to pray for: and be assured, you have, and must always have, a place in my supplications."

To another friend she writes:—

"When I set out, above thirty years ago, on my pilgrimage Zion-ward, though encompassed with outward trouble, yet like the Ethiopian eunuch spoken of in the Acts, I was enabled, for a few years, to go on my way rejoicing. But as my voyage through life's tempestuous ocean has been lengthened, and 'deep is still calling to deep,' till heart and flesh begin to fail, I am now content to 'go softly,' wondering and ashamed at such depths of sin, depravity and weakness, which varied trials, temptations, and *occasions* have brought out to my view; so that now I am constrained to cry out, 'Behold I am vile,' I will henceforth 'lay my hand upon my mouth.' I dare not, however, conceal the bright parts of so dark a picture, lest I should be guilty of ingratitude to that infinite and gracious God, who only strips that he may clothe, and wounds that he may heal. In proportion as I have been driven from all peace in myself, and all rest from created objects, I have been in mercy led to the 'Rock that is higher than I,' and there I have found rest and peace, satisfying and abounding: so that nothing ought to be uppermost in my mind but wonder and praise, for the mercies I have experienced, and the surprising favours I have received; for I have ever had 'songs in the night,' however dark."

Mrs. Hawkes's sentiments on the subject of indwelling sin, are still more strikingly expressed in a letter to Mrs. Jones;

where they stand in connexion with experiences which indicate great advancement in the divine life. She writes:

"My spiritual mercies are very great; for the Lord is pleased, in his wonderful condescension, to draw my soul to live upon him, in a measure beyond what, considering my own vileness and ingratitude towards him, I durst ask or think. I sometimes hope he is giving me a foretaste of heaven; for which I cannot but long, notwithstanding I shrink at passing through the river. How often does my heart sing, over and over, those words,

> 'Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
> Have nothing else to fear.'

Thus he giveth me 'songs in the night;' and nights of such pain as makes me, at some intervals, groan aloud. But blessed be his name, he does not suffer me to *murmur*. Nature may groan and cry aloud; but woe be to the heart that murmurs under such an aggregate of mercies as mine. But alas! there is yet left a 'root of bitterness' not destroyed. It is checked, it is kept under, but the life is still in it; and but for the power of grace it would, like the horrible Hydra, that many-headed serpent, send forth its hellish hissings. It is the poison of that foul spirit that made war in heaven, because he would be independent. 'Let this mind be in you that was in Christ Jesus;' and what was that mind? Ah! to trace it through all its beautiful exemplifications, and then compare it with my own, either past or present experience, brings me to the foot of the cross in shame, and utter self-abhorrence; and no prayer seems to suit me so well as that of the publican!"

In the month of November, 1814, Mrs. Hawkes writes to another friend as follows:—

"I have been visited by Dr. Sims,—but vain is the help of man. How unspeakable is our mercy that we have, at all times, help in God. Our hope in him, is indeed an anchor which keeps us from being driven by the waves. You, my suffering sister and friend, are wonderfully enabled to bear your testimony to the sufficiency of Divine grace: and while you are seeking to honour your blessed Master he is pleased to honour your faith, by making you a witness of his power, love, and faithfulness. It comforts and encourages my heart, to see

that truly he makes your 'shoes to be iron and brass,'—for I think, you have as trying and perplexing a path as any one I ever knew: and the wisdom and faith which is vouchsafed to you is, most evidently, his special gift. Continue thus to hold fast on God, and you will never sink. Maintain continual communion and intercourse with him, and hard things shall be made easy. This is the secret—to *live by faith.*

"I do not think that either you or I have far to seek as to the '*cause* of our afflictions.' We may find an answer in our deceitful hearts, and depraved nature; and especially if we enter deeply into the examination of what sin is. Many persons are apt to consider of sin, in the *act* only; whereas, this is to have but a very slight and superficial view of it. Nay, we must go deeper than even to our own inward feelings of its motions and risings: we must consider it in its original poison and mischief, as it contaminates our nature, as it flows in our veins, and grows in our growth; and it must be the business of our lives to enter into the design of God, and to be co-workers with him, in its utter destruction. Yet after all, we must remember, that the leprosy will not be wholly extirpated till the 'mortal put on immortality.' An old divine remarks, that 'We may have a sinful impatience, as to those sinful infirmities, that will ever trouble us while we are in the body.' It is the Divine Will that nature and grace should exist together, though there must be a perpetual war between them; and if God has patience with what he hates far more than we do, let us also learn to exercise patience with ourselves. And while we give no place to the devil, and no encouragement to sin, yet let us be wise and patient in the fight, and use only holy weapons in our opposition. The main effect of the discovery of sin, when attended by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, is that of deep penitence, humiliation, and resignation. Hence proceed love, patience, and tenderness towards the failings of others. And what can produce fruits so contrary to our proud hearts, but that culture of the Divine Husbandman, who uses the best means for the best ends. Among other means, that of *affliction* seems to be one by which he frequently chooses to operate. Did you ever read, or hear, or know of any eminent saint, that was not trained in the school of affliction? Then, is not your question answered, as to what is the *cause?* It assuredly ought to be, and will be, the prayer of every honest heart, 'Search me, O God, and try me: and see if there be any wicked way in me;'—any secret reserves, any sins of ignorance, and lodgments of self-deceit;—and these are dis-

covered to us by the various circumstances and occasions of life, that draw out one corruption and another, which we had no idea existed. I am sure, such discoveries are made to me of the sins of my past life, and of what in me yet remains to be renewed, that I am constrained to cry hard for faith, to see that the remedy is fully adequate to the disease, or I could not sustain the view. I never dare ask for a sight of my sins, without at the same time asking for a full appropriation of the Saviour. My question is not, Wherefore am I so greatly afflicted? but, Why am I not afflicted *more?* And the answer is, —because He is rich in mercy, and considers we are dust, and will not correct us so as that the spirit should fail. You and I have every encouragement to hope, that God will perfect that which concerneth us. We have the witness in our own bosoms that the method of cure is most exactly suited to the disease. Why are we put into mortifying circumstances, but to destroy pride? and so on, through every trial, we may learn our malady.

"In your remark upon the duty of feeling a spirit of love to *all*, independent of any exterior or mental qualifications, I am not sure that I understand you. That we ought to possess such Christian benevolence, as should enable us to promote the good of others, make us patient and tender towards their failings, and meekly bear their unkindness towards us, is most certain. But that we should be able really to love equally one with another, is what I suppose you do not mean.

"You say, you want to know how, through my long trials, I have been conquering *self* in every shape. Ah! my dear friend, you use a wrong term. I, alas! have only been *fighting against self*, but am still very far from being a *conqueror;* and I am thankful to say, as you do, 'Jesus shows me my strength is in him; and my desire and aim is, to be as a little child. When I want to act, I go to him for wisdom and strength. If I feel anger, I run to him, and show it him; when I feel pride rising upon any occasion, I go to him and confess it. To him I take every sin as it stirs,—every want—every desponding thought. To him I go for every good thought, every good desire, every good word and work; crying, Lord help me in this,—Lord help me in the other. It is thy grace alone that can produce any thing in me. What else is meant by 'Christ living in me and I in him.' It is by this simple faith that we must bring forth good works; and to obtain it, we must urge and plead the promises. 'Having these promises, let us cleanse ourselves.' How are we to be 'trans-

formed in the spirit of our minds,' and to be 'changed into his image from glory to glory?' not by looking *within*, but by 'looking to Jesus,' by looking through the glass that shows him to us,—even his blessed word. I am thankful you are taught not to look at *second causes*. May you grow more and more perfect in this lesson; it is the only one to produce peace of mind, as to outward things. In great matters it is comparatively easy to do this: but in small things, I feel my sad propensity to deviate from the rule."

At the close of the year 1814, some apprehensions were excited in Mrs. Hawkes's mind lest she should be obliged to leave her very convenient apartments in Penton Place. But her continuance in them was providentially overruled to bring about an important and interesting event, which will be described in its proper place. Under her present fears she writes the following memorandum:—

Dec. 19, 1814.—"My old and sinful infirmity of forebodings of approaching trouble, again besets me. Another cloud darkens my wintery sky; and like a very weakling, I shrink from fresh disturbances, and from new, or rather the repetition of old troubles. I have been favoured with three years of much quiet and comfort in this family, and do not like the putting out to sea again. A Christian friend said to me to-day, that his watch-word through all his difficulties and trials was, 'Thy will be done.' Let this be mine, and then every opposing principle will be done away; and to stay or to go, will be alike easy. 'Commit thy way unto the Lord.'

"If Nehemiah said 'Shall such a man as I flee?' May not I, with such an inventory of past mercies, through twenty years of pain and poverty, say also, 'Shall such a one as I faint because fresh troubles arise?' Yes, Lord, unless upheld by thy mighty power; unless strengthened by fresh supplies of grace; I shall yet faint, even while I am constrained to take shame to myself in so doing. Not one thing have I lacked that was realy needful, for all these years. Yet it is only by the assistance of thy grace that I can gather real support and comfort from past mercies. O keep me from the ingratitude of unbelief, and doubting."

In the year 1815, Mrs. Hawkes suffered with continual inflamation in her eyes, which though it rendered correspondence difficult, did not prevent her from endeavouring to continue her epistolary exertions. In the following letter to a

young friend, she offers some striking remarks upon the evil of giving loose to a roving imagination,—especially upon religious subjects:—

"Thank you, my love, for giving me credit for what is really the fact, that I would have written sooner if I could. My eyes have been as bad as ever, and I have much pain in my head. I seem to become more and more oppressed daily. And as to company! my visitors have been more numerous than ever; so that day after day, I have no sooner taken up my pen, than I have been obliged to put it down again. I could, indeed, write in the morning before I rise: but that time is devoted, and dedicated, and I never will infringe upon it; or rather, I pray, I never may,—unless it be on occasions of almost life and death; for I am sure the life and comfort of my soul are inseparably connected with keeping that sacred hour from being hurried, or rendered unprofitable by thieves and intruders. The regulator must be looked to, morning and night at least, or all will soon be wrong. 'Seven times a day' was David found in this important work; and seven times a day, should we catch a sort of 'parenthesis,' to breathe a sigh of praying breath to heaven. The gentlest breath will reach His ear; for it is ever open to our cry.

"What an extraordinary dream was yours! so connected. I am sorry for it, because it goes into the altogether to produce *the pensive*, which is dangerous if it predominates. I recommend you to do what I, through fear, am invariably driven to, namely, to make it one part of sincere and fervent prayer, in my evening devotions, that my Divine Protector will not suffer either Satan, or any of his evil agents, to approach my imagination, or any of those faculties of my mind approachable by evil spirits, so as to stir up any unholly thoughts, or produce any sinful impressions. Whatever leaves on the mind any evil or earthly tendency, must be from an enemy. Now we must put all our enemies, great and small, into the hands of Him who alone can bind them with his strong chain. The imagination is a faculty less under our control than any other; and to have this sanctified, should be our earnest supplication. We should deny it fresh supplies, watch against old traces, and endeavour to bring in higher objects to employ it. Our good friend, Dr. F. says in a letter, 'How often have I sate burning my shins before the fire, absorbed in contemplation, and warming myself by the sparks of my own imagination.' I have been as far as he, or any one else, in this

Utopian world. In all cases it is dangerous, but in religion it is destroying. The two subjects of our contemplation should be, the Scriptures, and what they lead to,—namely, the knowledge of our God and Saviour, and the knowledge of ourselves. In these the Holy Spirit is our Teacher. Now in the instance of tutor and pupil, we know what course is most successful. On the pupil's part, there must be not only capacity—design—intention; but there must be deep and undivided *attention*. Nothing whatever must intrude on any one given lesson, or we shall sustain loss. So it is with you, and me, when we take up our Bibles to meditate therein: we first pray to the Holy Spirit to teach us, and He condescends to be ready at our request. And what does He require, but a deep, sacred attention; an entire yielding of ourselves to his instructions. We must as much as possible, divest ourselves of our own thoughts; we must chain ourselves to the pure words of Scripture; we must try our meditations by this standard. The less that imagination has to do in it, the better. It is truth we are pursuing; 'Make my heart sound in thy statutes.' 'Teach me good judgment and knowledge.' 'The word of the Lord is pure.' In proportion as we lean to our own understanding, and kindle sparks of our own about us, our Divine Teacher is grieved, and retires. This has been the error of the mystics, and perhaps led the way to all the nonsense of Jacob Behmen. There are some minds more in danger this way than others,—and even the same minds, in different seasons, ages, and circumstances. If the mind has naturally a romantic tendency, we must be very watchful, self-denying, self-suspicious, and thoroughly sincere. At first we may find this hard work. Self-denial is hard work in all cases; and most of all, in *mentalities*, and *spiritualities*. To cast down *imaginations*, and bring every *thought* into subjection; to teach our understanding to humble and submit itself; to be willing to be a fool in order to become wise;—will require us to pray earnestly, and constantly, for all sufficient grace.

"Farewell, my love; may every blessing be yours; may you be like the palm-tree, whose roots strike very deep; like an evergreen, which no frost, nor wind, nor sun, nor rain affects; may you ever be willing to give up talent, refinement, genius,—every delicacy in a lordly dish,—for the true bread of life, in however homely a way it may be served. Keep always the crucible in your hand, to distinguish gold from alloy. The simple, holy, humble Christian, most resembles

his Divine Master; one who is like the King's daughter, all glorious within, desiring only to be well-pleasing in his sight, whose favour is better than life."

"Yours ever, and ever,

"S. H."

To another friend she writes, in the month of May, 1815, as follows:—

"I find great benefit in taking sometimes one promise, and sometimes another, to the Great Promiser, and imploring him to give me power to believe it, and practically to build and rest upon it in every exigence and distress. Blessed be his name, He gives me wonderfully to experience that such a suit shall not be made in vain. An involuntary enquiry will sometimes put itself forth, 'How long, Lord, shall these afflictions last? They have continued a long season; year after year have I looked for the promised deliverance;—how long, Lord? are thy mercies clean gone for ever?' But let us remember, that while we are allowed, nay invited and encouraged, humbly to plead with him, yet we must not limit, nor dictate as to time or measure. Let us not accustom our minds to dwell upon the *long* or the *short;* we must not take the measuring line of days, months, or years, with Him to whom past, present, and to come, are one and the same. It is his sacred design and purpose towards us, at which we must look;—it is by the progress of our cure, and healing, that we must measure. And we know that so inveterate are our diseases, that to recover us, is a mighty work. It is true, a sovereign power might, if he saw good, complete the work in us at any period of our lives that he pleased,—but since he works according to the counsel of his own almighty wisdom, and will,—and since he has ordained means, and various providential dispensations, to accomplish his designs of mercy and grace in us,—let us simply yield ourselves to God, and lie in his hands, as clay in the hands of the potter. And let us refresh our souls by looking to the great cloud of witnesses, with which we are encompassed. We are led by the same hand that led Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. We are under the same almighty protection that was over the children of Israel while they sojourned in the wilderness. The eleventh chapter of the Hebrews gives us an animating view of the victorious power of faith. We are not called to such fiery trials and conflicts as they were,—yet they

were able to triumph over all; and so shall we also, by the same Divine power. Even Jesus, our glorious head, condescended to bear such sufferings as the strongest of his members must have sunk under. Let us therefore look at Him, the author and the finisher of our faith, that we faint not, neither be weary. He will give us fresh supplies of grace, moment after moment; and when our hearts begin to droop, and our eyes fail with looking upwards, if we can but look with the eye of faith, we shall receive invigoration and strength according to our need. This, you and I have already experienced. Indeed I can propose no new idea to you, nor impart any new secret;—nor do we need new things, it is only to have old truths brought before our minds more vividly, and with more lively impressions.

"Thus it is in studying the Scriptures, hearing sermons, reading, and conversation,—we look for, and receive, new illumination and influence from the shining of the Holy Spirit upon old truths. All I can say is, what I have often repeated, that I find the only way of getting on, is to live by the day. I should, even now, utterly faint, if I suffered myself to look beyond the day, or enquire, 'how long shall these trials last?' and if I did not constantly endeavour to keep my eye fixed upon that power and goodness, that in *one moment*, if it pleased Him, could change the whole course of our affairs. I often say with her of old, 'Thou, Lord, seest me:' thou seest me struggling with this wave, and conflicting with the other;—and thou hast all power both in heaven and in earth;—thou hast only to speak the word, and every difficulty shall be removed in an instant: therefore that my trials continue, can only be resolved into thy will. Thus, let us really, and practically, set the Lord always before us; let us expect great things, and hope to the end; remembering how light all will appear, the moment we set our foot on that bright shore where no sorrow can follow us. I believe that pride, and independence of spirit, with some other peculiar evils of the heart, can only be cured by sanctified afflictions. Let us therefore learn of the apostle to 'count them happy that endure.' Though I know but little, as I ought to know, of humiliation, submission, and deep self-abasement, yet that little yields me more peace and real satisfaction, than I ever found in the gratification of my proudest and fondest wishes. Ah, it is sweet to lie as a humble penitent at the feet of Jesus, and to say from the heart, 'Give me thyself,'—let me be a living, fruitful branch in Thee, the true vine,—and then deal with me as seemeth good in thy sight.'

I verily believe, there is no such close communion and converse with God, as when we are under his immediate discipline:—and to obtain such a delightful intercourse, what cost is too high?

"Do not, my dear friend, fear any thing which you may be called to pass through, while you can keep up communion and intercourse with your gracious Saviour. Do not go to meet trouble, but wait quietly through every turning and winding of his dispensations. Do not plan beforehand what you shall do in this or that case,—but have one simple determinate plan,—namely, to live by faith on an unchangeable friend."

About this time Mrs. Jones wrote to her sister, requesting some thoughts on faith and dependence. The following is an extract from Mrs. Hawkes's letter in reply:—

"My dear sister asks for 'scraps on faith and dependence.' I could send her some, if I had time and strength to extract them from a rich old author I am reading; for it is to the Fathers in Christ that we must go for these things. I sometimes have the presumption to think I know a little of the sweetness of child-like dependence and faith; and as far as I do know any thing of them, I experience their value. But I reproach myself whenever I venture to speak of such things. When, by the eye of faith, we contemplate the riches, and beauty, and glory, that dwell in Christ, we may indulge and expatiate without fear of exceeding the mark: but when we begin to speak of the grace drawn from Him, and received into the unclean vessel of a sinful heart,—where it soon loses its purity, and becomes sullied and weakened,—then one fears to speak about it. Jesus, and his power, and love, and beauty, is the only theme that we can talk of with safety. I often blame myself when I venture to speak of my own experience, since it is a book, of which, if you exhibit the bright parts only, you mislead; and as to the dark parts, they cannot be understood, because you cannot give the feeling, and interior sense. The book of my own life is to me a constant wonder; but it is impossible any one should read it but myself. One thing however I know, that they who live nearest the Saviour are rich; and had I so lived, I should now be like a tree richly laden, and should know something of the heights and depths, and length and breadth, of the love of Christ; but fool-like, a thousand things have diverted my attention, and drawn my heart and thoughts aside; and now I am no more than a poor bramble; I am, however, seeking fruit from the 'Green fir-tree,' and I hope that my withered branch will yet have some green-

ness, some blossoms in old age and infirmity. I trust I am learning to go to Him with all my filthy polluted rags, (with some I have called holy, which were perhaps the vilest of them,) and exchange them for that spotless robe, which shall fit me to appear in His presence.

"I am comforted by your remarks under my self-reproaches. When he who loved the church, shall present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, —all shame shall be done away. Till then I will keep my sins in my sight to humble me, and to shut my mouth from boasting, censuring, or complaining; and to exalt that redeeming love, that has wrought out such a salvation. Ah, if salvation be so inexhaustible a subject now, what will be its glory when we shall see its wonders in eternity! O baseness and carnality of heart, ever to dwell on any other theme! Alas, alas, the feebleness of humanity!

Mrs. Hawkes notices the termination of this year in the following manner:—

Dec. 1815.—"At the close of this year, I would set up another Ebenezer of praise,—for the Lord hath helped me. He did enable me to close the last year at the footstool of his mercy, and there to spend the first hour of the year now past. He has condescended to keep that, which He gave me faith to commit unto Him; and if this year has had new trials, and increased sufferings, it has had renewed mercies, and a great increase of peace of soul. I have had this year, one very remarkable answer to prayer respecting temporals; and in all that I have cried unto Him for, the Lord hath mercifully inclined his ear, and heard me for his own name's sake. 'He is faithful who has promised.' He is found of them that seek him. He is my rock, and under the shadow of his wings will I trust."

In the course of the year 1816, a favour was conferred on Mrs. Hawkes, the importance of which can only be fully known in the light of eternity. It pleased God, at that time, to seal her zealous endeavours to do good to the souls of others, by the remarkable conversion of Mr. Vaughan,—a gentleman in whose house Mrs. Hawkes had been for several years residing.[1] The very interesting memorials of Mr. Vaughan's

[1] See page 245.

conversion, while confined to a bed of languishing, with the account of his subsequent joy and peace in believing,—his assurance of hope,—his patience in suffering,—and his final triumph over death,—have long since been given to the public, in a small volume edited by Mr. Hodson, (secretary to the London Missionary Society,) who united his efforts with those of Mrs. Hawkes, to promote Mr. Vaughan's spiritual benefit.

Mrs. Hawkes thus apprizes a friend and relative of Mr. Vaughan's decease:—

"My dear M——.

"Our friend Vaughan '*liveth*.' He ceased to breathe yesterday about five o'clock. I saw him depart as peacefully as a sleeping infant. I must not stay to tell you his sweet sayings, save one. About half an hour before his death, he said 'I am dying,'—and soon after added, 'I am in the high road to heaven.' Ah, thither he is gone, and washed his robes in the blood of the Lamb! Glory and praise to his holy name who, even in the eleventh hour, snatched him 'as a brand from the burning.' So rare an instance of sovereign mercy, will, I dare say, be drawn up in a little memorial, by his kind an unwearied instructor, Mr. Hodson. About nine in the morning, when he was struck with death, he said, 'Call for Mrs. Hawkes—she will help me.' Dear creature, he had a better helper, even one who is Almighty! May this helper be yours, and mine, in the same trying hour! for, oh! how awful is the seizure of that invisible, last enemy, sitting in triumph over the body, which is *all* over which he can have power! "Farewell,

"S. H."

The following memorandum, written at the close of the year, refers to the same interesting event:—

Penton Place, Dec. 1816.—"No words can express, no numbers can recount, the favours and mercies of this now departing year,—both temporal and, especially, spiritual. My body is, indeed, decaying fast; but this is mercy. My soul is, I trust, ripening for the approaching sickle. The favour that has been vouchsafed at the close of so unprofitable a life, —namely, to be used as an instrument for the salvation of one soul,—forms a bright spot in my clouded sky, which shall cheer my remaining steps through this wilderness.

"My anxiety, my prayers, my tears for the conversion of this now departed friend,—in themselves poor, feeble, and worthless,—are in that book, and in that bottle, which are kept on high. Ps. lvi. 8. Yet in this blessed work, I count myself no more than a hewer of wood, and a drawer of water: but that is honour and happiness enough. To my esteemed friend, Mr. Hodson, under God belongs the palm; and that I was the means of obtaining his attendance on our deceased friend, is sufficient for my comfort. I have myself reaped a rich harvest of instructions, admonitions, and prayers, and praises which, every evening, for many weeks, have been so richly, so kindly, so unweariedly afforded; they have been blessed to my soul; and the savour thereof, will, I trust, remain until I join the late happy convert in that new song, which he has begun before me, in the realms of bliss.

"The old christian who has, by grace reached to a somewhat more elevated ground than one beginning the spiritual journey, should remember the toils, conflicts, weakness, darkness, temptations, &c., that made him groan, and oftentimes ready to faint, in ascending to that point,—that he may deal tenderly, and gently, with such as are yet labouring over the same ground. So desirous is the advanced christian that others should have the same joy, that he is apt to forget there must first be the fight, and the course. He calls all to rejoice as he does:—to be dead to the world as he is,—to bathe in the sweet ocean of redeeming love; and to breathe freely in the pure element of holy communion. And it is natural he should so speak: but this meat should be reserved for riper age; and the milk of younger experience should be given to babes. In this very thing I have erred, and now would correct my mistake."

In addition to the interesting circumstance just related, the present year furnishes a letter written by Mrs. Hawkes to her beloved friend Mrs. C——tt, soon after she left England to join her husband at Honduras in the West Indies. The letter affords a fresh instance of the highly spiritual tone of communication, which Mrs. Hawkes delighted to maintain wherever she met with a suitable correspondent.

Dec. 1816.

"I am rejoiced to seize the opportunity of writing to my dear and honoured friend, who is not less loved, less thought of, less longed for, because of that separation which must ever fill

my heart with selfish yet tender sorrow ;—it is impossible, my dear madam, to express how constantly you have been in my thoughts, and also in my poor prayers ; and how intensely I desire to hear of all that you have passed through, in mind, and events. That all *has* been, *is*, and *shall* be well with you, I doubt not ; for the word of truth declares it shall be well with the righteous.

" It appeared very evident to me, when I was last favoured with an interview, that you were highly favoured of the Lord, in being enabled to take refuge, and rest under the shadow of his wings; and my anxious eye has viewed you, while passing through the deep ocean, infolded in the blessed arms of our adorable God and Saviour, sweetly resting your head on his bosom, and saying, with one who well knew that pillow of rest and peace, ' None of these things move me.' The greatest blessing in the world is that resignation to, and simply following of the Divine will, which springs from union with Christ ; for this is to have the same mind that was in Christ, and to tread in the same steps in which he walked ; and I feel assured, that your fellowship is with the Father, and with the Son, through the indwelling of the Holy Ghost in your heart. Many circumstantial changes you have experienced ; and must have experienced consequent exercises of mind. How would it interest my heart to hear you detail them most minutely! * * * * The eye of faith, which is constantly and steadily fixed on the things that are not seen, can scarcely look upon the vanishing things of time and sense, as of any importance ; the vivid impression of an awful eternity, and the certainty that only a moment divides us from it, teaches us practically to say to every person and thing around us, ' Hinder me not :' I have a great work to do,—heaven is in my view ; and what then shall attract my attention for one moment to a dying world? To walk as children of light,—to be made the salt of the earth,—to glorify our Father which is in heaven,—to live with out-spread wings, ready for flight whenever the Master calleth for us ;—is enough to engage and absorb every faculty of the mind, and to elevate it to a point so high, and so dignified, that every thing below it must dwindle away into nothingness.

" But where shall we find this high place,—this favoured point, from whence to take our sublime view? Ah! you, dear madam, will reply, ' At the foot of the cross,—in the Garden of Gathsemane,—at the holy sepulchre.' The pious Fenelon had found it when he says, ' I adore Thee, O infant Jesus,

weeping, and lying in a manger; thy childhood and poverty are become my delight. Oh that I could become thus poor, thus a child like Thee! Be silent, ye sages of the earth; I wish to know nothing but to be all faith, to be resigned, to suffer any thing, to lose and forsake all; the Word made flesh, now silent, now weeps like a child; and shall I set up for being wise,—shall I take complacency in my own schemes and systems? Shall I be afraid lest the world should not have a high enough opinion of my capacity? No, no,—all my pleasure shall be to decrease; to become little and obscure, to live in silence, to bear the reproach of Christ crucified,—and to add to that, the simplicity of a little child.'

"Here, my honoured friend, is grandeur to which none of the great ones of this world ever attained. Blessed be the Lord, who hath been pleased to open, in any measure, your eyes and mine, to behold such rich discoveries, and to taste and long for such old and well refined wine. Here is solid rock; this is to inherit substance; to have a hope full of glory.

* * * * * *

'I have so many things which I should love to communicate, that I know not where to begin. But my obligation to you, both for your own kindness, and that which you have, with so much friendly effort, procured me from others, claims my first most sincere and affectionate acknowledgment. How greatly I am indebted to you, would require a volume to declare. Soon after your lamented departure, Lady S———n, wrote a most kind and condescending letter, enclosing a munificent present for the supply of my need; and never was I more struck with the mark it bore of the love of my heavenly Father's ever-watchful and providing care; for my illness had involved me in much expense, from the necessity for more than usual medical help; and this unexpected supply from her ladyship, was most timely to meet and relieve my anxieties on that account.

"Mrs. Y. and Mrs. F. kindly visit me now and then; but many impediments lie in the way of my seeing them often. I am much delighted with Mrs. F., she seems a gem of the mildest and sweetest lustre. Mrs. P., whom I believe you know, is my constant visitor; and is going on well. Mr. C., Mr. B., and some others, are, I am sorry to say, infected with the contagion of the *separatists*, and have ceased to hear their respective excellent ministers, Mr. W., and Mr. S., 'because they do not preach the whole Gospel.' Alas! alas! an enemy hath done this! it is because *they* have seized a *part*, and embrace

not a *whole* Gospel, that this mischief and danger arises. How wise is our subtle adversary in opposing the truth! 'Divide and conquer' has ever been his successful maxim. I trust however, that straying sheep, (if sheep they are,) will be brought back again to the true fold: but it is grievous to think how sadly they must be *shorn* by their wanderings. Mr. W. stands like a rock amidst every contrary wave, and rears his head stronger and higher as the advocate of truth and righteousness; while his countenance shines with the rays which the Sun of Righteousness sweetly sheds upon him.

"I have reason, my dear madam, to know that you will be desirous for me to say something more of my unworthy self. My general health is much as usual, but my pain from local disease increases, and must increase till it has done its work. When the still drossy vessel is made fit for the Master's use, it will be received into the blessed mansion prepared for it; and till then, I pray that faith and patience may increase and have their perfect work; and I hope I have the favour of your prayers also. If I did not dislike and fear to speak of my unworthy self, I could say many things to testify the Lord's goodness to me, both in temporal and spiritual bestowments. It is a source of great thankfulness that He is pleased to keep me lying low at his sacred foot-stool,—and to make me more and more assured that Mary's place with Mary's heart is the best security for peace and happiness. We are never safe in soaring high, unless we first prostrate ourselves in the very dust of humiliation, and self-abasement. For myself, I covet to sink that I may rise;—to dwell in the low valley; because from thence the eye of faith gains the clearest views of unseen, eternal, and ever-increasing brightness,—of eternal glory: in like manner as it is said, the stars are perceived at mid-day to such as descend into a deep mine. All exterior lights are unfavourable to that light which shines within. To shut up the avenues of sense, and to keep wide open those by which are admitted the beams of 'saving splendour,' is the Christian's highest wisdom and blessedness. Under this conviction, I have been led to pray, that I may constantly have a quick, and vivid perception of evil; that as the natural eye is exquisitely sensible of the smallest particle by which it may be assailed,—so I may be equally sensible of all sin, in every possible way of its approach. But with this acute perception, and sensitive consciousness, there must be a child-like simplicity, and a habit of free access to Jesus the Mediator, and to the blood of sprinkling—which is our blessed privilege—or we shall soon fall in-

to legal bondage, or desponding fears. May this blessed privilege be yours, my most honoured and beloved friend, in its fullest abundance! You are already given to know more than you can utter of the 'love of Christ, which passeth knowledge;' may more and more of such sweet streams be poured into your soul, till your vessel be full and overflowing. Such narrow vessels as ours, alas! receive but little. O may we be emptied of every thing, that there may be more room for Jesus to fill. And may He every day enlarge our faith's capacity, and stretch our narrow boundaries. Oh, what an expanse lies before us! how animating is the prospect! How glorious is our inheritance!

"It is, my ever dear madam, a great joy to feel that I am united to you by the inseparable bonds of Christian love; united with you in one faith, one spirit, one hope of our calling: and if separated in time, we shall meet again with inconceivable advantages in heaven; and each acknowledge that our past sorrows, trials, and variety of afflictions were indeed but for a moment, and not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

The friendship of that noble lady to whose kindness Mrs. Hawkes alludes in the foregoing letter, was continued ever after. The following lines express the sentiments and feelings entertained by Mrs. Hawkes with regard to such kind notice.

"How totally different an effect is the mind sensible of, when we receive kindness and honour from man, as *man*,—and when we receive the same as from God *through* man. It then changes its nature, and becomes the honour that cometh from God. When we receive honour from man only, we are soon puffed up with pride, self-conceit, haughtiness, superciliousness, &c. But when we receive it from God, through man, as His medium of bestowing it, the heart is humbled, softened, ashamed,—and recollects, with deep self-abasement, its utter unworthiness,—its desert of chastisement rather than favour; its secret faults; its base motives; its sinful mixtures; and esteems it too high an honour to be used as a peg on which to hang up the garments of the house of the Lord.[1]

[1] Mrs. Hawkes may perhaps here refer to Isa. xxii. 22, 23, where in illusion to the spikes, or large pegs, worked into the eastern walls, on which to dispose, and hang up various utensils, or garments,—Eliakim

"This I trust is, and ever will be, the effect upon my mind and heart on being so kindly noticed by a noble lady, who is pleased to lay me under deep obligations. I receive her condescending kindness as from the Lord, who I verily believe has put it into her heart to favour me.

"How is every bestowment heightened, sweetened, secured,—when received by faith!"

On entering the year 1817, we meet with Mrs. Hawkes's usual memorial of past mercies, accompanied by a renewed instance of religious watchfulness, in improving the beginning of a new year:—

Jan. 1817.—"Another year is gone! and closed, blessed be God, with lively sentiments and feelings of humiliation, wonder and thankfulness. A volume would not contain the delineation of this year's favoured experience. May gratitude, and devotedness to God, shew fort the praise that is due unto his holy name! The setting sun of the last year, left my horizon tinged with the lustre of past beams of goodness, and tender mercies,—both temporal and spiritual. The sun of the new year rises with invigorating beams of hope and peace; with renewed trust in the God of all my mercies; together with importunity for all-sufficient grace to improve it better;—to walk more humbly with God, and thereby to glorify his holy name; and to stand prepared for the execution of the sentence already passed;—'Thou shalt die, and not live.'

"Happy, happy, is that soul that is united to Christ, and made to abide in Him as the branch abideth in the vine! 'My sun,' may every such one say, 'goeth not down, but shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' Oh, that men would fear the Lord, and call upon his holy name!"

In the same strain of favoured Christian experience, Mrs. Hawkes writes, at this time, to her friend Mrs. C——tt:—

"May every day of this new year begin, and end, with the healing beams of the Sun of Righteousness, shining forth,

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is compared to a principal stake, or support of this sort. "The words of the wise" are also compared in ecclesiastes xii. 11, to "nails fastened by the masters of assemblies," or as means to establish the heart, and confirm good resolutions. See also Ezra ix. 8.—and Zech. x. 4,—Ed.

and sweetly resting on the soul of my valued and beloved friend, and on that of her unworthy correspondent! May every morning begin with prayer, praise, recollection, and watchful diligence! and every evening close in the possession of faith, patience, and that peace which flows from pardoning mercy and love. And may we be very careful to reflect that glorious light by which alone we have light:—that, as children of light, we may glorify our Father which is in heaven.

"How greatly should I love to have my dearest friend seated by my side at the entrance of this new year;—that we might, with united hearts, bless the Lord for all his benefits, and kneel together before Him in deep humiliation, and tender contrition of heart; confessing our manifold wanderings, negligences, corruptions, and total unworthiness. I know in what manner you would unite with me in saying, 'unto Thee, O Lord, belongeth righteousness, but unto us confusion of face.' Yet, blessed be his name, our fresh springs are in Him. Let us therefore begin this year with lively hope, and an unlimted confidence in his all-sufficient grace; and let His sacred words, 'abide in me,' be our motto.

"The present symptoms of my complaint forbid me to look beyond the day; and I desire to follow the example of one, who had obtained the habit of dying daily;—for this I find is the secret of daily living in peace and happiness. Life is never so truly sweet, as when we are every day ready to depart, and longing to depart.

"Your path and mine, my loved one, is very different; and I am sure you will not accuse me of arrogance, if I count, that mine has the advantage of yours,—notwithstanding all my privations and sufferings. * * * * But He who made us, and who in stupendous mercy has called us as his sheep, has appointed your lot and mine; and, in His wise disposal, given it to be ours, in preference to all others which he could, as easily, have chosen for us. We therefore should not even *wish* it were otherwise than what it is; nor could we exchange it without loss. Each of us has a 'crook in the lot:' but a sanctified crook, shall prove an indescribable blessing. Mine has been a path of peculiar humiliation; which has turned out to be a way of peculiar peace and comfort to my soul. I am now nearly deprived of the public means of grace, through inability to go out. This is very grievous to me; but my race is almost run, and I trust soon to remove to that blessed place, of which it is said, 'And the Lamb is the light thereof.' You

and I shall still go on mourning over the deadness, wanderings, and defects, of which we can but be sensible :—but I am glad to find, that you are not discouraged thereby ; for although we should be humbled, yet we need not be cast down ; since we have a merciful High Priest, who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities. The consideration of the Divine sympathy is often consoling to my mind and heart. To have a friend with us who feels for us, is always a source of comfort ; our blessed Saviour is a friend always present, and beyond all others, good.

" Why I speak of my path as having the advantage of yours, is chiefly because of my retirement from all worldly concerns, and company. I do not feel as if I could meet either one or the other : but then yours is a more honourable post,—inasmuch, as it is more difficult. Yours is the path of duty, and therefore it must be safe and beneficial. Your *heart* is disunited from these things ; and that which is our cross, is seldom our snare. You say very truly, ' It is not so much the vicious, as the worldly-minded character, which we have most to fear. It is with persons morally good and amiable, and when engaged in lawful pursuits, that we are apt to doze upon our watch-tower ;—and when we remit our vigilance, the enemy is more than at the door. Next to the special hand of divine grace, our safety seems to consist in close walking with God. Christianity has a surrounding atmosphere, peculiarly its own ; a pure and delightful element, in which, the true christian lives and breathes freely :—and we should endeavour, in all circumstances, to preserve this surrounding grace. Like strangers in a strange country, we should fulfil our passing offices, and shew ourselves amiable strangers ;—though feeling, that we cannot be understood by, nor have affinity with the world. We should also be careful, to keep alive a scriptural and spiritual discernment ;—a quick perception, that sees the slightest evil, even in its approach ;—so as to detect with the quickness of the eye, every contrary principle and sentiment,—however disguised by a fair appearance. I mean, we should detect it for our own use and preservation.

" Let us, my dear friend, in setting out on this year, pray that we may walk by faith, and not by sight : for faith, as one says, is an Ithuriel's spear, which, by one touch, makes every thing assume its right shape and colour, showing its value and duration. Let us keep up the gospel standard ; and where we cannot come up to it, yet never attempt any lowering, but

press towards it with unabating ardour:—still putting our whole trust in Christ, without whom, we can do nothing: and who, in all cases says, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'"

In the month of February, 1817, Mrs. Hawkes thus addresses a friend of her early years, who had lately engaged in a school:—

"I have, for a long time, wished to write to my beloved friend, and it would be taking up too much time and paper, to tell her the various causes that have, hitherto, prevented my having this pleasure,—for a pleasure it will ever be, to communicate with one, who lives in my heart as my daughter, my sister, and my friend; and in whose joys and sorrows, I must ever participate with the most lively interest and feeling. I do indeed, as you suppose, love to hear how you are going on;—and unite with you in sincere thankfulness, that the Lord is pleased to appear on your behalf, and gradually to disperse that long continued, and dark cloud, which has overshadowed you. When He sees you are able to bear it, He will shine with fuller beams of prosperity, and give you all that success, and advantage, in your present undertaking, which you are entitled to hope for, in submission to his holy will. But there must be time for faith and patience to have their proper work: too strong a tide of prosperity might quite carry away your newly-launched vessel. He who has infinite wisdom, knows what *ballast* we want, as well as what fair wind to spread our sails,—and his love will undertake both for the one and the other; and so temper them together, that we may not be stranded on the heavy sands of despondency, nor be driven away by too strong a gale of apparent prosperity. Let us adore our heavenly Father for his merciful and wise dispensations towards us; and let us pray with sincerity of heart, that he will neither take away those trials which are designed to drive us *to* Him,—nor give us those possessions which would, in any measure, draw aside our hearts *from* Him. Lawful occupations and engagements, very imperceptibly, wind themselves into our minds, engross our thoughts, and take up that space in our scanty vessels, which should be filled with better things. It is from *lawful* things that we are most in danger; other things we are careful not to admit: but our necessary callings must be followed, and ought to be followed with diligence, taking care to preserve also, fervency of spirit in serving the Lord. I well know the snare, and the difficulties which

often occur; and I am rejoiced that you have not now to learn the only method of help and safety, namely, a simple and child-like dependence on Christ, from moment to moment, for grace suited to every exigency.

"This you and I, my dear friend, know to be, (as far as we have learned it) a high and important secret, which is imparted only to such as count every thing else in comparison but as dung and dross. Let us pray for a quick perception of every rising cloud, or interposing fog, that may form a veil to intercept the healing beams of the Sun of Righteousness from our souls;—a very short withdrawment will soon cause us to droop and wither. We may be unconscious of it, until, like Samson, we go out to shake ourselves, and find our strength departed.

"I know not why my pen runs on this strain, except, because my mind is much in the contemplation of this subject, —and that as I am incessantly called out in religious conversation by my numerous visitors who come to me for this purpose, I am daily led to pray, 'O Lord grant that I may not be a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.' Let me not have only the 'name to live;'—let not my tongue utter the secret things of the most High, without a corresponding feeling of holy reverential fear in my heart.

"Give my love to Miss ——, and tell her she must learn of you the necessity, beauty, and advantage, of decision of character. In every thing it gives the stamp of superiority:—but in religion, it is connected with its very *life*.

"I have been very sadly of late in my complaint;—through mercy, all is well in other matters, and I could tell you a long list of mercies, had I time. The Lord is a refuge in trouble; —so you know; and so also knoweth,

"Your affectionate, "S. H."

In the early part of the summer, Mrs. Hawkes had an attack of nervous and bilious fever, which was followed by a serious increase of her former debility. For the sake of change of air, she removed to Clapham, and passed two or three months in the house of a widow lady, who became much attached to her, both as a friend, and as a helper in her spiritual concerns. A private paper written by Mrs. Hawkes on removing to Clapham, shows how entirely she desired to live to the glory of God, and the good of her fellow creatures;—

Clapham, June 1817.—"In every change of place, the

christian, however obscure, feeble, and insignificant, has a great work to perform. He has to keep himself through grace, 'in the fear of the Lord all the day long,' and 'unspotted from the world.' He has to shew forth the praise of God, not only with his lips, but in his life. He has to seize every opportunity to lend a helping hand to others; to be on the watch for every fit occasion, to spread forth the savour and knowledge of that sacred name, which is as 'ointment poured forth;' and he has to 'watch and pray,' that he may do all this wisely, humbly, simply, dependently, faithfully, reverentially, and with singleness of eye. Is not this a *great work?* too great for human power; yet possible, through all-sufficient grace. Lord, vouchsafe thy grace to me, a helpless worm!"

From this place in the month of August, Mrs. Hawkes writes to her valued friend, Mrs. F., as follows:—

"I am better since my stay in this place, yet still suffering much, and encompassed with many infirmities. The old tenement totters more and more, and will be taken down at the appointed time. Through mercy, I am enabled to look forward to that solemn period, with a calm and pleasing expectation. I should fill several sheets, were I to give my beloved friend a history of the loving-kindness of the Lord to me in every way; and I desire only that my lips and life may show forth his praise. I never felt more deeply sensible of my own vileness and insufficiency; but I do hope I am learning something of that high lesson, which the blessed apostle had attained so perfectly, when he said, 'When I am weak, then am I strong.' How infinitely precious is Christ to the soul that feels its poverty and need! And fully does he satisfy and fill the hungry with good things."

About the same time, Mrs. Hawkes addresses her friend, Mrs. C——tt, as follows:—

"I am thankful to have found some benefit by my removal to Clapham. I am much struck with the combination of advantages and disadvantages, that is found in every change of place and circumstances. No doubt, had we to choose our own lot, we should cull all the sweets, and leave out all the bitters; and thereby make ourselves a nest, in which if left to ourselves, we should moulder and decay in all our best faculties and pursuits; for we cannot be trusted with much ease or rest.

How happy for us that we are not permitted thus to choose for ourselves! and that He undertakes for us, who knows what is *in* us; and who, with one comprehensive view, takes in every event and consequence of most minute changes. We are so short-sighted, that we can see but very litttle beyond the present time. We are too apt to make ourselves our own centre; forgetting, that we are placed in the scale of human beings for a far higher purpose than the mere enjoyment of our natural life; and that all our sufferings here are for designs far higher than such as are merely personal: namely, the glorifying of our Father which is heaven; and the contributing, in any way in which he shall be pleased to make use of us, to the good of our fellow creatures. It is often a support to me under my pain and languid oppression, to contemplate not only the purifying and blessed effects of affliction in my own soul, but also the ways in which God will glorify himself by the meanest of his creatures, and make use of them for his own divine purposes: causing the sufferings of the most obscure individual to work in with, and form a part of, his comprehensive and gracious designs. I desire earnestly a more simple and entire surrender of myself, to be anything or nothing, as He shall see best. To glorify God, is the first object at which we should aim. But, alas! how often do I fall short of my desire, in this, and every other point of practical Christianity. At the close of every day, when I review what has been done for God, for my own soul, and for the good of others, I am forced with shame to write, *wanting*, *wanting!* And, but for that finished salvation which is all my security and hope, I should lay down my head on my pillow with feelings of deep despondency. How blessed are those arrurances in the sacred Scriptures, that we have an advocate with the Father! that there is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus! to them who, notwithstanding a host of infirmities and deficiencies, 'walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit,' having their spotted garments washed white again, by continually making fresh application to the blood of sprinkling."

CHAPTER VIII.

HER RESIDENCE AT QUEEN'S ROW, PENTONVILLE.

FROM A. D. 1817 TO 1828.

Reflections on her removal—Heavenly savour of the correspondence between Mrs. Hawkes and Mrs. Jones—Advancing spirituality of Mrs. Hawkes's mind—Her study of the Scriptures—Letter to Mrs. C——tt on forgiveness of injuries—Christmas-day—Meditations on death—Letters on the subject—Death of Mrs. Jones—Letters to various friends on the freeness of Divine grace—Death of Mrs. Mynors—Attack of nervous depression—Letter on the subject—Visit to Highgate—Close of the year 1827, and opening of 1828—Anxieties respecting new apartments—Reasons for remaining near London—Letter to a Clergyman on new speculations in religion.

In the month of October, Mrs. Hawkes left Clapham, and went to reside at Queen's Row, Pentonville. Soon after her removal, she writes in her diary as follows:—

Queen's Row, Oct. 5, 1817.—"Pilgrim-like, I have this day entered into another tent, to which, I trust I have been directed by a gracious and kind Providence, in answer to my prayers. These changes are painful and agitating to me in my diseased and feeble state. But I shall soon give over dwelling in tents, and remove to an habitation 'not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' For the present, that blessed word of promise is given me, together with faith to rest upon it as *sure*, 'I will be with thee whithersoever thou goest.' I ask no more. The presence of the Lord secures every blessing that is essential to real comfort. I shall have trials; but under all, this gracious promise is sure, 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee."

In a letter to her valued friend, Mrs. Y——, who was at this time called from home to visit a sick child in Scotland, Mrs. Hawkes expresses sentiments similar to the above, as follows:—

"I trust that encouraging promise, 'I will be with thee whithersoever thou goest,' which has of late been made very sweet to me, will, if it please Him, be fulfilled also in your

experience. He will ever be with you, and with every one whose heart he has touched with his converting grace, and redeeming love. But our faith is not always strong and lively enough to realize his heavenly presence. Like as the natural sun may be obscured from our view by some passing cloud, so may the comforting rays of the Sun of Righteousness be for a time obscured by some mental cloud, through which our faith is unable to penetrate; and then we soon begin to fear, and say, 'My beloved has withdrawn himself.' 'To the law and to the testimony' therefore will we turn, rather than to sense and feeling; and, under the darkest cloud, rest upon his blessed word of promise, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' It is in order to produce, or rather to exercise, this stability of faith, that we are suffered sometimes to walk in darkness. Every true Christian has his winter and his summer seasons. It is only in that blessed country, towards which we are hastening, that there is one unclouded day. With respect to myself, I have reason to bless the Lord for the *storm* as well as the *calm*. That is best for the soul which keeps it low at the foot of the cross, loathing itself, and trusting only in Jesus; sinking before him, in order to rise in him, who is our righteousness and strength."

The correspondence between Mrs. Hawkes and Mrs. Jones, which had ever been spiritual and edifying, partook of a more heavenly savour as the latter aged saint drew near the end of her Christian course. The delight which these sisters took in talking of the country whither they were going, was like that of Christian and Hopeful, when they had gained the land of Beulah; and when drawing near to the end of their journey, they had a more perfect view of the Celestial city. Confined at home by age and infirmity, Mrs. Jones writes:—

"Oh that I could sit by the side of my beloved sister, and talk of the glory we expect on the other side of Jordan! We are not looking at a land which we may, or may not, reach; but our hopes are sure and certain, of a land that is not far off. We are upon the borders, and in daily expectations of a messenger to convey us over; and we have a friend ever present, who has engaged to go with us all the way through. Oh! the multitude of weary pilgrims that are groaning in their way! but everlasting rest sounds sweetly in their ears. * * * * * If I should be favoured with sudden death, look at me in a better world with Christ in God; and

suffer not your mind to dwell upon the clay tenement. Christ is mine, and I am his; and to see him as he is, is far better than to dwell in this dark abode. * * * *
Tell me of the supports given you by the Lord in your afflictions. May the Holy Spirit abundantly supply you with the riches of your inheritance, and with still further views of the glory which shall be shortly revealed: or if your faith is tried, may you be able to say with your suffering Saviour, 'Thy will be done.'"

In language of not less animated Christian hope, Mrs. Hawkes replies:—

"Although my sufferings increase, yet, blessed be God, he maketh my consolations in himself to increase also; and I humbly hope I may say, from favoured experience, I *do* feel they are now working together for my good. I endeavour to cry with earnestness, that I may be 'strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering, with joyfulness.' What a progression! The common ills and occurrences of life need 'patience:' but these, increased by peculiar and long-continued afflictions, call for 'long-suffering.' And what is the top-stone? 'Joyfulness!' And how is this to be obtained? 'By his glorious power,' giving strength according to our day. 'With all might.' What does that mean? We shall know 'if we follow on to know the Lord.' When I read the glorious truths of the gospel, my mind is overwhelmed with their richness and fulness; and I cannot help stopping at every one, and using the words of that departed saint, Mr. Foster,[1] 'What does that mean,—and what does that mean!' Lord! teach me by thy Holy Spirit what thou meanest. Take all impediments to my learning out of the way; all ignorance, error, unbelief, conceit, and vain imaginations; and fill this poor, feeble, dark mind, with thy light. Let not the eyes of my understanding be confined within any boundaries of time and sense: let them not be drawn down to means and creatures, to second causes, and human contingencies; but fix them abidingly on thyself, the great First cause, the Governor of heaven and earth; the invisible, eternal, ever-present God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, in whom I live, and move, and have my being. Am

[1] The Rev. Henry Foster, minister of Clerkenwell.

I afflicted? It is a Father's gentle correcting hand. Am I in want? He knoweth it, and says, 'The world is mine, and the fulness thereof.' Am I in the valley of humiliation? There grows the lily of the valley; and there, blessed be the God of all grace, have I found that Lily, and derive thence such invigorating sweetness, as none but myself can know. Would I exchange my pain, my restless nights, nay, even my sometimes heart-sinkings, with the alternative of losing these heavenly bestowments? No! not to be made empress of the world. These are but means of pulling down the walls of the prison-house, from whence the captive spirit shall soon wing its way to those realms of bliss, which it is now exploring with feeble faith, and strong desire. I need not say, O my dear sister, fix your eyes there,—for there they *are* fixed; and there we shall shortly meet, to smile at our poor, narrow conceptions of that glory which it has not entered into the heart of man to conceive."

Mrs. Hawkes seems, at this period, to have been peculiarly favoured in her Christian experience. Long exercised in the school of adversity, she now began to realize, in a larger degree, those "peaceable fruits of righteousness," which are the effect of sanctified affliction. Her growth in humility, resignation, and acquiescence in the Divine will, was more and more apparent. There was also afforded her, great comfort and enlargement, in reading the Holy Scriptures; in the diligent study of which she found increasing delight.

In a letter to her beloved friend, Mrs. F., she says:—

"So infinite rich and full are the blessed promises, that when reading the Scriptures, I stop, like one overwhelmed with dazzling brightness, and can only say, What is the meaning of such words as these! I long to break my prison walls, that I may *go and see*. I have been more than usually unwell of late; and I think some chasms are made which enable me to catch a farther glimpse, for I can call it no more, of that glory which is reserved for all who love the Lord in sincerity."

In a letter to Mrs. Jones, speaking on the comfort derived from the study of the Scriptures, Mrs. Hawkes writes as follows:—

"How truly reviving and refreshing is it when the blessed

Spirit gives us power to take God's own words, and plead them at his footstool with a melting, depending, expectant heart. Truly can I say with the Psalmist, 'I had utterly fainted but for hope in thy word.' Yet how weak is my faith! how narrow and low the capacity of fully crediting all that the Lord hath spoken! I am grieved to find that, on many occasions, a sort of secret practical infidelity remains in my heart, when providences seem to go contrary the one to the other. I hate and loathe this too ready unbelief, which however is not, I hope, the prevailing cast of my mind; on the contrary, I have of late been led to a more full delight in, and hold of, those Scriptures that set forth the love of Christ; and often in the sharpest sufferings, my soul can, and does, rejoice in God my Saviour. I have not been out of my apartments for four or five months; my heart longs to go again to the sanctuary, to worship in the assembly of the saints. But I have no cause of complaint except against myself; for sweet, full, and refreshing, are the streams of living water, of which it is given me to drink; and, through condescending love, I am often led into green pastures by Him who is 'My Shepherd,' and my 'All in all.' 'My sheep hear my voice,' saith He; and truly sweet is his voice; I would listen to no other. 'Thou art the thing which I long for.' Thou art my delight when other delights fail."

Some who were more intimately acquainted with Mrs. Hawkes's continued and complicated afflictions, than with the sources of her peace and joy, were astonished, and almost stumbled, at her remarkable cheerfulness and serenity: as though it implied some degree of either apathy or stoicism. In the memorandum which marks the commencement of the year 1818, Mrs. Hawkes alludes, in a feeling manner, to this subject:—

Jan. 1818.—Some of my acquaintance are ready to reflect upon me, because I can feel so cheerful and so happy, circumstanced as I am in a certain relative point of view. And well they might reflect, and censure also, if I had *any* joy but what cometh from God. In the Lord, in his word, his ordinances, his providence, his grace, and in his children,—is all my delight; and in these I, in a measure, lose my griefs. Blessed be his name, He has chosen me for himself, and given me grace to choose him, and give myself to him; and I am satisfied and rejoiced; his name, and his word, are 'the rejoicing of my heart.'

"The God of all mercy and grace has, in the last two years, condescended in an especial manner to be very nigh unto my soul; and to draw me, with the cords of his love, into a nearer union and intercourse with himself. My heart is so won by his grace, that it knows not how to bear his absence, when he withdraws himself: and my cry is, and ever shall be, when I cannot see him, 'Return! thou fairest among ten thousand.' At the same time, the manifestations of his grace and goodness are attended by such discoveries of my wretched heart, and depraved nature,—of my past sins, and present vileness,—that my sorrow and shame are equal to my hope and joy. At the foot of the blessed cross these different feelings are called forth, and sweetly blend and harmonize. There I learn to understand in some degree that Christian paradox, 'As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.'

"In the hours of delightful pursuit and enjoyment of heavenly things, I endeavour to bear in mind that I am greatly helped therein by quiet, leisure, and by the absence of those temptations which health, society, and occupation might present; and which would form occasions to draw forth the latent evils of my still corrupt heart, and partially-renewed nature. If these evils are not, as formerly, putting forth their hideous heads, it arises not from their extirpation; it is not because I am more holy than others,—not because I have 'already attained,'—but it arises, in part, because the flint and steel do not come into collision; because the spark does not fall on the tinder. I would therefore lie low as a sinner; I would not open my mouth to boast, censure, or complain; I would be aware of my danger; I would search, and watch over, my deceitful heart; I would bless the Lord for weaning, separating afflictions; I would esteem myself happy that every string is cut that would tie me to earth, and that every charm is broken."

In a letter to Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Hawkes further describes the grounds of her constant peace and joy, as connected with the assurance of faith, and an entire acquiescence in the Divine will. She writes as follows:—

"Language is too weak to express the peace that I experience, in knowing whom I have believed, and in being fully assured, 'that he will keep that which I have committed to Him unto that day.' Unto Him do I by the help of his grace, commit myself, in pain and ease;—in suffering, whether it be short or long;—in life and in death. He gives me such reviving

consolations as fill me with wonder, praise and humiliation; and supports and comforts me with one hand, while he gently lays his Fatherly rod upon me with the other. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.' How delightful will the haven be after these rough winds! But, 'He stayeth his rough wind in the day of his east wind, and in measure when it shooteth forth, He debateth with it.' He who is pleased to prolong such a poor life, knows why He prolongs it; and all he does is right and best. I often exclaim, 'Lord, what wait I for?' Because it is His will, is a sufficient answer; and because there is so much remaining dross and tin, —is a sufficient explanation. Ah! you are sadly mistaken in supposing that I am making anything like a speedy advance toward self-annihilation. I am every day making discoveries of the subtle entwinings of selfishness in every word, thought, and act. I perceive that *self* will steal in, and mix up some of its poisonous essence in my best moments, best desires, and best efforts. I have been thinking lately, that the great end and object of all I would ask and desire, is, that I may be changed from the image of the earthly to the heavenly;—that I may glorify my Father which is in heaven;—and that I may lend a helping hand to my fellow Christians:—this *end* has not been kept in view, as it ought, with singleness of eye to exalt Christ, that He may be exhibited and set forth. No! *self* has had an insidious and hidden plea, in some way or other; and now I see and feel, (I trust with humiliation,) the *tinsel*, the *tinsel!* instead of the gold in all my best doings. Self-annihilation of the true sort, would be a transformation indeed for a creature all alive to sensitive feelings, to experience. Delightfully as some of the mystics have spoken and written upon the subject, it strikes me, that they did not with the same avidity seize, like St. Paul, every occasion to bring to view, the unsearchable riches of Christ:' *self*, and *self*, was more frequently the topic. I wish to be the better taught in the Divine lesson. I think I have been enabled, of late, to read the Scriptures with some profit, and with a more fixed desire 'to see the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ;'—to behold more of the Divine perfections as therein revealed;—and to catch, as it were, a glimpse of some more distinct feature,—some more fixed view of those sacred lineaments of the Divine character, which though we cannot comprehend, it so much concerns us to know. This I find gives great additional interest to reading the Scriptures. If I do not fully convey my meaning, you will find it expressed for me, 2 Cor. iii. 18. Well! let us ex-

ercise faith and patience a very little longer, and then we shall have full discoveries of his glory; for we shall see Him as He is. 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!'"

On the subject of reading the Holy Scriptures, Mrs. Hawkes writes to a young friend as follows:—

"I have not time to say all I intended on the subject of reading the Bible. The best description of my views which I can give at present, is that we should not only read in order to know what we should *be*, and *do*, as real Christians;—nor only to know what God has done, and will do, in the relation in which He stands to us as his creatures, and particularly as his children:—but the Scripture is a glass wherein He has in a most glorious manner, given us a relation of Himself,—of His perfections,—of His infinite eternity of being; we should therefore, at seasons delight ourselves with tracing out the different features of His glorious Majesty. In thus reverently studying the Divine character, our minds will obtain larger apprehensions of the various perfections of God; and the discoveries which the Holy Spirit will help us to make, will cause our hearts to burn within us; our faith, love, and confidence will be increased, and a fresh interest will be given to every thing we see; because we shall trace every thing *upwards*, 'here I see the touch of His hand.' The more we behold of Deity, the lower we shall sink in humility and self-abasement; and selfishness, hateful, narrow selfishness, will be lost.

"What I have found to be my stay through every dark and dismal cogitation is, to get my memory stored with Scripture. When thoughts rush in, I do not parly with them, but instantly read or repeat, some verses of the precious Bible, where I always find an answer for every thing. I do indeed, through the help of the blessed Spirit, find the Scripture to be a sacred *exorcist*, that soon puts a legion of fears and miseries to flight; mightily pulling down the strong holds of sin and Satan; 'casting down imaginations,' and every rebellious thought; and when mixed with prayer and appropriating faith, effectual to perfect, establish, and settle the soul in peace. Every passage I read, and meditate upon, furnishes so many distinct topics for prayer. This I do find to be the secret that obliterates the power and being of second causes; this fills up every aching void in the solitary heart; this turns every wilderness into a pleasant garden; unravels all dark problems: and teaches us to be good arithmeticians, and 'to reckon, that the sufferings

of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.'

"Oh! the wonderful power of *heart piety*, and the wonderful peace also! How does walking with God like Enoch, elevate, expand, enrich, ennoble, compose and regulate the mind! How much interest does it give to every hour, every moment of the day! There is no aching void, no yawning vacuum, no tedious ennui, in the *living* Christian's life. All is pursuit, advancement, possession. Every object is sublime,—animating, filling,—eternal. How sweet to begin each day with, 'Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commit my spirit,' my body, my thoughts, my words and actions. Peace and communion with God is given, as the apostle says, 'at all times, and by all means.' Every event and occurrence may be made a means in the hand of the Holy Spirit, of promoting our peace. May the blessed God, and our Saviour, keep thee, my God-daughter, as the apple of his eye!

"Prays your affectionate,

"S. H."

The following reflections were written by Mrs. Hawkes, upon a remark made to her in the course of religious conversation:—

"'I have no pleasure in reading the Bible,' said one to me to-day:—not an unbeliever, but one well instructed in the gospel, and an able defender of its leading doctrines. How is this? The belief goes no further than the *understanding*. (See Dr. Owen on the work of the Spirit.)

"When religion exists in the mind as a bare speculation, no wonder it is considered dry and dreary; and when the truths of the Bible are believed and studied as abstract theorems only, no wonder that the attention they call for is considered a hard demand, and a sad necessity. But when the Scriptures are believed, and received into the *heart*, then are they felt to teem with life and interest; and when religion engages and occupies every power and faculty that we possess,—it gives interest to life; and delight, unknown before, enters into every object and pursuit we undertake,—into every relation in which we stand,—and every passing day becomes full of project and event.

"A strong moral sense, and a conscience enlightened by revelation, may enable a thinking, reflecting, investigating mind, to discover many evils of the heart and nature, which are unperceived by others,—who still think the character good.

But a *feeling sense* of these evils, accompanied by penitential sorrow, true humiliation of spirit, and hatred of all sin, can only be obtained by the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit. Repentance springs from faith; we know the evil of sin by faith, as well as its remedy. In short, we know nothing of God,—of the eternal world,—of ourselves,—of the state of the present world, but by faith in the revelation of the Scriptures. Read me not, therefore, lectures on morality, and on the power that is left in man to obtain virtue and holiness by his own efforts, and to hate evil from its own deformity:—'To the law and to the testimony.'[1]

"'Behold I am vile—I abhor myself—and put my mouth in the dust'—must be the feeling of the new creature. What is the criterion of this feeling as to its reality?—not words;—not tender meltings, however precious;—not low and weeping frames;—but, lowliness of mind,—meekness of spirit,—patience of injuries,—thankfulness for reproof,—forgiveness of unkindness and wrong,—a willingness to be lightly esteemed,—a total ceasing from the desire or pursuit of the honour that cometh from man,—a readiness to lay the body to be walked over as the dirt in the streets (Isa. li. 23.) It is the *conduct* that gives the best evidence or humility. How hard is the cure of that deep, secret, spreading root,—pride! When there seems some hope of its extirpation, how soon will it shoot out again with fresh vigour and various branches! Never say, 'I am cured of this or that propensity;' but rather, 'I am seeking a cure.'"

In a letter, dated April, 1818, Mrs. Hawkes thus replies to some questions put by her friend Mrs. C——tt, on the subject of forgiveness of injuries.

"With respect to the duty of absolute and unreserved forgiveness of injuries,—on this we are agreed. As to the opinion you quote, that we must not shun the society of the injurious person, but take every opportunity of personal intercourse,—I can only assent to it after many qualifications, and much discrimination. Both the nature and extent of the offence, and the true character and *meaning* of the offender must be taken into the account. If the offence be such as chiefly militates against my *pride*, (of what sort soever,) or against my preju-

[1] Calvin says. "Let us not suppose that apart from Christ we have a drop of rectitude."—Ed.

dices, or favourite sentiments,—against my humour, or habits; in short, against any thing that may strictly be considered non-essential, and which chiefly concerns my *feelings;* then, I am wrong as well as the offender; and in order to humble myself, I should do as your author says. But if the offence be against my character,—my peace,—my personal or domestic happiness,—my relative and social engagements and usefulness,—my real interests; then, I think, I should stand excused from personal intercourse, until I had reason to believe I should no more hazard such treatment. So also with regard to the offender:—If he be in any degree otherwise than a moral character,—if he be actuated by evil principles,—evil dispositions,—perverted and immoral sentiments,—if he be a deceitful, designing, or doubtful character; I should forgive an injury,—but I should not consider myself called to maintain intimate or friendly intercourse. In the case of relationship, as much as possible must be yielded. I have found it a great help to forgiveness,—as well as that it serves as a test of its sincerity,—to pray much for an offender. A praying spirit, and an unforgiving spirit are incompatible. Oh! how much is comprised in those words, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us!' Indeed prayer is our best resource on all occasions. I feel that all things are comparatively easy to bear, when I can pour out my full heart to Him whose ear is ever open to my complaints; so also, no doubt, feels my dearest friend and sister in Christ.

"I am sorry to hear you speak of decay of bodily and mental strength; I trust, if it be good for you, that both may be renovated by the returning spring. As for myself, I do not expect, nor, I think, wish for such renovation. I am almost as weak and feeble as an infant; and I hail these harbingers of total release from a body of sin and death, and from a world of sin and sorrow."

In the summer of 1818, Mrs. Hawkes had another serious attack of fever, by which her little remaining strength was still further reduced. In the following letters to Mrs. Jones, she describes her constant suffering from languor and debility:—

"I wish I were able to write to my beloved sister as my heart would dictate: I should soon fill a large sheet. But languor and excessive weakness unfit me even for those exercises, in which alone, I have any pleasure and satisfaction. I am exactly like one vanquished by an overpowering enemy; if at

any time I make an effort to throw off my fetters, I am soon reminded that my strength is gone, and my efforts vain. Pleasure from all sensible objects, I have long been deprived of; but my intellectual pleasures I part with, I confess, reluctantly. To sit or recline on my couch, more dead than alive, with all my rich books around me, and be unable to taste a morsel of their dainties, is a trial known only to those who are in such a case. I have shared largely of pain, but this dying weakness is still more hard to endure; and can only be relieved by slipping out of the body. This state, however, sets one important lesson constantly before me, which I pray I may be enabled to learn,—namely, to fall with the simplicity and quietness of a little child, into the Divine will. There is no doubt but every one of God's dispensations, whether great or small, is designed to produce this quiescent disposition; and if it could be *fully* learnt, there would be an end to anxiety, reluctance, anxious forebodings, and all uneasiness. I consent to this in theory: I say, I am sure all must be right, and it matters not what are my changes *here*, if I may but, at last, be safely landed in the haven of rest; I would be as clay in the hands of a potter, to be, by whatever means and process He pleases, formed and fashioned to his will. Yet when under this or that trial, or in the prospect of this or the other evil, my will starts up, and chooses and refuses; and hence springs my trouble. I see and feel, that there is nothing like being brought low, and made to lie at the footstool of Divine mercy,—receiving from thence, as a poor bankrupt, the needful supply for the present moment. These gracious supplies exceedingly endear and exalt the Saviour, and induce such a habit of incessant application and dependence as creates wonder, gratitude, and love, to our unwearied friend. * * * * *

"I often catch myself making terms,—'If I may have some vigour of mind, then I will never complain under pain and weakness of body,' &c.—which is no less than saying, 'let me choose my own trials and then I will be satisfied.' Self-choosing is, I believe, one of the hardest things to cure. God could, if it pleased Him, give me a healthy mind in a sickly body; but if *both* are to be weakened together, it is my wisdom to say, 'Even so, Father, for it seemeth good in thy sight.'

"The road, especially at the first entrance to the valley of humiliation, looks very ugly, and is rugged and steep; and it is well, as Bunyan says, 'if in going down into this valley we get not a slip by the way.' But when we have made some advance, and begin to dwell in it, then we see and taste of the

lovely fruits of the beautiful vale. There dwells the rose of Sharon; there run the waters of quietness; there sounds the voice of the Dove of peace; there stands the foot of the cross, at which we may lie and cling; and hope and love bring into the patient soul a foretaste of heaven.

"Cease not to pray for a poor burdened creature, who longs to be clothed upon with her house which is from heaven.

"Ever yours,

"S. H."

From the same to the same.

"It is not because my time has been much engaged that I have not sooner written to my beloved sister, but because I am dead, or very much like it. I sit and mourn over my indisposedness, and inability to make any good use of my time; for I seem to be doing nothing for time or eternity,—for myself or others. Oh, that I might experience the fulfilling of that promise,—'They shall bring forth fruit in old age!' Mine is extreme old age, though I am but little past the prime of life. To bear fruit in its season, is what I long for. Various and different are the seasons of christian fruit-bearing,—according as trials, difficulties, and temptations vary. The fruit suitable to my present state is, as you say,—'Full and entire dependence upon God in Christ,'—which includes every grace. I could not get on at all, but should sink in despair, if I were not enabled simply to tell my Saviour every infirmity and every complaint. Such is my debility and languor, that when I kneel down to pray, I am presently overpowered with drowsiness,—so that I am like one talking in my sleep. This I tell Him. I am sometimes assisted to pray best in my chair: but it is a heavy burden not to be able to pray on my knees. Yet He seeth my heart; and if I am not deceived, He seeth there a principle which Himself hath planted, that longeth after Him, and watcheth for Him 'as they watch for the morning;' so that after all, I say with David, 'This is my infirmity, but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High.' In the first part of my spiritual pilgrimage, notwithstanding some troubles and conflicts, I went on my way rejoicing: but I knew little of my own evil heart and corrupt nature. In the middle stage, such sort of afflictions were sent me, as discovered to me my ignorance of myself, and my ignorance of God, and his work of salvation. Rich discoveries did He make of Himself through many years of extreme pain. And

now He calls me to be 'as a weaned child;' not only weaned from the things of this world,—for those have been taken away, and a sentence of death written upon all that remains;—but weaned from creatures, and weaned in some measure from public ordinances: weaned also from those delightful, animating, vivid actings of faith, by which I was sometimes made to soar as the eagle, and to say even to pain and suffering 'ye are nothing.' The fruit now called for, is, to be passive as clay in the hands of the potter; to say to every comfort, temporal and spiritual, 'Let it be as seemeth Thee good, only accomplish thy will. Let the root be kept alive, and the tree be kept continually green, though it put forth no blossoms. Let me no longer wrap myself up in any fair leaves of my own, but be clothed with a garment which has no defect.' Yet I fear lest spiritual sloth should shelter itself under this bodily languor; which causes many a deep groan. Rutherford says, 'If I knew that my Lord had withdrawn himself to try and stir up the graces of faith, I could endure it: but I fear He is smoked out of the house by the flames of corruption.'

"Farewell, yours affectionately,

"S. H."

In the latter stage of her long and weary pilgrimage, Mrs. Hawkes notices the return of her birth-day. The manner in which she expressed herself on the subject may appear strange to persons who have been less exercised with affliction: and also to those who have a less deep impression of the vanity and emptiness of human life, further than as it is enlightened and relieved by grace;—the effects of which will be seen, in checking those expressions of dissatisfaction into which some of the best of men have fallen, (as in the cases of Job and Jeremiah,) and also in cheering the decline of life; which Mrs. Hawkes acknowledges in the following memorandum:—

Tuesday, Oct. 13, 1818.—"The anniversary of the day of my birth. I have, for years, been accustomed to pass my birth-day with a desire to forget it: because to me it was the beginning of many sorrows, and I could not feel thankful that I ever had a being. I would this day correct myself, and acknowledge my sin and ingratitude on this account. Had it not pleased the God of all grace to grant me a second, new, and spiritual birth, I might well have wished with Job, that the day might perish wherein I was born. But being, as I humbly hope and believe, born again, 'to an inheritance incor-

ruptible, and that fadeth not away,'—I ought to notice this day with humiliation and praise.

"I have been informed that my dear mother dedicated me to God from the womb; blessed be God for such a mother! I have also been told that, when very young, I had a dangerous illness, and was given over for death; and that a man of God, visiting in the house, prayed for me with great wrestling; in answer to whose prayers, together with those of my dear mother, I seemed to be raised up again. This kindness I have also been accustomed to pass over with the unhallowed wish, that they had spared their importunity.

"And now what is the language of my heart this day, in the 59th year of my age,—encompassed with weariness and pain,—dwelling in a tent among strangers; with nothing to call my own?

"I trust my heart sincerely utters this day, both in the remembrance of days of real anguish that are past, and under the feeling of sufferings that still continue, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul,' 'The Lord hath dealt bountifully with me.'

"With increasing light, and stronger perceptions of the evil of sin, I read over the catalogue, (fearful as it is,) of the sins of my childhood, youth, and riper years; and of those especially which have been committed since I was made a partaker of renewing grace. And so vividly does the eye of my mind trace sin from its beginning, that I should fall into utter despair, but for that wonderful declaration of mercy, which through the power of faith, I am enabled to believe,—'I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.'

"This month twenty-two years, I was bereft of a home, and left in a totally dependent state: nineteen years ago I was visited with an incurable disease, in the midst of strong fears, and weak faith. Oh! what sorrows have I passed through! and what wonders of mercy have I seen!

"Within the last three years, my mercies, both as regards my body and my soul, have been so increased, as to fill me with astonishment. These indeed are my happiest, my best days; because the Lord has satisfied my soul with Himself: In Him I 'inherit substance.' He has so wonderfully provided for me the kindest relatives, the choicest friends: has so graciously supplied my wants; and with such surprising love draws me so near to Himself,—that I can truly say, all I want is more grace, and more devotedness to Him."

Towards the close of the year 1818, writing to her friend Mrs. Y——, who was suffering under bereavement, she concludes with similar expressions of gratitude to God for those consolations which were afforded during the night of her affliction :—

"Nothing, my dear madam, but such hindrances as were out of my power to prevent, would have occasioned my delaying a single day, to reply to your kind and mournful note. I both condole and rejoice with you in sincere and affectionate sympathy. I love to follow a departed spirit, known or unknown, into the blissful presence of our adorable God and Saviour; and though all human thoughts are poor and grovelling, when stretched to their utmost bounds, in conceiving of that blessedness,—yet I find it profitable to be much occupied in such contemplations. Alas! how are the wings of the soul clogged, and enfeebled, by the things of time and sense! When, in some favoured moments, faith and hope begin to bear us heavenward,—some outward circumstance or inward evil,—some temptation from Satan or from the world,—like an arrow shot at a soaring bird,—stops our flight, and brings us down again to mourn over our feebleness, and sad propensity towards earth. Do I speak your feelings, dear madam, or only my own? Your impediments and mine, are, no doubt, very different. You have to contend with the world *without*, as well as the world *within*. I find I must never lay down my shield and sword, and say, 'Now I may rest awhile,—no enemy is stirring.' The spiritual temple of our souls must be reared as the Israelites built up the wall—while one hand wrought in the work, the other hand held a weapon; and in doing this we may say, 'Surely God shall fight for us.' Our weapons are not carnal but spiritual; and the promise made 'to him that overcometh,' is firmer than heaven and earth. Let us therefore not be discouraged; but under every failure, pray for strength to make another and another effort, more strong and effectual than the last:—remembering, that to *us*, as well as to Peter, our blessed Intercessor speaketh the same gracious, heart-reviving words, 'I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not.'

"I believe I shall be more than ever a prisoner this winter. Yet I have no cause of complaint against my loving and gracious Lord, whose prisoner I trust I am: for He giveth me songs in the night of my affliction; which though poorly and

feebly sung, are sufficient to cheer my suffering hours; and soon, I trust, they will rise to other and purer strains of never-ending praise. Oh, how should our heart exult in redeeming love! When we reflect what we are saved *from*, and what is the hope set before us in the ever-blessed Gospel, there should be no bounds to our praises!"

A short memorandum written on Christmas-day, shall close this year.

Dec. 25, 1818.—"This has been a day of trial and affliction from without, and oppression from pain and disease within. Yet, blessed be the Father of mercies, my thoughts have been raised above my troubles, and have been following the glorious subjects of this important season. The transactions,—as recorded in the history of the blessed Saviour's birth,—have passed as bright rays through my mind. When I think of the 'Brightness of the Father's glory,' shrouded in infant flesh,—a babe in a manger,—the mystery overwhelms me;—but when I view that glorious Infant, and consider the love and pity that brought Him down, to become 'bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh,'—I leave the mystery and embrace the fact; adding my feeble voice to those who sang, 'Glory to God in the highest,' &c. And, oh! that this same Jesus may accept,—not costly spices and gold,—but the sighs of a contrite heart, and the flowings out of love and gratitude, and self-dedication. I anticipate passing the next Christmas-day in adoration at his blessed feet in heaven!"

This anticipation was not realized: but the solemn meditations which, at this time, occupied Mrs. Hawkes's mind, were made a means of her still further sanctification, and more entire meetness for that coming of her Lord, which she was 'looking for and hasting unto.' On entering the new year, she writes as follows:—

Jan. 1819.—"It is with feelings of peculiar solemnity that I take leave of the old, and enter upon the new year. I seem to have something more than my usual impression that, before this year is closed, my eyes will be closed in death; and I desire to encourage the expectation, that I may be found ready at the awful moment of my call.

"My thoughts, for a long season, have dwelt on death and on eternity; I seem to have even now a footing there. So far

are these thoughts from depressing my spirits, that they bear up my mind above my sufferings, (which are now more than ever sharp and prevailing,) just as the wings of a bird support and assist him in his flight.

"Glory, honour, and praise be unto Him, who hath swallowed up death in victory! and who hath opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers. Blessed be God for Jesus Christ; blessed be Jesus Christ for the gift of himself! and for the gift of that living faith, which unites the soul to him our living head."

Though Mrs. Hawkes was able to look beyond the grave with a sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection, yet she had fears respecting the *act of dying*, of which she often spoke; and these fears were increased by the prospect of that severe suffering which she was likely to experience in the latter stages of her complaint. In the following extracts from letters to Mrs. Jones, abounding as they are in joyful hope, the reader will perceive some allusion to a *natural* fear of death. She writes:—

"I have no cordial from below the skies so sweet as that afforded me by my dearest sister's letters; nor are they *earthly* cordials, for they raise my heart to heaven. They bring my beloved sister into my company, with her usual language of feeling and affection, and a mind spiritually tuned. I am thankful to taste so much pleasure, though far short of what would be conveyed by actual seeing and hearing: but to this we shall soon attain in its full perfection. If it be the Divine will, I could wish we might both set sail at the same moment, and meet in our Father's kingdom, to prostrate ourselves in heavenly union at the feet of our adorable Saviour; uttering with one heart and voice, praise, and glory, and honour, for his great salvation. I want more simply, and actually, to realize this expectation. Sometimes I seem, for a moment, to reach towards it; but such favours are transient. Yet they give vigour to hope and prayer. I dare not try to realize the actual moment of departure; spectres hover about a dying pillow. I therefore endeavour to look first if my lamp be burning, and my loins girded, and if my grasp of the Saviour be firm: and then carry my sight within the veil, leaving the river behind.

> 'Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
> To break the shock which nature needs must feel.'[1]

[1] Young's Night Thoughts.

Or rather, it walks with *trembling steps* over the bridge already built by the God of truth; it ought to walk with a *firm step;* and if it may please Him so to order, so it shall be, when the time for going over is really at hand."

Mrs. Hawkes probably here refers to those deepened impressions of the heinous nature of sin, and those clearer views of the majesty, purity, and justice of God, which are often presented to the mind on a dying bed; and which bring forward *past offences*, like "spectres" hovering round the conscious soul, while looking through the thinning veil of flesh, into an awful eternity. Satan also, "the accuser of the brethren," is sometimes permitted to assault and terrify the dying Christian, with peculiar temptations. He takes advantage of those remains of the spirit of bondage, "through fear of death," which have a tendency to enfeeble, benumb, and chill with horror, at thoughts of the *transition;* and endeavours to keep the believer from a comfortable remembrance of Him, who saith, "Deliver him from going down to the pit; for I have found a ransom." Thus the "powers of darkness" have their "hour;" and are allowed, for a moment, to eclipse that Sun of Righteousness, which is about to burst with glory on the emancipated soul. This last conflict, however, though *sharp*, is usually *short:* and Satan being finally cast down, the mind of the waiting Christian is filled with heavenly expectations, of "an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Many blessed anticipations of the beatific vision were, from time to time, afforded Mrs. Hawkes during her pilgrimage here below, which led her to "speak of the glory of the kingdom," as in the following letter to Mrs. Jones:—

"As the refreshing showers to the thirsty ground, so is every letter of my beloved sister to my spirit. I have much communion with you; and I am thankful that I am able, in any measure, to meet your experience; and that there is a sacred chord in my heart so in unison with yours, that it vibrates at your heavenly touch, and sounds out in songs of praise to him who hath united us, *in* and *to* himself, in the bonds of the everlasting Covenant. Yes, glory and blessing be to Jehovah, our Lord! we are fast advancing under the same gracious Leader, to a land of pure delight; where we shall be ready to say to each other, 'Tune your harp, my sister, to higher notes.' Nor to all eternity shall we be able to fathom this ocean of

grace and love, though we should be advancing in knowledge with all the rapidity and power of heavenly faculties. I have been much occupied in endeavouring to contemplate that glorious majesty, who, because he is infinite, can never be comprehended by the highest archangel. What an idea is presented to the mind by the stupendous terms, *Infinite*, *Eternal!* O Time! thou single moment of duration! strange that so many thoughts and contrivances should be devoted to thee! Soon shall it be said to each of us, as well as to millions besides, 'Time shall be no longer.' Your wings are already stretched; and mine I am endeavouring to stretch, ready to soar away at the glad signal. Let us, (but it is hard work,) look over Jordan's narrow passage to that celestial city, whose glorious light we behold, though but as a twinkling star, through faith's telescope.

"The painful and strange symptoms which my complaint puts forth, do indeed often fill me with fearful expectations. And when faith fails, and my eye turns downwards, my knees are ready to smite together, and my flesh and heart to fail. That sweet promise has comforted me, 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee.' I seem now but just entering the heat of the battle; pray for me, that if it please Him, the combat may be short, and the shout of victory quickly succeed.

"I have many who come to talk with me; and the feeling of my inability helps to teach me dependence. Every day I repeat, mostly in the very words of Solomon, 'I am a little child, give me wisdom.' Let the words that I speak be *not my words*, but such as *Thou* shall give me to speak.

"Adieu,

"S. H."

On the subject of death Mrs. Hawkes again expresses her views and feelings, in a letter to her friend Mrs. C——tt, to whom she writes in the month of March, 1819, as follows:—

"I do not know much of the feelings you mention respecting 'the body being laid in the grave, the food of worms.' I have been so accustomed to think of the body as a mere lump of clay, soon to be mingled as 'dust with dust, and ashes with ashes,' having nothing remaining of its former self, except what is necessary to its identity, until it shall be raised a glorious body:—that it always ranks in my mind with other ma-

terial substances, of no value beyond their present use. My delight, and effort, is to contemplate the new and surprising powers of the disembodied spirit, landed in a region of pure delight, where its faculties will be in full perfection; and where, as I conceive, it will with intensity of desire, and inconceivable vigour and speed, be still stretching forward to explore the wonders and glories of heaven; and especially, to attain a more perfect knowledge of Him, who as the only uncreated, self-subsisting Being, must, to all eternity, be incomprehensible to a finite creature. Surely, to be filled with love, and to be discovering the glorious attributes of Deity, in our Father's house, as his redeemed children,—to whom he will delight to make known the things of the kingdom, and himself as the one, everlasting, Triune God,—will furnish us with delightful employment through never-ending ages. To look into these things, constitutes our happiest moments in this life; and to these sublime and joyful contemplations, should our minds be directed with all possible endeavour. But alas! darkness, infirmity, anxiety, and the predominancy of sensible objects over those of faith, together with the remains of our carnal nature, prevent our dwelling on these animating themes, and shut out the rays of this glorious abode. Yet, blessed be his name, the Sun of Righteousness is arisen; and the heavenly beams which he condescends, by the Holy Spirit, to dart into our prison-house, fill our souls with the only true joy we experience, and eclipse all the false glare and splendour of this world: and we know, and rejoice, that this true light shall shine more and more unto the perfect day. Blessed Saviour, assist us to open every door and window of our souls, that we may be full of light! and then we shall be full of love; and be daily changed into the image of him whose name is *Love*.

"I must not however omit to say, that I, as well as my beloved friend, have some disquieting ideas about *death*. These are attached to the actual season of departure, the *time* of dying, chiefly as touching the derangement, incoherence, and weakness, that then sits in full triumph over all that has distinguished the human character. But I *allow* not such cogitations: my Saviour has promised to be with his sheep as a guide and guardian through the dark valley. Of whom then, and of what, should we be afraid? Dying grace is promised to dying times; and when we were graciously told, 'to take no thought for the morrow,'—this, and every other anxiety was alike forbidden. Oh, my beloved sister, in this vale of tears! let us not faint and grow weary in our minds;—our difficulties, dangers,

and impediments in our heavenly progress, are doubtless many and oppressive; but if we are disciples of Christ, and are living as such, we live for a glorious purpose,—even to be witnesses for Him who loved us, and gave himself for us,—and whom we can never, never, love as we ought."

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In the year 1820, Mrs, Hawkes was called to part with her beloved sister, Mrs. Jones. A short time before this aged christian was taken to her rest, she had a serious illness; but upon a temporary revival she writes to Mrs. Hawkes:—"I am, through favour, getting better from my late illness. In the entrance into my affliction, I felt as if in the peaceful fountain of love; and I have had more enjoyment than pain all through it. When He giveth peace who then can give trouble? A free gift indeed to sinners! 'By grace are ye saved.' I am now able to bear the converse of my christian friends; and it does me good, because they are of my Father's family. I am daily endeavouring to realize my *age*,—for surely there is but a step between me and death. If you go first, I shall speedily follow; and I trust you will welcome me into the blessed assembly. Remember for your comfort, those will be nearest the throne, who 'came out of great tribulation.' May the Lord give my sister such spiritual views of the eternal 'weight of glory,' that she may account her sufferings upon earth 'not worthy to be compared' with such boundless bliss!"

The following letter addressed to Mrs. Jones during her temporary convalescence, brings to a close the interesting and edifying correspondence of these two sisters. Mrs. Hawkes writes:—

"Happy and thankful am I to hear, that a heavenly efficacy has been given to the means used for the recovery of my dear sister's health; and I trust the cure will be fully confirmed by a change of air. I have begun to go out a little, after a privation of nearly five months; and have been once or twice in St. John's Chapel. But I make poor work of it, and must, I fear, quite give up the attempt;—though it will be with much reluctance; for it has been my constant prayer, that as long as life is spared, I may worship in God's holy temple. Glorious manifestations of Himself, as revealed in his beloved Son, have you and I been favoured with, in the sanctuary. And now blessed be his name, which is faithfulness and truth! we are, by the same divine favour, enabled to bear witness, that the

Lord is not confined to temples made with hands,—but that He is nigh unto all that call upon Him: so nigh, as to unite Himself to them in a mysterious and sacred *oneness*, far above all human comprehension, and far above human language to describe. How has Rutherford borne testimony to this effect! as also the noble army of martyrs,—and the whole true church, before and since their time. The flames,—the low dungeon,—the sick chamber,—the dying bed,—have often been made a Bethel, and the very gate of heaven. All I desire is, that these heavenly favours should be permanent instead of transient: but for this we must wait as well as pray. It is promised that even the 'last enemy' shall not harm us—for 'He shall swallow up death in victory.' 'All things, O Christian,' says an old writer, 'are thine, and shall work together for thy good. Life's distresses,—languishing and final period, the time, manner, and every circumstance of thy death, are among the blessings purchased for thee by the precious blood of Christ. Death and the grave could not be in the saint's inventory of blessings, or in the triumph of his faith, had not the cross of Christ destroyed all that was evil in them, and made them friendly and harmless to his people.'

"This assurance to such as you and I, drawing near the close of life is very comforting. My mind dwells much on death; and I want to learn with the blessed apostle to 'die daily.' This heavy body makes me long for freedom; but this is not the sanctified motive for wishing to be gone. There is more resignation-work for me to practise; pray for me that I may be a better pupil.

"Ever yours.

"S. H."

Although Mrs. Hawkes's very affectionate disposition rendered her all through life peculiarly susceptible of grief,—yet towards the end of her course, near views of eternity enabled her so to realize a happy re-union with her christian friends and relatives in the heavenly world, that she could look on the intervals of separation as *momentary*. After the death of Mrs. Jones she thus refers to the subject, when writing to her nephew Mr. E. T. Jones:—

"Ah! your sainted mother used to animate us all by her sweet letters, and help us by her prayers! and we should remember that this office of love now devolves upon such as are left behind. Love one another, and help one another, are Di-

vine injunctions. I trust, my dear nephew, that you feel an increasing love and gratitude to the God of all grace, that he hath 'called you out of darkness into his marvellous light.' It is indeed *marvellous* light! which 'shineth more and more unto the perfect day:' and what that perfect day is, 'it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive.' I long that the veil which obscures it from shining on my soul, should be taken away. I long to widen the poor narrow crevices of my heart, which admit only a glimmering ray, that it may be *filled* with light. I long to be with her who now rejoices in the full blaze of day. Let us not seek her among the *dead*, but among the *living;* and trim our lamps afresh, and listen for the bridegroom's coming; for He will come, and how soon we know not. To me, a weary pilgrim, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.'"

While, however, faith was thus endeavouring to follow the departed spirit with congratulation, the depression which this loss produced on Mrs. Hawkes's animal spirits, is naturally expressed in a letter to her valued friend, Mrs. Y——, to whom in the month of August, 1820, she thus writes:—

"Your remark is true, and I feel it more than I even expected, 'that while faith may be mercifully strengthened, nature is weak' and in such an enfeebled state as mine, it fails on every touch of new excitement and agitation. Through infinite goodness, I am not greatly depressed: yet a pensiveness, which I feel it necessary to guard against, lest it should degenerate into a fixed sadness, hovers over my mind, and proves how much I am enfeebled, and shaken like the reed by every passing breath. I trust however that, by divine help, this sorrowful event will be numbered among the 'all things' that shall 'work together for good.' Whatever operates to bring the eternal world into closer contact with the mind, and leads the soul to cling with a more tender and strong adherence to the blessed Saviour,—and opens wider the eye of faith, to see Him stooping from his mercy-seat, to mark, and watch over every event and circumstance, and the ear of faith, to hear him inwardly proclaim, 'In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace;'—whatever may be accompanied with these salutary effects, must be a blessing, however painful to sense and nature."

Mrs. Hawkes again alludes to the death of her sister, on the return of her birth-day.

Oct. 13, 1820.—"Another year of increased burden, feebleness, and suffering, is accomplished! Wonders of mercy rise upon me; wonders of ill-deservings;—wonders of divine pity and favour!

* * * * * *

"Oh that I had the wings of a dove, that I might flee away, and unite with my ever beloved, and now glorified sister, in songs of praise 'to Him who hath loved us!' Sweetly her voice vibrates in my ear, 'sister-spirit, come away.' I am waiting on the solemn shore of Jordan's flood, till a sweeter, stronger voice shall say, 'Launch out into the deep;' 'Be not afraid;' 'Lo, I am with you always;' 'It is I, be not afraid.' —Amen. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

From the perusal of various letters, it appears that much of Mrs. Hawkes's correspondence, during the year 1821, was dictated by the desire to assist some young persons from the country, who were in need of recommendation. Her extensive acquaintance opened to her this opportunity of usefulness: and her benevolence of mind made her ready thus to employ her energies whenever called upon to do so. At the close of the followinng letter to Mrs. Y——, she refers to this subject:—

June 25, 1821.

"My dear Madam,

"Day after day, for some weeks past, I have attempted to write, but have been always hindered after proceeding a few lines; and I have also waited for that retirement, and full composure of mind, which renders communication with a dear christian friend doubly profitable. I wish, both in speaking and writing, to be under the best influence. It is easy to find *words;* but unless they are accompanied by a lively impression upon the heart, nothing is conveyed to any purpose. Alas! what various circumstances and occurrences are every day arising, that tend to damp those sweet and heavenly impressions with which we may be enabled to begin the day! After some favoured moments of morning blessings, I have thought,—surely I shall be strong in the Lord through the day, and shall suffer no inferior things to call off my mind, or disturb the inward peace that has now been so graciously afforded! Yet sad to say, ere the evening returns, I resemble the dry leaf, which is blown to and fro with every wind;—and

before I lay down my head on my pillow at night, I can only creep to the foot of the blessed cross, ashamed to come there again and again, with spotted, rent, and polluted garments,—repeating the same cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' Oh, deal not with me according to my deserts, but according to the infinite value of that precious sacrifice, to which I flee for acceptance! Ah! my dearest madam, neither the tongues of men, nor angels, can ever adequately declare the wonders of redeeming love! nor the free access that is vouchsafed to the penitent and mourning sinner, when presenting his feeble supplications; and when standing at mercy's door, covered with shame and self-loathing, he is enabled to make fresh application to the blood of sprinkling,—and to cry, Wash me yet again, that I may be whiter than snow. Adored be sovereign grace and mercy, often have we in such sacred seasons heard the blessed Saviour's voice, saying, 'go in peace!' 'I will; be thou clean!' Oh that on every occasion, to the end of life, we may ever hear his voice, and follow it uprightly,—intelligently,—and unreservedly!

"I think I may say, no day passes in which you are not more or less in my thoughts, and more especially on the Sabbath. I know that you are longing, like myself, to be led into those green pastures, and fed with that feast of fat things, formerly granted to us. I trust, however, that you are with open mouth receiving large supplies of living water more immediately from the Fountain of Life. Ah how gratuitously is it offered! How sweet and urgent the condescending invitation to come and partake of it freely!

"I do yet hope for the favour and pleasure of personal communion with you, my dear madam,—such as I have been indulged with in time past, and which I highly value, and very gratefully estimate. I have longed to communicate with you by letter, but have had innumerable interruptions. I have been anxiously engaged of late in writing letters of inquiry, and also advertizing in the public papers, in the earnest hope of obtaining a situation for a young friend as, preparatory governess. I have applied to Mr. Hatchard, and in every quarter I could, but without success; and I must now let my young friend return home, (though so far distant as Gloucestershire,) where she must wait until something eligible offers; for I really can do no more for her at present. I can comfortably recommend her as a confidential character, and I trust that a kind providence will, ere long, interfere on her behalf.

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"May the Great Shepherd of his sheep bless and keep you, my dear madam, nigh unto himself, and ever lead you by the waters of comfort! prays,

"Your truly attached friend and servant,

"S. H."

To a friend at Dover she writes, in the month of October, as follows:—

"In younger years I should have been delighted in being with you at Dover: for like yourself I admire it greatly. My beloved sister Jones, and I, once spent a few weeks there, and enjoyed it much. Your taste for the picturesque would have increased my pleasure sevenfold. I have still the fine sea and cliffs in my eye. But at pressent, I am gazing on, and I hope diving into, an ocean without bottom or boundary: and I am looking and climbing, (in effort at least,) that Rock which is higher than I; and which shall stand unshaken when the sea shall be dried up, and when mountains shall depart, and fall and moulder away. In proportion as success is afforded me in this effort, all below sinks into mere nothingness.

"I rejoice to hear that your health is better. To be called to great exertion with small strength, is very wearing. Yet, were health and strength best for us, we have an Almighty Friend, able and ready to bestow them. We must therefore believe, that there is a sufficient reason for our present dispensation, and endeavour to get all the good which it is designed to yield. It is far less easy for energetic minds to abound in *passive* graces than in active; yet the one are as important as the other,—and, in their place, equally pleasing to the Divine mind. I trust you are making advancement in higher studies than any this poor world can furnish. How different is the elevation! and how different the effects! The mind soon grows giddy, and thus sinks into degradation, on attaining any spot of earthly advancement; but in proportion as we climb that Rock, which is so high that none can see its summit, the elevation only serves to sink us lower in self-loathing, and real humiliation. It is in the lowly valley we find the truest riches. Sweet humility! sweet to be of a lowly mind! I long for it,—I am in love with it. I am, I trust, seeking after it. This is far beyond all other attainments, however splendid. 'To this man will I look.' Ah, with what favour does the Divine eye beam on one that is truly 'poor in spirit, and that 'trembleth at His word,' with filial fear, love, and faith!

"I am enquiring for a serious family into which I wish to introduce a young lady as finishing governess; and I shall be much obliged by your assistance. I want also a good situation for an upper servant who has lived several years in her last place.

"The description you give me of your proceedings, fills my mind with interest. Surely the hand of a gracious Father has hitherto directed your steps! Oh, may His grace be given unto you in an abundant measure! enabling you to give up yourself wholly, and unreservedly to be His dedictated and obedient child, and causing all your words, and ways, to be directed to His glory.

"Farewell, my dearest one. I must force my pen out of my hand, or I shall soon fill another sheet. My complaints are very predominating; I would therefore trim my lamp continually, ready for the welcome call, 'Come up higher.'"

The severe pain and illness which Mrs. Hawkes suffered towards the close of the year 1821, led her to think, that the time of her departure could not be far distant. Under such impressions she seems to have written the following lines:—

Dec. 1821.—"Behold thy waiting servant, Lord! waiting in extreme feebleness, and bodily decay, for the fulfilment of thy word. Isa. xl. 27—31, and Ephes. iv. 10—18. When by reason of old age, or disease, and decay of strength, the heart and flesh faileth, and the grasshopper shall be a burden; —when nature fails, and all its springs; and every action of the soul seems impeded:—then is the season to be much in prayer for the fulfilment of those rich promises, which are peculiarly suited thereto. Then is the power of Divine grace, in an especial manner, made manifest:—then is felt the superiority of spiritual life over animal and intellecual life:—then is known, in a better measure, the inestimable value of 'a hope full of immortality:'—then is experienced the blessedness of having in our hearts, 'Christ the hope of glory.' Raise, and increase in me, this feeble spark of heavenly life, O Lord.—For the negligence and mistakes of the past year, I pray for pardoning mercy. For my favours and comforts, I pray that my heart may be filled with gratitude: and that as I praise thee for all that is past, so I may trust Thee for all that is to come."

Mrs. Hawkes's vigour of mind, and natural strength of con-

stitution, had hitherto wonderfully sustained her under long-continued suffering; but she now felt every natural prop sinking from under her, and premature old age advancing. In the month of February, 1822, she says, in a letter to Mrs. F—;

"My beloved friend would wonder to see how old, and almost helpless, I am grown. Yet when I am seated on my couch, and in converse with kind friends, no great alteration (I am told) appears to a common observer; for through great mercy, my spirits are good, and my mind is kept in peaceful waiting for the longed-for permission, 'to be absent from the body, and present with the Lord.' A few weeks past, I thought I had obtained leave to depart: but the gold had more dross to be taken away, ere it could be fitted, as a pure vessel, for the Master's use. Decaying, sluggish nature, shrinks from the purifying fire: but as far as it is renewed, it tries to say, 'The cup which my Father has given me, shall I not drink it?'"

The next memorandum affords a specimen of her constant habit of self-examination; and also evinces the regret she experienced when friendly intercourse seemed to be unattended by spiritual improvement.

June 18, 1822.—"Instead of watching unto prayer this morning on first rising up in my bed, I have been listless, and given place to vagrant thoughts; which have rushed into my mind, like the letting-in of waters. O Lord, let the sacred flame of Divine love, like the fire on Elijah's sacrifice, break forth, and drink up these deadening waters! And do Thou, by the Holy Spirit's influences, kindle a fire that shall burn upwards in a morning sacrifice of prayer and praise unto Thyself, who alone art worthy to be loved, and praised.

"This morning my two kind friends, S. and M., left me; and my hopes have not been realized as to our profitable and spiritual communion together, during their stay. O Lord, bring them into a deeper knowledge of, and closer communion with, Thyself! Creatures can do nothing one for another without Thy special help."

The deeply experimental views which Mrs. Hawkes had obtained of the evil of sin and the depravity of her own heart, enabled her to enter entirely into the scriptural statement of the freedom of Divine grace; as will appear in the following extracts of letters to different friends.

Writing to her nephew, Mr. E. T. Jones, she says,—

"Yes, yes, our salvation, first and last, is of free and sovereign grace, through faith. What are the songs of the redeemed in heaven for so great salvation! and let the redeemed on earth ask themselves,—and you and I, my dearly beloved nephew,—What proportion does our adoration, our songs of praise and thanksgiving, our eager waiting to know and do His holy will, bear to the worship of those blessed saints and angels, who, with veiled faces, cry day and night, Holy, Holy, Holy! As for me, such a sight is sometimes graciously afforded me, or rather I should say such a *glimpse*, of the glory of the God of our salvation, as revealed in the blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ,—and at the same time, such a sight of myself as 'unclean, unclean,' a creature of unclean lips and life,—that self-hatred, and self-abasement, and faith and hope in the adorable Saviour, are put to the struggle, whether I shall say, He surely cannot love so vile a wretch as I am,—or whether to say, Christ is mine, and I am His, and 'there is no condemnation to them who are in Christ.'"

To her friend Mrs. C——tt, at the opening of the year 1823, she touches on the same theme:—

"I number it among the painful privations occasioned by my growing disease and infirmities, that I cannot keep up a regular interchange of thought with many valuable, and beloved, distant friends. There is however a spot,—blessed be Him whose coming we at this season are especially called to commemorate! where Christian friends can meet each other, though far removed in person. How sweet the meeting-place! How high the privilege! How rich the communion! How profitable the sacred exercise, when we bow at the footstool of Divine mercy! May you and I, my dear friend, seek to enter into it with freedom of access, remembering each other in our prayers. No doubt you feel with me many hindrances from *without*, and what is more sad, many hindrances from *within*, to the calm and comfortable enjoyment of this wonderful and solemn intercourse of the soul with God. I feel this sickly, pained body, a heavy clog; from which, often would the spirit disengage itself, if so it might be. Soon however will the warfare be ended, and the crown of victory be given us. And for *what* will it be given? Because we have fought

so patiently—so courageously—so holily—so faithfully? Ah, no! I feel ashamed at the use of St. Paul's words of triumph, —'I have fought a good fight;' a good fight indeed it is: but oh, how unfaithfully, how wretchedly fought! how much the reverse of, 'as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.' Yet for his own name's sake, to every really enlisted soldier, will the crown be given: while, with songs of praise, we shall shout, 'Grace, grace, unto it;' free, sovereign, unmerited grace! Let us therefore, my beloved sister in Christ, take courage; praying for strength to hold out unto the end, keeping our eye fixed on the glorious prize.

"The last year has borne away in its flight several of my dear Christian friends, and some relatives. Amongst the latter, stands numbered my valuable brother-in-law, Mr. Jones; whose death was truly happy. The last death in the circle of my friends has been that of Mrs. Fearon, the least expected!

* * * * * * * * *

"My prayer for you, my kind friend, as well as for myself, this new year shall be, that we may freely partake of the exceeding riches of Christ, and bring forth the fruits of the Spirit abundantly, to the glory and praise of his holy name."

In addressing another friend she says,—

"Let me echo back your request, 'Do not cease to pray for me; ask for grace, do not ask for any thing else.' I endeavour to do as you desire me, and I trust you will do the same for me. Grace, grace, is all we want, until we reach to glory. How full, how free it is! Who can tell how much may be granted to prayer? 'He giveth liberally and upbraideth not.' This is my constant joy and wonder. 'He upbraideth not;' yet I am full of upbraidings at *myself*, and with good reason. Still in Him I have peace, praised be his name."

Writing to Mr. E. T. Jones, during the season of Lent, she says,—

"I wish I could tell you, my dearest nephew, in deep humility, and singleness of eye to the praise of the Saviour's precious name, and in hope of your profiting, what a most sacred and sweet season I have found this Lent, in which the love and sufferings of Christ, and Him crucified, are by our excellent church especially brought before our observation. Before its commencement, I was led to much prayer that I might re-

ceive, through the teaching of the blessed Spirit, and by means of the written word, clearer and stronger discoveries, of this unfathomable, hidden mystery;—and also discoveries of the evil of sin, as sin,—in the ruin that it has brought into the glorious creation, as originally formed; and of the miseries entailed, and existing, even in the new-born creature, while connected with a vile body of sin and death. And, that I might, at the same time, behold a rich display of that redemption, that finished salvation that was sealed and ratified, when (O let us hear it with solemnity!) the expiring, incarnate God cried with a loud voice, 'It is finished!'

"How very graciously a prayer-hearing God has vouchsafed to listen to my supplication, in enlarging my heart, I must not now stay to enter upon. I would rather enjoin you to unite with me in thanksgiving; and encourage to search, and dive into, the height and depth, and length, and breadth, of redeeming love."

In the summer of 1823, Mrs. Hawkes was called to part with another sister, whose death she thus laments in writing to a very old friend:—

"As long as my lingering troubled life is spared, I hope I shall be able to communicate, at least occasionally, with my beloved and old friend. Many years have we communed together concerning our trials—our hopes and fears—our prospects both as to this world and the next; and I trust that till we are separated by death, we shall continue so to do. Ah, my dear friend, our time is shortening every day! and as death is now laying its awful grasp on many around us, so it will assuredly soon lay hold on us. By this time you have no doubt heard that, with almost a sudden stroke, it has taken away my dear sister Mynors! I will not attempt to delineate my feelings on this most affecting occasion. The shock it has given me has shaken my tottering tabernacle to the very centre, so that I think it will much hasten its entire downfall. I cannot dwell on the subject. Righteous art thou, O Lord, in all that thou doest! I will lay my hand upon my mouth, and pray for resignation, and increasing trust in the name of the Lord, as a strong tower into which alone we can run and be safe."

In the month of July, she writes to the same friend as follows:—

"Alas! My beloved friend! our poor frail nature, with

our feeble faith, will ever shrink from pain, and clamour for ease. We are therefore told we have 'need of patience;' and that God who is the giver of faith, is the giver of patience. Under my present weakness and oppression, I am constrained to cry mightily that He will be pleased to keep me that I grow not weary and faint in my mind, of which I often feel in danger; and that he will strengthen me with all might, according to his glorious power, 'unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness.' I find my faith much increased and established, by reading and meditating on the precious promises, and in praying over them; and in doing, as Mr. Newton used to say, what a man does who has a bank-note, with which he hastens to the bank to get payment. I am persuaded that a precious promise, taken in the hand of humble, patient faith, and presented to him who is 'The faithful and true,' will assuredly bring answer of, 'I say unto you, fear not; and will greatly remove our fears and increase our faith. I read the Scriptures with more delight, and, I trust, with more benefit than I ever did. And when I am enabled, with appropriating faith, to turn every verse into a prayer, it is like the pressing of the ripe grape, that yields the rich wine abundantly. I lament the little time I can get for this sweet and enriching employment.

"Have you heard of the death of M. V. and her sister? Death is thinning every circle. Let us keep it ever in view; and in proportion as we are enabled thus to live by faith, we shall say, 'These light afflictions are but for a moment.'"

To the same at another period:

"It is said, the trial of faith is 'much more precious than gold:' Let us remember this under our sharpest exercises, and pray mightily for grace to abide the fiery trial, whatever it may be. Let us cleave to the loving hand that smites us, and say, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' Oh, if He may but get the smallest portion of honour and glory to his blessed name through our afflictions, sure they will prove our greatest blessings! For a poor sinful worm to be thought worthy to yield him any glory, should make us not only willing to bear, but, like the Apostle, to 'take pleasure' in what we suffer. This must be the work of grace; for which let us pray without ceasing. And since an eternity of happiness will cause us, (as soon as we enter upon it,) to forget all our sorrow, we ought, (Oh that we were able!) to 'count it all joy'

to endure trials. I am very well persuaded that human nature is clamorous for comfort more than grace. Even in the divine life, our cry is for *comfort*,—for *consolation;* and though we ought to desire it, and pray for it, because it is promised that we shall not only have peace but joy in believing;—yet I fear, if I may speak from my own experience, the desire is not so pure and unmixed as we are ready to believe: *nature* puts in her claim as well as *grace*. Could we, both in spiritual and temporal bestowments, submit to whatever denials our heavenly Father sees best for us, we should know more of that heavenly principle that says in all things, 'Thy will be done!' If the captain of our salvation was made perfect through sufferings, —who had no drugs to purge away,—shall not *we* lay our account for the same, who have little else but dross? What says the prophet after speaking of affliction,—'And this is all the fruit to take away sin.' It may be to the inexpressible loss of some, that afflictions are withheld; while I doubt not that they would be to our inexpressible gain, had we more faith to enter into their full design. I am ashamed at myself, at my groans and my cries under my burdens. Alas! how weak is grace! how strong is nature! how averse to suffering! how unwilling to engage in the warfare which, if well fought, shall end in victory! We are apt to look for this or the other trial to be *lightened*, or *removed*,—whereas, were we true soldiers, we should expect still further combats from every quarter; and rejoice in every fresh occasion to show our allegiance, our love to our captain. These things, my dear friend, are very easy in theory; and I am sure they should be reduced to practice. But nothing less than the mighty power of God can effect this. As soon as faith ebbs, then I begin to cast about, and look here and there to see what can be done; till, perplexed and weary, I am driven back to 'transact with God.' Let us look more to him and less to ourselves. 'Commit thy way unto the Lord,' i. e. leave it to him, and 'He shall bring it to pass'—without any help of ours."

There is one circumstance which renders Mrs. Hawkes's religious experience peculiarly valuable. This is derived from sincerity of character, and real humility of mind, which led her to reveal ingenuously, for the edification of others, those instances in which, from the prevalence of nature over grace, she had been interrupted and hindered in her spiritual course. The faults of true Christians are constantly set before us in the Scripture, as beacons; and such accounts prove of important

use to believers; though the ungodly may wrest them, as well as other parts of Scripture, to their own destruction. In addressing, about this period, an intimate friend, who was placed in circumstances in which both the feelings and temper were peculiarly exposed to assault, Mrs. Hawkes thus refers, in a way of caution and gentle admonition, to the experience of her former years :—

"I enter more into your feelings than you will easily believe. You may perhaps recollect the state of mind I got into when at ——, which place was to me like a *cider press*. I conceive that you have been for many months in the same kind of cider press; and what that produces, I shall ever remember to my sorrow; while it leads me to understand, and sympathize with any one who is in such a kind of machine. The greatest misery, however, (which lay upon me like a mountain,) was a consciousness of loss in spiritual comforts. A feeling of discontent, impatience, and dissatisfaction, soon produced in my soul a dearth and drought, which withered, or at least faded, every bud and blossom that had before been sweet and vigorous. I did indeed read my Bible, I prayed, sometimes agonized, but I did not look *after* my prayers; I waited not for the answer. My discontent and murmurings neutralized, and too often poisoned, the healing medicine for which I prayed. This was my temptation. Like the Israelites of old, my spirit within me was an unhappy murmuring spirit. And I verily believe, that where this is suffered to creep in, it will proceed like a mildew; and if grace prevent not, it will (without the aid of any other more palpable sin,) totally wither the once healthy and flourishing branch. I know full well, that second causes are sometimes so pressing, so numerous, so constantly wearing, that we are ready to say with Jonah, 'I do well to be angry;'—'heart and flesh fail;'—and the waters are overwhelming. I also know, that this is the conclusion of *sense* and not of *faith;* and that it all comes to this,—we must conquer to be conquered: we must get above second causes, or sink and be drowned: we must know our danger, and what is our resource. For what is it all, to pilgrims journeying through this wilderness to our country above? Are we not forewarned to expect all, and much more than we meet with? Hath any temptation, not common to man, not experienced by millions of other pilgims, happened unto us? Shall we repine, or refuse to stand in our lot? Shall the soldier *faint*, when he should *fight?* Ah, my dear ——, mind nothing for yourself, but what

tends to your being rooted and grounded in Christ; for all besides is a mere wreck.

"I know you will be glad to hear that my lately deceased sister Mynors has left me an addition to my income, beyond what she formerly allowed me. I consider this, under all circumstances, as an extraordinary mark of her care and kindness. Both my nephews have been in town. They express great kindness, and desire to make my latter days more easy, and less anxious than formerly. My nephew Jones also continues his father's contribution, from his own free will, and kind regard to me. Thus you see, my dear, it is with me as it has been for many years,—a life of dependence, and a life of merciful supplies. Proud human nature would not have chosen such a way. But when we are thoroughly convinced we deserve nothing, and when that conviction is sanctified, then we learn to say, 'not my will, but thine be done.' Praised be His name for any marks of care and love towards such a miserable sinner!

"Farewell, my ever valued and loved one. May the God of all grace and mercy be your chief and only delight!

"Prays your affectionate,

"S. H."

The loss of several near relatives within the short space of two years,—together with the demand which disease ever makes on the animal spirit,—combined at this time to produce a distressing effect on Mrs. Hawkes's nervous system, which was remarkably delicate and susceptible. She writes in September to the same friend as follows:—

"I feel more feeble, and generally ill, than I have hitherto been. I do think that my long disease, which has seemed to be stationary for so many years, is now rousing like a lion: and lion-like, it will soon devour its prey,—the poor body, but it cannot hurt the soul: glory be to the Sacred Lion of the tribe of Judah, he can, and will deliver. In many respects your experience and mine are alike in *feeling*, though not in *origin*. Owing to the more general pressure of the tumour, and to the fearful loss of mental and bodily vigour, I am fallen into a nervous state which is truly distressing. Sometimes such deep depression seizes me, and without knowing why, that I can scarcely bear myself: sometimes such irritability, and at others such terror, that I feel as if my senses were going. I have also such an imperious, restless desire to be any where

but where I am, as I never felt before. In what measure faith has been vouchsafed and exercised, and what inferences I have drawn, (during an occasional calm half-hour,) from this visitation, I will endeavour to tell you when I am able; in the hope that you may obtain here and there a hint for yourself. I conceive the ground you are now traversing to be very uneven, rugged, and thorny; yet I cannot help thinking, that were your nerves stronger, and your health more firm, you would go more on the *trip* over it, than you are now able to do. Had not my present nervous state opened to me some deep and sad secrets, I should wonder that you could be affected by the circumstances you mention. But I now know, by sad experience, that though I may scorn the thing that vexes me, and call myself a fool a thousand times, yet there is no arguing with agitated nerves. Still I do feel the benefit of knowing that the cause of disturbance is chiefly in myself; that it is disease which gives weight and importance to trifles; and I find it better to fall out with myself, than with such things as I cannot alter. I try to say, Hush, be quiet,—and as much as possible turn to some project, or even to merely an amusement.

"I am persuaded that nervous disease is quite distinct from a morbid turn of mind. Its seat is in the body, and its sway over the mind is effected by sympathy. Intellectual, and even religious aids, *alone*, will not remedy the evil, but sometimes increase it. We must have recourse to other helps; we must as much as possible avoid whatever irritates; and if we cannot avoid, we must try to divert our thoughts to something else. I am terrified when I consider, what disordered nerves produce! The imagination is the first victim, and soon all that is horrid follows. Poor M. V.! how well I know her history! How exactly I can trace her path! A paralytic affection is a different thing, though the effects are often similar. I am alarmed for all nervous subjects who are in any circumstances that tend to agitate. Even prayer becomes often, in such cases, too strong an excitement, except in the way of humble ejaculation. But when more peaceful and self-possessed, then we should cry mightily unto the Lord, to be strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering, with joyfulness.

"I must now say farewell; and try to quiet my beating head on my pillow, from which it is roused every morning, at early dawn, by the most distressing sensations. I long to fly away and be at rest, in that world, where my dearest ——,

and I, shall love each other better and better for ever! Let us do it here, where love is almost a stranger,—to which compact I subscribe my name,

"S. Hawkes."

In the hope of somewhat alleviating Mrs. Hawkes's state of nervous debility, a friend had expressed to the family of the Rev. Josiah Pratt, then at Hampstead, a wish to remove any pecuniary difficulty which might prevent Mrs. Hawkes from trying the benefit of change of air: requesting Mrs. Pratt to provide for her a lodging near to them, without mentioning to whom she was obliged. To this kind proposal Mrs. Hawkes replies in the following note; in which she also expresses her gratulations on the occasion of Mr. Pratt's being chosen Vicar of St. Stephen's, Coleman-street.

Sept. 1823.

"I return many thanks, my dear madam, for your kind wish that I should reap the advantage of this exceedingly fine weather, which I know must make Hampstead very desirable; as also does the pleasure I should find in society with you and yours. But I am so poorly and heartless, that at present I cannot call up sufficient spirits to venture on leaving home.

"The pleasing tidings of Mr. Pratt's success had reached me before I was favoured with your note. The only abatement of my joy on the account, is, that I fear Mr. Pratt's labours will be increased rather than lessened; and one cannot but wish him to have rest, instead of toil, after such a life of fatigue and wear as his has been. Yet I know where his strength lies:—'Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be;' which blessed promise, I trust he will have the full experience of, through new duties, as well as in those which are past. I rejoice that another 'Bethesda' is mercifully opened in this wicked city; and ardently hope that there will flock together, 'blind, halt, withered,'—and find healing. Although I feel some faintings under my own burdens,—for my much esteemed and revered friend, my hope and expectations rise high, that his strength shall be renewed as the eagles'; and that in his new sanctuary, the Lord 'will make the place of his feet glorious.'"

In October, Mrs. Hawkes writes to her valued friend Mrs. Y——, as follows:—

"If I tell you, my dear madam, any thing relating to my-

self, which from your condescending kindness, I have reason to believe you would desire I should, I must say, that for a season, I have been passing through rather deep waters: such as from my short-sightedness, and I fear, self-dependence, was quite unlooked for;—yet for which I was, I hope, not quite unprepared. Blessed be the God of all mercy, help in time of need was afforded; and though the billows rose high, and looked dark and dismal, they were not suffered to overflow my soul. Through all, my faith was wonderfully strengthened to take a firm hold on the precious promises of the Gospel; so that, I trust, I have a fresh experience of the blessedness of being built on that Rock, which no storms or tempests can shake; and of being led instantly to fly for refuge, and protection, under the wings of Almighty love, and there find safety,—certain and assured safety. And now that these fearful waters are in a good measure abated, a new song of praise employs my sweetest hours; together with the endeavour to bear in mind, and treasure up some important lessons, and gracious teachings, vouchsafed in the way. I believe that to the very end of life, it will be our painful experience, day by day, to feel and discover what sin hath wrought; into what depths it hath cast our nature; what hidden holds of deceit it maintains,—not only in the unrenewed heart,—but sad to say, even where renewing grace hath been given. We need not, however, fear to dive into the depths of sin's ruin and misery, while Christ dwelleth in our hearts by faith:—for then shall we triumph over sin and Satan; and be viewing, and, in an increasing measure, comprehending, 'the breadth, and length, and depth, and height,' of that immeasurable love, which hath redeemed us from death, and hell's destruction."

The 'deep waters' to which Mrs. Hawkes refers in the foregoing letter, were probably those severe sufferings from nervous debility, with which she had been lately attacked. She had not only made this affliction a subject of prayer, but also requested that her friends would unite with her in supplications for the removal of an evil which she so much deprecated. It appears by the following extract from one of her letters at this time, that God had graciously granted, in answer to these prayers, a considerable remission of her nervous symptoms: she says,

"I have, from a sense of duty, forced myself into my Bath-chair, and am much relieved in my nervous feelings, though

still sinking under disease. I cannot help saying, that any thing, every thing, seems light and bearable, compared with nervous depression and agitation. And I do think, (with reverence, humility, and gratitude would I acknowledge it!) that my prayers, and the prayers of my loving friends, have been heard and graciously answered, in a way of very considerable, if not entire, relief from that distressing malady. Oh, that it may not again be permitted to return! more especially, as my strength declines. Yet, I must take shame to myself if I fear concerning any thing which may happen unto me, while I am enabled daily to commit my body, soul, and spirit, into the preserving, protecting hands, of infinite wisdom, love, and power. Oh, what deeps have I been raised out of! With what mercy and loving-kindness hath the Father of all goodness followed me, all my life through! And even in my late sufferings, He hath made my faith so strong in His precious promises, that I have as it were, held them in my hand with a firmer and more sensible grasp, than I think ever before. Is not this from all-sufficient grace? Free for you, and for me, and for *all!* Let us therefore praise as well as supplicate; and trust in Him at all times."

In the year opening 1824, Mrs. Hawkes addresses a very old friend as follows:—

"My dearest friend cannot more desire a letter from me than I desire to write to her. It would afford me the truest pleasure and satisfaction to keep up a speedy and regular return of letters, so that a free communication may flow on in one uninterrupted and useful course: but my entire inability for this pleasing exertion, both as it respects yourself, and many others who ask, and wait, for peculiar counsel and help, constitutes one of my daily trials,—causes me many a groan, —and makes a part of that burden, which I feel requires the help of all-sufficient grace, to enable me to endure and support. Truly I am made increasingly to know the significancy of the apostle's words,—'We groan being burdened.' For ever blessed be the adorable Saviour, who doth not leave me to repine, or sink, while yet groaning; but who causes me to experience something of his Divine strength made perfect in my weakness;—and raises and invigorates my hope into a 'lively hope,' 'full of immortality.' Soon, my dearest friend, shall your earthly house, and mine, be dissolved; and when, by an assured faith, we can behold our 'house eternal in the

heavens,' we may well be content to endure and wait all our appointed days, until our change come:—especially since they are gladdened by innumerable mercies.

"I do most sincerely and heartily join in your rejoicing on the account of your dear daughter. No greater joy can be afforded the heart of a Christian parent, than is assuredly given to yours. How poor and miserable an exchange, would be a rich earthly inheritance, for an inheritance among the saints! He who is the author will be the finisher of her faith. Bless the Lord, O our souls, that this dear child gives us every satisfying indication and hope, that the Saviour has called her with an effectual calling! He hath mercifully brought her into his sacred fold, and will lead, feed, and protect her as his own. I do earnestly wish that she would communicate with you concerning her experience, frequently and freely: there would be great advantage in so doing. A young convert must have much to learn,—will experience many fears,—must expect assaults and conflicts;—will find dangers attendant on every step,—which want of knowledge, and want of experience, will greatly increase. May the adorable Saviour carry her as one of His lambs in His safe and gracious arms, and bind her with the cords of faith and love to Himself!

"I doubt not that at the close of the past year, and at the commencement of the new, you and I have been engaged exactly in the same way:—namely, in 'remembering all the way which the Lord had led us through our past years, to prove us, and to show us what is in our hearts.' Surely we must stand amazed at ourselves, as at the 'burning bush,' still burning and yet unconsumed. That our gracious God has not dealt with us as our sins deserve,—but on the contrary, has spared and followed us with loving-kindness and tender mercy,—must be to both of us a subject of wonder and praise. I trust we may have been encouraged to enter on the new year with renewed humiliation and faith, and dedication of ourselves to the Lord. I unite with you, my dear friend in raising a new Ebenezer: and in committing our bodies, souls, and spirits, into his blessed hands, for time and eternity. He that hath kept, will keep, that which we have committed unto Him. Let us be willing to be low in temporal comforts, so that we may be rich in grace,—which is infinitely better.

"I am much in my old way, with symptoms fluctuating every day, and two or three times in a day; and am extremely enfeebled. But I trust that I am going on my way with some haste and earnestness; longing, and waiting, for the glo-

rious vision, which though it tarry, shall assuredly come in the best time."

The next letter, addressed to Mrs. C——tt, contains a further detail of Mrs. Hawkes's painful symptoms,—not indeed very different from what has gone before,—but expressed in so natural and touching a manner, that the reader is thereby put in possession of evidence concerning her case, not to be obtained from any other pen but that of the sufferer. It contains also a fine transition, from the groans of oppressed nature, to the songs of a redeemed spirit:—

March 30, 1824.

"Alas! with what pain do I take up my pen to address my valued and ever-beloved friend, occasioned by the recollection of the length of time which has elapsed since I was favoured by her letter! and from the fear that she should think me ungrateful in returning no acknowledgment of her continued kind communications;—continued until my sad delays must have led her to despair of a return! I feel it quite impossible to give to any friend, who is not an eye-witness of every passing day, any idea how my time is taken up;—or, rather I should say, how one day after another slips away, without my having the power to use it. I seem as though I was really a *waster* of time; and it forms one of my trials that I am not able to use my fleeting, precious moments, for any good purpose to myself or others. An extreme languor and debility has prevailed over my frame for nearly twelve months; with a variety of nervous symptoms, distressing and quite unusual. My strength is so decreased, that I am obliged to decline company as formerly. A little conversation soon exhausts me,—although I still delight in sweet christian society, when able to bear it,—and I feel this additional privation, together with my inability to keep up a regular interchange of letters with distant friends,—often depressing to my spirits. In short, the last twelve months have been mingled with a variety of painful sufferings, which have, I fear, induced too strong a desire to escape, and leave the field of battle, before permission is given. I suppose it is a common case, that the *present* suffering seems always the heaviest; perhaps if some of my former painful days (which being past appear more easy to bear than the nervous, disquieting, and languid state I am now under) were to return, I should find my mistake in thinking them to be preferred.

"I cannot however help numbering nervous diseases, with all their variable and unhinging symptoms, among the most trying to the mind: for often they are found to set at defiance all arguments, both christian and rational. And all that can be done is to pray for grace to *endure*. I trust, my dear friend, you will give me credit when I assure you, that my long silence has arisen from these circumstances of suffering, and not from the least diminution of affection and interest towards you. Much have you occupied my musing moments;—I have even begun writing to you, and could not proceed: and often wish you could know my mind and heart, and the place you will ever hold therein. But after all this long detail of bodily sufferings which I intend only as *explanatory*, and not as repining,—as occasion of many groanings, but, I trust, not one of murmuring;—let me, as grace shall enable me, now tune my harp, and send forth sounds of praise; and make mention of the blessed Saviour's name, which, to your heart my beloved and honoured friend, is sweeter music than all the charms this earth can afford. Yet so poor are the conceptions of the mind, and such the poverty and language, to express even those views and feelings which faith sometimes bestows, that I am often ready to lay my hand on my mouth, or to lay down my pen and say, the love of Christ is too high, too sacred, too glorious a theme, for such a defiled grovelling worm to expatiate upon, or even touch. It is above all comprehension; far must it be beyond all description! Heaven is the place to set it forth.

"Yet hath it seemed Him good to form earthen vessels, mean as they are, for his praise. And surely, surely, after the bestowment of his grace and favour,—and the loading of his benefits,—and all the blessings of salvation,—if we do not tell of his love, and magnify his name, the very stones and beams of our dwelling would cry out against us, and put us to shame.

"Let me therefore, in deep humiliation, and self-renunciation, bear my feeble testimony, that they who trust in the Lord, and 'cry unto Him in their trouble, He saveth them out of their distresses.' He may see good to continue affliction; but when the heart begins to faint and fear, then some cheering beams of light are caused to arise, which again turn our heaviness into rejoicing. And when darkness hovers over, and obscures our goings, the entrance of the blessed Scripture giveth light; 'it giveth understanding unto the simple;' the word becomes a lamp unto our feet; and we are enabled to set unto our seal, that when trouble and anguish lay hold upon us, the command-

ments are our delights; and God our Saviour is our hiding-place, and our shield, our refuge, and strong tower. Truly have I, through free grace and favour, experienced what is so sweetly penned by David in the 23d Psalm,—'The Lord is my shepherd:' indeed the Scriptures throughout have been wonderfully opened, and sealed, and blessed to me. I think I never found so much fulness and sweetness in them as of late. So that I am enabled, praised be the Lord! to say, 'More are they to be desired than gold, yea than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey, or the honey-comb.' They are indeed my 'songs in the night.' 'Thy word is true from the beginning, and every one of thy righteous judgments endureth forever.' Oh, for an enlarged heart, to *rest* in the precious promises, according to the divine warrant that is given us to rest in them! And oh, for a grateful and loving heart, more tuned to praise God *for* his word, and *in* his word! I have abundant reason for thankfulness for the opening of the Scripture-wells of salvation, and for help in drawing living waters out of them,—now that I am almost totally deprived of the public ordinances: and though all around me I hear the enlivening 'sound of the church-going bell'—at which my heart used to leap for joy,—I cannot now obey its summons; nor even reach a few yards across the road to those sacred doors, into which, on the Sabbath day, I see, from my windows, my friends and neighbours entering! This is, blessed be the Lord! my *dispensation*, and not my *neglect;* and if the brook is stopped, the fountain is ever open, and ever flowing. Yes! blessed be Him who hath said,—and yet doth say,—'Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be *in him*, a well of water springing up into everlasting life.'

"Let us not therefore, my valued friend, think that we shall faint by the way because the streams of the sanctuary are not within our reach,—so long as the Holy Spirit, and the sacred Scriptures, and a throne of grace, are made sure unto us,—and while ours is 'the everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure;' which is all our salvation, and all our desire."

In the next extract from a letter, dated June, 1824, addressed to Mrs. Y——, she laments the removal of a young friend whose affectionate attentions had much contributed to her comfort. The severe family affliction which occasioned this removal, led to some remarks on the mysterious nature of the Divine Providence,—a subject which must ever be inscrutable

to a finite creature. "How little a portion," says Job, "is heard of Him!" "His ways are unsearchable and past finding out!" Every true christian will contemplate the mysteries of God's providence,—all the wheels of which are moved by his eternal counsels—with holy reverence: not vainly prying into this ark of his presence, but resting in quiet repose, and adoring gratitude, 'under the shadow of the Almighty.'"

"In parting with my friend, Miss De C——," says Mrs. Hawkes, "I felt as though I was parting with an affectionate and pious daughter; and greatly shall I miss her kind attentions, and christian conversation. She left Pentonville almost broken-hearted, and so did her afflicted mother. I have seldom known to fall on any friend, such an accumulation of weighty trouble, as upon these, my sorrowful neighbours. How often does the extraordinary and mysterious providence of God, say to our wondering perplexities under trial and sorrow, 'My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways.' And how strengthening and delightful is it to the painfully exercised christian, when, his faith being strong, he can from the heart say, 'It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good;' and blessed be his name, his grace has made me 'as a weaned child, as a child weaned of his mother.' Alas! so backward is our wretched nature to learn this high lesson of entire resignation, that few of God's dearest children have reason to be satisfied as to their attainments therein. If in one time of trial we seem to have learned it, another occasion will soon arise to show, and make us feel that we have a *will* and a *choice* of our own, which is not yet brought into subjection:—while we yet know, that in proportion as we are enabled to say, 'Thy will, and not mine, be done,' our peace and comfort abound in the most trying circumstances. Blessed be Him who hath said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,'—sufficient to fulfil all the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power—sufficient to uphold us in all the changing conflicts and combats with our spiritual enemies:—and to make us more than conquerors over every opposing force.

> 'A feeble saint shall win the day,
> Though death and hell obstruct the way.'

"Oh for that unstaggering faith, that hopeth against hope, relies on Omnipotent power, and is enabled to come up from the wilderness leaning upon the Beloved!"

All that remains belonging to this year, is a touching soliloquy, written by Mrs. Hawkes on her birth-day :—

Oct. 13, 1824.—" ' Why art thou cast down, O my soul?' when the speedy return of every birth-day should make thee glad that thou art one year nearer to the haven of rest, where thou hast so long desired to be. Has any new thing happened unto thee? Any thing that is not common to old age:—common for an afflicted pilgrim, with a vile body of sin and death, to encounter and endure? Art thou not content to bear the breakings down of nature, with the drying up of its springs;—and to walk through the valley and shadow of death, as those with whom, in former times, thou hast had sweet society,—even when health and vigour were decayed; and when with tottering steps, and many a groan, they waited for that deliverance which they have now obtained? Dost thou expect that a new way is to be made for thee, instead of the royal way ordained for all pilgrims to the holy city? Look at thy dear relatives,—mother,—brother,—sisters,—and others. Look at thy honoured, beloved minister, and father in the gospel,—whose more than usual strength and vigour of mental faculties were reduced to infantile feebleness! Look at——at——at;—and say again, with shame and chiding, ' Why art thou cast down, O my soul? hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.'

" Where is the father, the husband, the brother, the sister, or the friend,—worthy of such endearing names,—who, when the object of their affection is laid on a bed of sickness, and disabled from the performance of those relative duties which belong to health,—will not show more love, more sympathy, more tender attention towards them, *because* they are sick and disabled? And how are their hearts grieved, when the dear sufferer lies weeping, sorrowing, because they are no longer able to execute their former duties and services. Inquire then, ' What thinkest thou of Christ?' What of *His* love and compassion?"—

In January, 1825, Mrs. Hawkes addresses her friend Mrs. Y——, recently recovered from a dangerous illness. In the portion of her letter which has been selected for insertion, she enlarges on that simplicity of faith, which leads to the assurance of hope, and to a settled peace and joy in believing,—springing from free and sovereign grace.

"As respects yourself, my dear madam, I am happy to hear that the blessed and merciful Lord, whom you love and serve, has dealt bountifully with you in his rich grace, and plentiful goodness, and made all your bed in your sickness,—praised be his name! May your faith and hope be greatly enlarged, to believe with an assured confidence, that the same Triune Lord, will uphold, comfort, and keep you, even to the end; and though you may yet have fears, and soul-conflicts, for 'The trial of your faith which is more precious than gold,'—yet the white robe, and the glorious crown of salvation is *sure*, because it is 'reserved;' yes! thanks be to sovereign and free grace and mercy! it is surely 'reserved in heaven,' for them that believe. Yes! let us sing with all the redeemed in earth and heaven, the promise is to them that *believe*,—not to such as are perfect in holiness, though they desire it. Nor need such as are cast down, and have misgivings because of the coldness of their hearts—their short comings—their every-day failures—their fresh contracted stains from continual infirmities, and the warring of the flesh against the spirit:—have any reason to fear the loss of their wondrously-purchased crown; for it is reserved for all that believe in Christ and are his sheep. I am more and more persuaded, my dear madam, that our establishment in faith, peace, and comfort, is in proportion as we simply look to Jesus, and keep clinging to the foot of the blessed cross; taking, as fast as they arise, our fears—temptations—every failure in our spiritual course—our weakness, ignorance and wants,—and there spreading them before Him; there receiving fresh application of the blood of sprinkling on our sick and stained souls; and there loosing our whole selves in Him. Saying to every accusation which conscience or Satan brings against us, however true:—

'Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.'

Who, in his own good time, will give an answer of peace; silence all our accusers, and make us savingly to believe, that 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;' and that 'nothing shall separate us from the love of Christ.'

"I should like to indulge myself in relating to you, who kindly take an interest in an unworthy sister pilgrim, the dealings of the Lord with me. Graciously and tenderly hath He dealt with me, for his own name's sake. I have again been brought, (as was thought by myself and others,) to the eve of my departure: and, blessed be the same gracious Saviour! was brought thereto in peace. But instead of an entrance into rest,

it hath seemed the good pleasure of Him that doth all things well, that I should remain a little longer in restlessness, suffering and trial. Pray for me, my dear madam, that the will of the Lord may be done in and by me: and his holy design therein be fully accomplished: and that in all things I may say, 'blessed be the Lord, for he is plenteous in mercy, and a very present help in time of trouble."

In the summer of this year, Mrs. Hawkes had a pressing invitation from some very valued friends in Buckinghamshire, to remove into the country, and pass her remaining days near to them, in a house of their providing. The following is an extract from her letter in reply:—

"My heart loves and thanks you; and will ever hope to pray, that the reward of your affectionate desires and intentions towards me, may be equally the same as if I were in the full enjoyment of them. But were you to see me now, my dearest friend, not merely for an hour or two, but through day after day, and night after night, of pain and weakness, you would not say, *Why* will you not come and put yourself under our fostering wings, for the remainder of your sinking years? Delightful idea! but uttered with a silent and tender sigh,—No, it cannot be! Moreover, I should consider it an act of injustice, and absolute selfishness, to burden my dear friends, when I am past contributing anything to them, but care and anxiety. My sacred harp is not, I am thankful to say, hung upon the willows; but it can only vibrate inwardly. My touch is become too feeble to bring out its sounds to gladden other ears. I am much in the contemplation of how necessarily solitary is the greater part of the Christian walk; and especially when entering into the valley and shadow of death. How unspeakable is the mercy, when the heart and the flesh fail, to find that indeed, and in truth, God is the strength of the heart, and its portion for ever! How refreshing to drink of the Living Fountain, when nature's springs are failing! May we each my beloved friend, keep closer and closer to this sacred Fountain."

The year 1826, supplies only two private memorandums. The first, written on the eve of leaving Highgate, where Mrs. Hawkes had taken a lodging for a few months; and the second, at the close of the year.

Sept. 1826. *Highgate Common.*—"What singular trials,

and what distinguished mercies, have I experienced during my abode in this place!

"Visited with a dangerous illness; alarmed at the illness of my servant;[1] afraid, because among strangers, and at a distance from friends, and from my usual medical aid; distressed also on account of the illness of my dear niece, who is my essential attendant and helper.

"Now let me mark also my mercies and favours:—

"A mind kept, through grace, in entire peace; faith given to rest in the blessed Saviour's care, as a child in the arms of its mother; waiting for the solemn command, to depart hence, and to enter a land of pure delight; with a vivid view and deep sense of the free grace and mercy by which alone such a sinner—ah! such a sinful worm!—could obtain a heavenly inheritance.

"Now again, however, the time of departure seems to recede;

> 'Let me not murmur at my stay,
> Nor wish my sufferings less.'

"Mark also *providential* mercies;—

"Accommodated in a quiet and roomy house, in a beautiful and healthy situation; visited in a most friendly manner, by a kind medical friend, hitherto a stranger, but now a friend in need; joined by my dearest daughter, C.,[2] who came to dwell near me, and who was unto me in all respects, as the best of daughters; comforted by the frequent attentions of my kind niece; favoured with extraordinary kindness from Mrs. P——s; benefited by visiting a dear afflicted saint, Miss W————d; visited by my revered, and beloved friend, Dr. Fearon, who no sooner heard of my wish to see him, than with that instant readiness which is one of the truest marks of sincere friendship, he travelled many miles, and, in a few hours, arrived in town to my great comfort. Surely I cannot be sufficiently thankful for such a friend,—the unchanging friend of many years; may his unwearied kindness be recompensed a hundred-fold!"

Dec. 31, 1826.—"*Last hour of the departing year!* Oh, that my enumerations, and confessions, and sorrow for the sins and infirmities, and short-comings of the past year, (which are more than I can number,) may not be despised of

[1] A servant who had been with Mrs. Hawkes fifteen years at the time of writing this,—and who remained with her as long as she lived.—Ed.

[2] A friend. Mrs. Hawkes never had any children.

thee, O Lord, my heavenly Father! 'The sacrifices of a broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.' Let such be the sacrifices of my heart at all times. In mercy hear, and accept, my groanings: and also my poor sacrifices of praise and thanksgiving for unnumbered mercies; which with shame-facedness, but according to my poor feeble faith, I bring, and lay on that Golden Altar, which purifies and sanctifies every gift; even that of the meanest, weakest, and vilest worm, who, renouncing every other plea and hope for mercy, pleadeth the all-prevailing name of Jesus; and resteth in his atoning sacrifice, righteousness, intercession, and full salvation.

'I nothing want or plead beside,
But Jesus, and him crucified!'"

Monday, Jan. 1, 1827.—"*First hour of the new year.*

'In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart!
O, let me catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity.'

"I am indeed a wonder to myself, that I should be brought out of so many deaths, and enter on another year, with little more than a life of death.

"Complainest thou, my soul, of thy long imprisonment,—of thy continued disappointment of escape from thy narrow irksome cage? Faintest thou because thy labour is not over, nor the battle won? Rather humble thyself, and put thy mouth in the dust, that with all that has been done for thee, thou hast done so little thyself towards obtaining a meetness for thy heavenly inheritance. Were the corn fully ripe, it would be gathered into the garner. Thou art not ripened. Besides, were there no other reason why thou shouldest wait patiently, it is enough that it is the will and good pleasure of thy Heavenly Father. Hast thou no obligations to Him, (whose thou art by creation, redemption, adoption, preservation,) for mercies, temporal and spiritual, through a whole life? Gird up the loins of thy mind, and say, 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?' Nothing canst thou render in a way of *merit;* but *every thing* in doing and suffering according to his will.

A memorandum written in the month of July, is the next trace we meet of Mrs. Hawkes's Christian experience.

July 2, 1827.—"'In me ye shall have peace.' When I review my sins of childhood, and unto old age, I wonder that I ever have *any* peace. When by faith I look to Jesus, his all-atoning sacrifice, righteousness, and intercession, I wonder that my peace should ever be broken.

"Sweet is that emblem of the Saviour, 'And Jacob saw a ladder set upon the earth, whose top reached to heaven,' Gen. xxviii. 12. O my soul, continually ascend this sacred ladder, and receive the richest favours of grace and mercy: and descend, with humble gratitude, to make holy merchandise for the increase of thy own spiritual life and growth, and for the benefit of thy fellow-pilgrims; and also for the glorifying of thy Father which is in heaven. Otherwise thy gained gold will become polluted, and changed into dross."

The deeply spiritual emanations of Mrs. Hawkes's mind, together with her clear views of divine truth,—in combination with the strength of her native powers,—gave her an unusual capability of instructing others in divine things; especially the young, towards whom she felt strong attachment. About this time her affectionate solicitude was drawn forth, in no common degree, towards some young relatives. Early deprived of their valuable mother, the maternal duties had been well supplied by an excellent aunt. It pleased God to visit this exemplary Christian with much bodily affliction, and finally to take her to himself, in the year 1827.[1] Mrs. Hawkes now felt an additional interest in these amiable relatives, and endeavoured to become to them a 'Mentor,' as far as her infirmities would allow. These young ladies, (the Misses Milward,) have kindly supplied some letters for this Memoir, and also the following notes of a parting address, made to them by Mrs. Hawkes in conversation, in the month of August 1827, previous to their excursion to the Isle of Wight.

"I have thought much of you. My imagination is always at work. I can fancy you in that sweet Niton, in rapture with the scenery; but do not stop there: let the surrounding beauties lead you to their Author. I could wish myself with you, seated on that beautiful rock, talking of your dear departed aunt; and above all, leading you to higher subjects. Before you go out each day, seek, each one for yourselves, the

[1] See an allusion to this Lady, page 153.

Divine protection, in earnest prayer. Do not rest satisfied with the act of *saying* a prayer, but when you have finished, ask yourselves, Have I really prayed? Has the Holy Spirit touched my heart? Has it been softened? Five words only, in this spirit, will be accepted. My dear young friends, be decided. There are two kinds of religion:—One, that will make a very fair show, and appear very amiable to men, but which will fail in the hour of trial. Its fault is, that it does not go *deep* enough; it does not touch the heart. God says, 'My son! give me thy heart.' If he does but see that you give him your heart and affections, it is all that he desires. Your heart being resigned to him, all will be well; and he will not be strict to mark failings and imperfections. Never rest till you love your Saviour. It is easy to *talk* of love to him, but you must *feel* it; you must love him more than the dearest earthly object. Oh! the peace that arises from love to the Saviour! Not a wave of trouble rolls across that peaceful breast, in which such love dwells. Oh! the comfort of such a friend on a dying bed! The tender care of a friend or parent is most felt in the deepest affliction. Our heavenly Father has many ways of comforting his children: not by removing their pain,—for that may be good for them,—but by sweet texts of Scripture, and delightful communion with himself. Be decided; be firm; enjoy the good things allotted to you by providence, but do not rest your affections on them, nor say, This will make me great or admired. In your intercourse with worldly people, be polite and sociable, regard them as amiable citizens of this lower world; but have nothing to do with their merchandise, their pleasures, or their pursuits; form no friendships, encourage no familiarity with them. Say to your soul, Enter not thou into their counsels, but let thy converse be with the excellent of the earth. Remember you must each travel to heaven alone. You may, at different periods, animate each other; but there is much in this work that can only be done by yourselves. When your lamps grow dim, hasten to trim them, and procure a fresh supply of oil. Remember you are to be the 'Wise virgins.' I have often prayed for you when attending the ordinances at St. John's Chapel. It was my spiritual birth-place; and often have I exclaimed, Lord, grant it may be such to my dear young friends and relatives; to their dear father, and brother! How have I wept there, in former years! and rejoiced that the pews were so high that I could hide my excessive weeping; so great was my fear that I did not love my Saviour. I had been trifling with religion

many years.—My head will not allow me to say more at present. Farewell; if we should not meet again on earth, see that we meet in heaven; see that you meet me, and your aunt, in heaven."

In the same strain of piety and affection, Mrs. Hawkes writes to her young friends, while at Niton:—

"I much wished for the pleasure of holding a long conversation with you on paper; but my generally failing strength, and trembling hand, have hitherto impeded, and do still impede, the comfortable movement of my pen. I have had two or three returns of painful illness since I had the pleasure of receiving your very gratifying letter; and I find that my late attack has given such a real shake to my before feeble frame, as will not soon, if ever, be recovered. Yet I am undoubtedly convalescent; and should no relapse take place, you may perhaps find me, on your return, as well as usual. Sure I am, that while by the Divine will and appointment my life is continued, you will find me, as ever, your affectionate, deeply interested, and sincere friend. Truly do I lament, that I cannot do all I wish in every possible way of benefit and comfort to you, and each one of your kind family. When you so tenderly and sweetly took leave of me,—with little expectation to either of us of meeting again on this side of Jordan's banks,—my recollections of our long intimacy, of past occurrences, of your constant friendship and kind attentions, and your *too much* sorrow and unwillingness to death's separating stroke,—filled my mind with strong and tender emotions, and increasing attachment; and with sincere self-reproach, that I had been sinfully wanting in my endeavours to be more useful to you, in mental and spiritual communications. Ardently do I pray, that our future intercourse may be made, by help from above, more profitable; and more mutually confidential and unreserved. With truth and affection I can affirm, that the real welfare and happiness of you all, lie deeply and constantly near my heart, and greatly occupy my thoughts.

"I am entertained, and much delighted, my dear S. with all I hear of your adventures. The surrounding wonders, grand and beautiful, which you are exploring, while they delight the eye, are equally calculated to expand the mind, and fill it with elevating and instructive contemplations and reflections.

"The picturesque little church you mention, was one of the objects which, together with the surrounding scenery, your

dear aunt and myself greatly admired; and also the Slip; with several other places which I have not time to mention. But our most favourite haunts were about East and West Cowes, and Ryde. Many pleasures did we mutually enjoy in that sweet spot; and also at Portsea. Dear, departed friend! Though thou hast left me to struggle a little longer on this conflicting shore, yet I rejoice in thy emancipation! Thou art now beholding that glory that completely obscures all the splendour of this poor world! and art drinking of those pleasures, in comparison of which all others are but as draughts of bitterness! I shall soon re-unite with thy sister-spirit, never more to be separated; and while lingering here below, I will endeavour to prove my love to thy dear memory in that way in which, could I hear thy voice from heaven, I know thou wouldest most pathetically request, in accents similar to these: —Be not, my old friend, content to prepare for, and anticipate, your *own* happy rejoining me in the mansions of bliss; but exert every nerve, make every diligent effort, to bring on these dear relatives, (to whom my whole time, care, and prayers were unceasingly devoted,) as far, and as securely in 'the narrow way,' as may lie in your power. *That* will, in the end, unite them to us again. May the blessed Saviour bestow on me wisdom and grace to fulfil this request and desire of the beloved saint! and dispose each of your hearts to the same object, and noble aim."

From the same to Miss M. A. Milward:—

"The sweet expressions of regard in your kind letters from Niton, can but prove highly gratifying to my feelings; yet, I confess, that some pain mingles with my pleasure, while I read them; which originates in a consciousness, that your affectionate estimation of my friendship, vastly surpasses my poor deservings; not indeed as to the feelings and wishes of my heart, but as respects the exertions which such feelings and wishes ought to have produced, as the best evidence of my love and interest towards you. I trust, however, that the near prospect I have had of a separation from you by death, and the self-reproach I have felt for being an unfaithful friend,—together with prayer, and hope of amendment,—will, by Divine help, enable us to find more comfort and benefit in our future social intercourse; and that as it regards myself, I shall not fall so far short of the just claims you have upon me. Yet I shrink when I consider what is implied in the term, a *confiden-*

tial friend. To a conscientious and reflective mind, it implies and enforces a serious engagement, especially in an *elder*, to point out any important, observed error, failing, or mistake in judgment, spirit, or conduct; unfettered by the reluctance to give pain, or the fear of offending; together with an earnest recommendation of the right line,—how contrary and irksome soever it may prove to the natural inclination, preconceived opinion, or former habits. All this, and much more, is surely the bounden duty of a faithful friend. Believe me, my dear Mary Anne, nothing less than the strongest affection and interest,—the most unbounded benevolence of mind,—the strictest and most active principle of Christian integrity,—together with the encouraging stimulus afforded by a willing and pleased recipiency of such communications,—can ever overcome the reluctancy of a feeling mind to the discharge of a task so painful, and too often, thankless. Over-sensitiveness, and the fear of being thought indelicate and obtrusive, too often puts to silence the voice of duty. You must therefore expect still to find me, not a *faithless*, but a *failing* friend. To guard, as much as possible, against future loss of profitable intercourse, I wish we could make some practicable, well-formed plan, by which our meeting together might be rendered more advantageous. Your many and increasing occupations and engagements, have prevented any regular and fixed visits. A mere flying call is unsuitable to any thing but cursory *chit-chat*, which is not the whole design of friendly intercourse. I am well aware of many difficulties and impediments that must arise, and oppose our wishes to form a regular plan of meeting together: but I propose the idea for your deliberation. A large and rich field of intellectual, religious, and general subjects,—together with interesting reading,—will pleasantly fill up as much time as we can secure. Yet, alas! I am forgetting that I am old and feeble; and shall often fail, not in inclination, but in strength and capability.

"The interesting accounts of all that you are in the pleasing enjoyment of in the Island, transports me, in mind and association, in sweet companionship with you in your lovely retreat and in your rambles and adventures; and will furnish much pleasure in the retrospect, and in the communication, when you return home. I quite anticipate your home-pleasures and Sunday-privileges, which you will re-taste with new delight, and I trust with increased *benefit:* for this should be the end proposed in all our pleasures."

From the same to Miss C. Milward.

"Your prompt compliance with my request contained in your sister's letter, was kind, and very gratifying to me, and I sincerely thank you. It also leads me to hope for a more interior and unreserved intimacy with you, than has been hitherto formed between us; and which has been prevented by your absence from home, and other accidental circumstances. With general society, persons who know any thing of this cold deceitful world, will not desire much acquaintance; while intercourse with select and valuable friends will be esteemed and cultivated. Next to the enjoyment of heavenly communion, I have ever considered communion with congenial and mutually attached minds, one of the sweetest cordials that is to be obtained in this poor world; where, alas! shadow instead of substance every where presents itself, in all sorts of delusive forms! I hope that my young friend will be one of the favoured few, who are sufficiently persuaded of this sad report of a sad world, from the testimony of the Bible;—and from facts, that those who have tried it, have to record and relate,—without being taught it from painful experience. Of what mistake and falsehood are those persons guilty, who assert, that religion produces a gloomy mind! and that it requires the sacrifice of the pleasures of life! When none but the Christian can, rationally, be gay at heart. Others may be *outwardly* gay and smiling, because thoughtlessness and dissipation drive away reflection: but let sickness or trouble overtake the votaries of pleasure, or let them be reduced to solitude,—and where then is their gaiety? Even in the midst of all the splendid spots of which you give me so pleasing a description, or in any other which could be imagined,—the very idea of being doomed for a whole life, or for several years only, to be quite *alone*, is sufficiently depressing to convince us at once of the unsatisfying nature of 'the things which are seen.' This I perceive dear Mary Anne has discovered, by her excellent remark on the solitariness of Mount Cleves.

"I am glad your prejudice concerning Mr. ——, is removed by reading his life. With other benefits gained from so excellent a record, you will also obtain a very important lesson for future use, namely, not to suffer your mind to be prejudiced or biassed concerning any character, whether living or dead, by hear-say, or by mere impression, or by appearance only. Through life, we shall have to say to ourselves, 'Judge not by

the outward appearance;' decide not without close investigation; and neither praise nor censure but from examination."

Two private extracts remain, belonging to the year 1827. The first, a memorandum written by Mrs. Hawkes on her birth-day; which, though unfinished, may suggest some heads for profitable self-examination;—with another written at the close of the year, in the form of a prayer.

Oct. 13, 1827.—"After another year of increased feebleness and suffering, with a burdened weary body brought nigh unto death by fresh attacks of disease; together with also some peculiar spiritual mercies; I would ask my soul, what is the record of this anniversary birth-day? What the request? What the confession? What the praise and thanksgiving? First, what the *record*?"——

Dec. 31, 1827.—"Adored, and most gracious Lord and Saviour! with unfeigned humility and thanksgiving do I acknowledge thy free grace and mercy, in having vouchsafed to me the aid of thy blessed Spirit, to help my many infirmities in prayer and supplication this morning. Powerfully has my heart been drawn near unto a throne of grace, and has been poured out before Thee. Graciously has thine hand of mercy, and love, replenished my soul with precious applications of pardons and promises, given, for thine own name's sake, to me the chief of sinners. And now, O Thou that givest liberally and upbraidest not, (much as I deserve the severest upbraidings,) unto Thee, and under the shadow of thy wings, does my soul flee with the favours and blessings which thou hast given, to preserve them unto me; that neither Satan nor sin, those robbers of my soul's best treasure, may take away what thou hast been pleased to give. Keep, O Lord, that which I humbly commit unto thee: keep me from that foul spirit who is ever most vigilant when the soul is most enriched; and either takes away its jewels, or infuses pride, and self-righteousness, and self-complacency, to poison and despoil.

'Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thine help I'm come;
And I trust, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.'"

With evidently feeble and trembling hand, the following two lines are added at the early dawn of the new year:—

Jan. 1*st*, 1828, *One o'clock in the morning.*

"Hear, O hear, my supplication!
Make my heart thy habitation."

Mrs. Hawkes had now been nearly twelve years in the same apartments at Queen's Row, Pentonville. But it became necessary that she should remove at Midsummer; which in her critical state of health, and rather strained circumstances, naturally occasioned her some anxiety and perplexity. She had indeed, from her friends in Buckinghamshire, renewed and urgent entreaties to come and reside near them, with entire emancipation from expense. How attractive soever such kind friendship might seem, Mrs. Hawkes felt unable to avail herself of the offer. She thought it right to continue in the midst of her numerous friends in town. She was, moreover, deeply sensible that few could be fully aware of her infirm and suffering state: and true it was, that under all the effects of disease, the look of health, and the smile of serenity and cheerfulness, ever rested on her countenance,—till within a short time of her death; so that when lying on her couch, and in lively conversation with her friends, her *increased size* alone marked her as an invalid. The preservation of a measure of general health in the midst of local disease, might, under the divine blessing, be attributed—partly to her fine constitution,—and partly to, (what in her circumstances might be called,) the very *self-denying* use of all the means generally conducive to bodily vigour. In reply to the kind offers of her valued friends, she urges the impediment presented by her infirmities; as well as her want of certainty, that a removal from town was the path marked out to her by providence.

"My state of health," she writes, "and way of living, is only known to such as reside with me; for to occasional visitors, little comparatively, of my feebleness and suffering is perceptible,—because my spirits are generally good, and my looks do not much vary. To myself, however, it is past all doubt that, as Herbert says,—

> 'Death is still working like a mole,
> And digs my grave at each remove.'

—that 'the night is far spent, and the day is at hand.' Solemn, and longed-for day, that shall have no more clouds! * * * Dearly should I love to see you; but I fear I must not indulge the hope of such a pleasure. I feel it truly gratifying that my beloved friends do not give up their kind wish that I should be a sojourner at Emberton, which will ever present to me many almost irresistable attractions. All that has been wanting to my willing mind, was a warrant with an indispu-

table signature thereto affixed. In my changing life, I have many times found it no small exercise of faith and patience, to have roads placed before me, without a ray of light to mark which was the *right*. All I can hope is, that I am where a gracious providence has cast my lot. I cannot say I have no longing, but I have certainly now no debatings, concerning future movements; my last remove is at hand; it is always in my thoughts: and through mercy, in my peaceful expectation. I should delight to talk with you, my beloved friend, of all that passed in my mind and feelings since we used to have sweet converse together; and to receive your interesting detail to the same effect. But if one of our sacred poets be correct as he is elegant, we may hope to meet,

> 'Where on a green and flowery mount,
> Our willing souls shall sit;
> And with increasing joy recount,
> The labours of our feet.'

"Until that happy deliverance of our vile bodies from sin and death, let us never forget to pray for each other; and, as often as we can, exchange a cheering word that may stimulate our too-often weary minds, in pressing forward to gain our heavenly prize."

About the same period she writes to another friend in a similar strain of patient hope. After expressing her regret on account of apparent neglect, she goes on to say,—

"But I must pray for patience with myself, and willingness to do nothing, and be nothing; and to be more lost in adoring contemplation of the patience and forbearance of a gracious God and Saviour towards me, from day to day. I think, (at least I hope,) that I do sink lower and lower in self-abasement, and self-abhorrence; and my prayer is, that this sinking may be accompanied with a stronger faith in Christ;—and that in sinking I may rise, and climb 'the Rock that is higher than I.' My continuance on earth cannot be long;—therefore would I stand with girded loins, and a burning lamp. Much have I been favoured of late in the sweet drawings of a Saviour's love; and in consequence, much do I long to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. But how much longer my suffering state may yet be protracted, is best known to Him whose will and pleasure it seems to continue me in the body, for the gracious purpose of a further preparation for eternity,—and on account

of some to whom, through His power, I may be made an instrument of help and benefit.

"Yes, I am, as you say, nearly seventy years of age! I really cannot bear, except in some favoured seasons, to look back upon my foolish sinful life. But when I am sweetly brought to the foot of the cross, in the exercise of penitence, faith and love,—when I dare to go minutely over the dreadful catalogue, and present it to my Saviour to cross it out, and bear it away, never to be heard of more in a way of condemnation. Let me excite you my dear friend, to look more at the Saviour than on yourself; it is by loosing ourselves in *Him* that we shall grow in every grace, and be transformed into his image. To dwell upon what He is in Himself, and what He is to us, and upon His stupendous plan of redemption for us, enlarges the heart and the understanding, and raises us above this grovelling world.

"I rejoice in your success: but faith must still be your sheet anchor, as well as mine, whether we have favours or no favours. May it be mightily increased in each of us, together with every other grace of the blessed Spirit!"

To a clergyman with whom she had held much religious intercourse, Mrs. Hawkes writes in the month of June, 1828, as follows:—

"I long for the favour of your sitting quietly by the side of my couch, that I might have the delight of hearing you talk of things new and old, as you used to do; and that I might obtain answers to many questions which sometimes confuse my mind. Seldom as I leave my room, save merely for an airing, yet reports and rumours of what is passing in the world, (I mean the religious world,) reach my ears, and eyes too, in print,—such as make me feel the want of a wise interpreter, close at hand. Not so much for my *own* satisfaction, as for the sake of many young persons who eagerly come to me, to tell them what to believe of floating speculations and theories, and what not: while at the same time, they support their notions on the authority of such good and established teachers of truth, as quite to shut my mouth; and I cannot help feeling, that these (speculations) to say the least of them, are the 'little foxes' that are let into the vineyards to 'spoil the tender grapes.' I do wish my revered friend, that you would take up your pen, and send forth an alarm and caution to young converts; for I am in full evidence of the mischief that is doing by drawing

off their minds from *heart* to *head* knowledge. Alas! old as I am, and having nothing left to attract or attach my mind to earth,—yet because the sinful wretched idol *self*, is left—I find no time to spare for any other object or pursuit, than how to keep my lamp burning, in readiness for my Lord's coming; and that by daily and hourly seeking to obtain oil from the sacred and true Olive Tree,—and not oil that is doubtful, or adulterated. Ah, we want our dear and revered father Cecil again amongst us, to extinguish delusive lights by boldly holding forth the torch of truth! 'Wilt thou not revive us again?' needs to be our cry. But so said our beloved father Cecil years ago, when he preached upon that text."

In reference more particularly to her own experience, Mrs. Hawkes continues in the same letter:—

"With deep humiliation and thanksgiving, I trust I may venture to say, 'Never less alone, than when alone.' Sweetly does the adorable Saviour, who alone can be an ever-present friend, invite, and frequently enable me to repose my cares, and sorrows, and weariness, and pain, on his breast of tenderness and love,—although the clamours of true and just accusations of conscience, and of Satan himself, strive to affright, and give the name of *presumption* to my, I trust, scriptural confidence. Not one inch dare I stir but on Scripture warrant. With that in my feeble hand of faith, and prostrate in self-loathing, and self-renunciation, at the foot of the sacred cross,—while tears of penitence and love, like those of Mary's, wash the feet of my crucified Lord,—I am not afraid of being an *Antinomian*. Nothing but free, sovereign grace and favour, will meet my case, and bring peace to my soul. All the difference that I find in myself, after years of trials and experience, is, that I see sin, as sin, so dreadful and hateful, that I know not where to hide my blushing face; were it not for the gracious displays of more abounding grace and love, and that outstretched-hand of mercy, that draws me to hide myself in the cleft of the Rock rent for me, the chief of sinners. I would sink lower and lower yet, crying out, 'unclean, unclean,'—if also 'I may be found in Him,' clothed in his spotless righteousness, and daily more transformed into the mind and likeness of Christ.

"With regard to the dispute respecting *assurance*, I wish to know your thoughts, rather than name my own. I can only say,—happy are those who have it *legitimately*,—and happy

are those who are seeking it *humbly*. But neither wise nor profitable, nor, as I think, safe and sound, are the discussions and arguments upon so sacred a topic. Our honoured father Cecil used to say, 'Assurance is the daughter of experience.' What echo do you give to that, dear sir? One mercy and favour I am thankful for,—namely, though clouds sometimes arise, I can climb to 'the Rock that is higher than I,' and cry out, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in him.' But this is a 'low state,' and 'little faith,' say our disputers, and 'scarcely safe.' Well, I shall soon, I trust and expect, gain admittance, 'through the blood of the everlasting covenant,' into that kingdom of *light*, where there is no darkness at all."

CHAPTER IX.

HER REMOVAL FROM QUEEN'S ROW, AND SUBSEQUENT RESIDENCE IN CROSS STREET, ISLINGTON.

FROM A. D. 1828 TO 1832.

Kindness of Mr. B——.—Mrs. Hawkes's letters to this friend—Her temporary abode at Highgate—Comfortable settlement in Cross Street—Letter to a friend harassed by spiritual doubts and fears—Her views of the Holy Trinity—Increasing humility—Letter of the Rev. John Berridge—Of the Rev. Joseph Milner—Visitation of severe sickness—Letter to Mrs. Y—, in which she notices the death of Mrs. Cecil—Letter to a relative on the subject of entering the ministry—To Mr. E. T. Jones, on prayer—Letters to the Rev. R. Waldo Sibthorp.

Among those friends who valued Mrs. Hawkes's society, there was one, well known for his benevolence and christian character, an old hearer of Mr. Cecil's, and who by his liberalities towards his afflicted minister had occasioned the remark, that he and his equally generous partner were like the Macedonians, who, "to their power, and beyond their power, had administered to the saints." During the latter years of Mrs. Hawkes's life, Mr. B—, the friend of whom we are speaking, was continually tendering his kind offices, and endeavouring to administer to her comfort,—as will appear, by the repeated

expressions of acknowledgment which occur in her letters to Mr. B——; whose ready kindness was now shewn by offers to assist Mrs. Hawkes in procuring suitable apartments, on her being obliged to leave Queen's Row; and to which she replies in the following note:

"Your kind message, my dear sir, was communicated to me by Mrs. Collyer, and has my sincere and grateful thanks. If you please, I will request you to render me assistance by condescending to allow my good Ann a place in your chaise. It will be doing me great service that she may be saved long walks,—for her strength is much worn away by the weight under which she has, for so many years, put her willing shoulder for my sake. My first enquiry will be at Highgate, and my next at Kilburn; and if at the latter, I will thankfully avail myself of your kind help, as you are now residing on the spot. That no favourable place of worship will be within my reach, is less an obstacle than formerly;—because, were there one at the next door, I should be sadly prevented from attending. Yet the being *near* to a sacred Temple is a pleasure as well as pain to a poor prisoner. Soon, however, the dis-imprisoned spirit shall leave its earthly cage, and soar away to that blessed city where 'no temple is therein; for the Lord God Almighty, and the Lamb are the Temple of it.' There, I trust, I shall strike my harp with yours, in songs of loudest praise! And here, also, while pilgrims in this conflicting world, may we tune our harps, (unstrung as they often are by sin and sorrow,) till our high praises rise higher and higher to him who hath loved us,—and who daily manifests his love and care,—till they mingle at length with heavenly strains."

Mrs. Hawkes next notices her departure from Queen's Row to a temporary lodging:—

Friday, June 27, 1828.—"I am this day leaving Queen's Row, after a residence of nearly twelve years! Years filled up with many sufferings and troubles; and also many mercies, and gracious soul-enjoyments,—praised be the Lord! And now I am literally going out, I know not whither. But my soul hangeth on the God of Abraham; He being my Almighty Friend, I need not fear: while by an assured faith I can say, 'If my earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved I have a building of God,'—all is well, all is mercy, even though I had not where to lay my head."

From this temporary lodging, she again addressed her friend, Mr. B——, as follows:—

Penton Place, July 19, 1828.

"My dear sir,

"When our valued friend, Mr. Hodson, told you I was very anxious about lodgings,—he told you truth; I am much more so than I ought to be. A stronger faith would rest quietly on the everlasting promises. It is not, however, so much about *country* lodgings that I am anxious, as what I shall do for a place of more permanency when my little country recess is over. I am ashamed that an old pilgrim, who has been without what may be really called a *home* for thirty years, should now faint in her journey because no *Inn* seems at hand,—when it is absolutely said, 'the Lord will provide.' 'If thou faintest in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.' Yes alas! my strength is small, and my stature in grace is that of a dwarf. I am very thankful that you, my most kind friend, remember me in your prayers; may they, by the help of the Blessed Spirit, be raised to importunity on my behalf.

"Accept my best thanks for your very nice present. The ham was truly as delicate and savoury as could be eaten.

"Your affectionate, and grateful,

"S. Hawkes."

By the exertions of Mrs. Hawkes's friends, comfortable lodgings were obtained for her at Highgate—where she went in the month of August, and remained nearly five months. While there, she wrote the following memorandums:—

Prospect Buildings, Sept. 1828.—"I would fain 'set me up way-marks;' and in sincere humiliation, reverence, and gratitude, trace the Lord's dealings with me, (and something of my varied experience therein,) during my stay in this pleasant tent, which I must soon exchange for another. Oh may the same Divine hand of love and mercy point out my future way! and lead me, as it hath in great forbearance and compassion ever led me, until my painful changes end in everlasting rest!

"I would fain keep in remembrance all that I have been passing through—especially during the last six or eight months—and the gracious instructions which have, I trust, been imprinted on my heart by the Blessed Spirit, who alone teaches to profit. If I mistake not, He has vouchsafed to be working

His own sacred work very powerfully in my soul; in the way of convincing me of sins past,—springing from my corrupt nature and deceitful heart,—and of indwelling sin, still present: in the way of tender meltings, self-emptying, and reducing all that is within me to God; causing me to cry out, 'O wretched creature that I am!' 'Save, Lord, or I perish!'"

Oct. 13, 1828.—"This anniversary of my birth-day hath entered me upon the 70th year of my age! 'I am as a wonder unto many,' but most of all to myself, that after so many years of sickness, and varied afflictive pressures, life should have attained to such an age! Nothing can be more plain than that it is the will and good pleasure of the Lord that so it should be. May his holy will and purpose in prolonging so unuseful and unworthy a life, be fully answered and accomplished, in a full preparation for eternal life!

"Some preceding months have been marked with extraordinary trials and sorrows, in addition to my usual ones,—and with corresponding solemnity of mind, and enlarged experience. No painter's or poet's touch, could delineate my views and feelings, and sentiments, while I have been made to retire (if I may so speak) from creature converse, and shut my doors about me; and lay open every inmost thought of my heart, under the deepest sense I ever had, of the all-searching eye of God upon me; and of all the sins of my past life, both before, and especially after, conversion. Oh that I might ever bear in remembrance the reflections, the impressions, the tears and prayers, the humblings,—and yet the supports and encouragements,—of these solemn seasons of soul-transactions with God, in my depths of trouble! which can never be known but between myself and God. Praised be his name! unto Him have I cried, and he hath heard me, and doth hear, the voice of my supplication: and doth in mercy correct me for my profit. He hath, as I trust, been teaching me, and sealing me with renewed sealings of His Holy Spirit, to the farther enlargement, and establishment, of faith and hope in Christ, my Lord and Saviour. My prayer and hope is, that I am entering into this year added to my painful pilgrimage, more weaned from earth, and from creature comforts and dependencies; and that I am entering, in a larger measure, into a hidden life with Christ in God;—and pressing forward in the exercising myself, by his grace, unto all godliness.—until the warfare be ended, and the victory be gained, through Jesus Christ, who is my only hope of salvation. Death, if I mistake not, is drawing very near to

me; my night is far spent; the day is at hand;—'Bless the Lord, O my soul.'"

While at Highgate, Mrs. Hawkes was not forgetful of her young friends and relatives lately mentioned; but followed them by her letters, to Leamington, where they had retired for the season. Writing to Miss M. A. Milward she says:—

"I have thought of you all, my dear loves, with intense interest ever since your departure to Leamington; and in my mind, (and purpose when able.) I have written a long letter to you, beginning with the enquiry, how my dearest young friends were walking through 'VANITY FAIR?' for such is this world at large,—and especially such as are all public rendezvous for summer visitors. I have been the more anxious, because of the want of those means of grace with which you are so highly favoured in London. It seems, however, that God is teaching you by means which are often made more really effective than what may be afforded in even the best public teaching. The lessons taught by *affliction*, reach the heart, divested of those accompaniments which, through self-love and our nature's frailty, are too apt to divert the attention in public ordinances: and thus prevent, in no small measure, the arrow of gospel truth from penetrating and fixing, so as to become efficacious, and universally operative upon the heart and life. My dear young friends are not now beginning to learn that true peace and happiness are not of this world's growth or production: and I trust they will, from their present painful dispensation, be more and more confirmed in their persuasion of it; and be led with more earnestness and determination, to obtain not only the approbation, but the personal possession of that treasure of which nothing can rob them; and which most discovers its superiority and intrinsic value, in times of trouble and affliction."

To Miss Milward, after her return from Leamington. Mrs. Hawkes writes as follows:—

"You were each much upon my mind to-day, when engaged in my usual early morning exercises. By a better help than my own, (for of ourselves we can do nothing,) I was enabled to pray fervently that each of my dear young friends, while, with gladdened heart, they would this day re-enter their valued and loved place of worship, might meet therein a new

token of special love and grace from Him, who alone can bless them. Since, as I trust, my supplications were not of my own dictating, it will not, I hope, appear like want of modesty if I endeavour to retrace any part of them, however imperfectly, on paper; and may your own hearts say, Amen! All-gracious Lord, and Saviour! while according to thy promise, thou art present to bless thy true worshippers assembled this day in thy house of prayer, vouchsafe to look with tender pity and love on my young friends, whom thy kind providence hath brought again to the sanctuary, wherein, through thy great mercy, Thou hast appointed them a place. O let thy Holy Spirit, in an especial manner, new create their souls; and by his shining, discovering light, shew them more sensibly their need of a Saviour; and lead them to Him with a true, broken, and contrite heart; that with saving faith they may surrender and dedicate themselves anew, body, soul, and spirit, to be entirely the Lord's. O give them grace to renounce wholly the pomps and vanities of this deceitful world; and give them such a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ, and such love to him, and to his blessed word and ordinances, as shall lead them to hate and forsake all sin, to walk as children of light in all thy holy ways, and to 'count all things as dung and dross,' so that living and dying, they 'may win Christ, and be found in him;' that they may not only have the *name* to live, but be real partakers of spiritual and eternal life.

"Such, with many other requests for you all, is the language of the *heart* of,

"Your obliged and affectionate,

"SARAH HAWKES."

Highgate, Nov. 16, 1828.

"P. S. Remember, I am longing to see you."

The following letter to her friend Mr. B——, is important, as it furnishes an additional declaration of "the testimony of a good conscience." Drawn out by a person of unfeigned piety to speak upon the subject of her soul's prosperity, she with much ingenuous simplicity acknowledges her advancement in spiritual things. In this letter Mrs. Hawkes refers to another of those severe and dangerous attacks of illness, to which, besides the burden of her ordinary complaints, she was more especially subject towards the close of her life. It is pleasing to record her acknowledgments of the seasonable and affectionate offerings of Christian love, from one who was careful not to let his left hand know what his right hand did.

From Mrs. Hawkes to Mr. B——.

Nov. 1828.

" My dear Sir,

" I have this day, together with your usual kind supply of good things, received your demand for my long promised letter; which, though not worth sending, shall be forthcoming, just as it is, as a proof of my obedience to your request. I confess I am not so willing to obey your very strict prohibitions against acknowledging your many kind favours. I can truly say, I have not expressed any thing at all adequate to convey my grateful feelings for your Christian friendship, and remembrance of one whom you consider to be of the household of faith. Alas! how unworthy a member can only be known to myself! and to *Him*, who nevertheless does not, as I deserve, cast me out of his blessed family. However, I pray you, my dear friend, to remember that though it is written, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' yet the receiver may surely have the gratification of returning thanks to the giver; which is but a poor return, or rather no return at all for what is received. I will, notwithstanding, try, to bear in mind your prohibition, so as not to wound so refined and generous a feeling as is thereby portrayed.

" I am thankful to an ever-faithful and gracious God, that I can answer your kind enquiries concerning my best welfare, by bearing such a humble testimony to the Lord's great goodness and mercy towards me, as will, I am sure, dispose your heart to unite with mine in a song of praise. The adorable Saviour has vouchsafed so to manifest himself, according to his blessed promise, and to draw me so nigh unto himself during my late serious illness, as led me to expect and anticipate that he was about to take his ransomed one home; far away from this world of sin and sorrow, and from this vile body of sin and death. But the removal of the attack, together with some small measure of renewed strength, seems to signify that it is His holy will that my painful warfare should continue a little longer. Pray for me, my dear and valued friend, as I do for myself, that all that is within me may say, 'Lord! not as I will but as thou wilt.' 'The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?' But the power of all-sufficient grace alone can make me willing to endure, as long as he is pleased to appoint. During some passing months, I have been under very deep trial; for that is a trial which is made so at the time it is sent, of what sort soever it may be. That may

prove a heavy, heart-sickening trouble at one time, which, on the retrospect, may make us wonder we could feel so much about it. When, however, a trial is sent from God, it is sent to prove and try what is in the heart; and it shall not be sent in vain. I greatly desire that I may retain in my remembrance, as long as I live, the discoveries that have been made to me, and that yet continue to be made, concerning my vile and loathsome *self;* most of all since my profession of faith, and the manifestation of the abounding,—yes, more abounding! grace, compassion, and love of God in Christ, to such a hell-deserving sinner. Ah! there are heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths in *both*, which the Holy Spirit alone can reveal; and which I believe can only be known in the sober, solemn night of affliction. Therefore I do join my testimony to that of David's, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.' And I desire to be made willing that my affliction should continue as long as a faithful soul-healing God should see it needful; although at times, heart and flesh seem ready to faint and fail.

"I hope when I return to town, that we shall have opportunities of conversing on the best things, and talk of all our mercies. I should be half inclined to settle in some milder and less exposed spot in Highgate, were it not that the distance would separate me so much from the society of dear friends, who could seldom visit me here. In younger years I delighted in seclusion, being always able to make my books my sole companions. But I find that hoary hairs, and ill-health, require a moderate degree of kind and cheerful society.

"Earnestly entreating the continuance of your prayers, the greatest kindness which your benevolent heart can grant,

"Believe me, my dear Sir, to remain,

"Your grateful and affectionate,

"S. HAWKES."

In the month of December, Mrs. Hawkes left Highgate, and settled in Cross street, Islington. In a memorandum written at the opening of the year 1829, she expresses the satisfaction she felt on being received into the house of Mr. and Mrs. T———.

Jan. 1. 1829.—"Having been received, through the tender care of my heavenly Father, into this kind family, I would acknowledge the mercy; and encourage myself to hope and believe, that this is a token for good, and a condescending pledge

that the Lord will be gracious and merciful from the beginning to the end of the year, and also the end of my painful pilgrimage. I seem as one needing time to collect together my distracted and confused thoughts respecting the extraordinary improvement in my present situation, compared with the last in Queen's Row. Here I raise my Ebenezer, and desire to look up for a blessing on my new abode. The last year has been one of many trials, and much feebleness and sorrow. I have been led by a way that I knew not; and faith has been put to hard conflicts and struggles. But, blessed be God, who chose my way, he did not forsake me in it; and he hath brought me out of it with much spiritual gain, and with praise and thanksgiving. This hath encouraged me to enter on the new year with tears of contrition, hope, and fresh dedication of all I have and am; desiring to live wholly and unreservedly to Him, in whom alone is my portion and refuge. 'Thou, O God, art the thing that I long for.' It is not the removal of my sufferings and sorrows that I seek, but the light of thy countenance, the indwelling presence of my adorable Saviour, and grace to abide in him, and to bring forth more fruit, ripe fruit, to the glory of my God, who hath, as I trust, 'made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure,' and this is all my salvation, and all my desire,—yes, *all my desire*."

Writing to an intimate friend, whose mind was harrassed by some perplexing doubts and fears with regard to spiritual subjects, she says:—

"Ah, to be a simple, child-like believer, is a noble, happy aim! I see for myself how those grow in grace, and become established in faith, who are as little children, taking in whatever truth they are taught, without hesitation, unbelief or disputation. Upon this subject Mr. S. conversed with me the other day most delightfully. He was speaking of the advantage of being strong in faith. I remarked, But some are weak, and are apt to say, *This* and *that* promise is not for me;—(very much your own words.) With a wonderful animation he replied, 'Who are the promises for? Such a thought should never enter into the mind of any one who is seeking God. What is our claim to them? emptiness,—poverty,—misery,—impotency; but we want to take something in our hand. Evidences are essential in their *place:* but we must not try to fill our hand with them, or with any other qualification, when we go to mercy's door,—mercy, free and sovereign mercy,—is our only plea; and Christ our only hope. Many persons puz-

zle themselves greatly about faith, and many other points, to their hurt, discomfort, and sad hindrance; when, if they would take the Scriptures as they are given, to him who has given them, and plead the promises, they would have spiritual health and comfort. Faith is the gift of God, and we must look to him for it every moment, and not expect to draw it up out of any well of our own.' I asked him, How are creatures that are ever failing, and coming short of all they desire, and ought to be, to know if they are sincere? He replied, 'From *consciousness*, by which they know in other matters their integrity." I again asked, How, with such a cold heart as mine, shall I know that I love God? Mr. S. replied, 'I never in all my life sat down to ask myself if I loved my wife and children, or set myself to find out marks to prove it.'

"Now, my dearest ——, this is what you want; even to do constantly, what you feel enabled sometimes to do,—to hide yourself in Christ. And when you are troubled with accusations, either from within or without—allow that they are all true, more and more in addition, blacker and yet more black, —and then go, like Mary, and wash the Saviour's feet with your tears; there waiting till he shall say, 'Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.' Pray for a full measure of the spirit of adoption. 'We have not received the spirit of bondage, again to fear.' Legal, slavish fear, is a state of torment; it will cleave to us as long as *self* has any prevalence. I can truly say, that whenever my thoughts turn upon any thing like self-complacency in spirituals,—which is too often,—I want to spit it out, as I should a nasty taste out of my mouth. No, no, 'poor, and blind, and miserable, and naked,' we must be content, (yea pleased,) to be in our own eyes, and in the eyes of others; and then we shall know what that means, 'Buy of me gold tried in the fire.'

"Let your mind and thoughts, my dear, be more occupied with the Scriptures. I find nothing so ennobling,—so enlarging,—so elevating, and purifying. When we read the word, looking only to be taught by the Spirit, we receive not only the opening of the understanding, but, at the same time, all the graces of the Spirit richly poured out upon the searcher after spiritual knowledge; for he loves to be munificent."

This year furnishes but one more letter, addressed to Miss C. Milward, while at Malvern, from which the following is an extract:—

"The beautiful scenery you describe—the fine pure air you

breathe—the simple country rambles you take—the favoured exemption from worldly and gay society—the unrestrained freedom of pursuing, in the way that is right, all your designs —does surely comprise real, and rational pleasure. Yet it would not fully answer the name of Christian happiness and enjoyment, were not all these pleasures combined and sweetened by more sacred and divine sources of delight. After the feasting of the outward senses, and the rational and intellectual faculties of the mind,—the highest, sweetest, and most sublime enjoyment we can taste on earth, is, to retire to the secret chamber, and shut our doors upon us, and in prayer and reading the sacred Scriptures, hold communion with the holy and blessed Trinity,—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,—one God; unseen, yet ever present to the eye of faith. This is a taste of heaven below; and next to this amazing favour, granted to poor sinful worms through the free grace of the everlasting covenant, comes the true and sweet pleasure of free intercourse with a Christian friend,—well-informed, well-authenticated in character, and spiritual endowment—such as, by your description, you now have in your minister, Mr. ——."

The frequent and particular manner in which Mrs. Hawkes mentions the persons of the Holy Trinity, may be worthy of notice. She was not accustomed to use "words of course" in speaking on religious subjects; her phraseology was expressive of ideas connected with her Christian experience. She had enlarged and scriptural views of the different offices sustained by the several persons of the Holy Trinity, in the work of redemption. And as she received, by degrees, more and more of the true spirit of adoption, she was led with adoring gratitude, and humble reverence, to hold communion with a *Triune* God; and could say with the apostle, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." 1 John i. 3. That fellowship with the saints, and the excellent of the earth, in which, with David, she had always taken so great delight,—was now becoming, through her growing weakness, much interrupted. But her necessarily increased solitude became a means, whereby she was more especially enabled to enter into those high privileges of the godly, mentioned in Isaiah xxxiii. "He shall dwell on high; thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty:" and thus she found a place of defence, which was to her as "the munitions of rocks." To such experience the next memorandum refers:—

Cross Street, Oct. 13, 1829.—"Still another unexpected an-

niversary of my birth-day! The verse of Scripture in my text-book this morning, is most delightful, Psalm xxxi. 20. 'Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence.' Has not this blessed favour been vouchsafed to me through every succeeding year of my whole life,—and strikingly through the *last?* None but my sinful, wretched, helpless, afflicted, unworthy self,—and a forbearing, compassionate, covenant-keeping God, can ever know what a monument of mercy and long-suffering I consider myself to be! I stand amazed and, I hope, abased and humbled to the dust, on the retrospect of every passing year; and more particularly on the year since my spiritual birth, and long and varied afflictions. I can truly say, 'The remembrance of my sins is grievous unto me, and the burden (but for hope in Christ) intolerable.' When I endeavour to review the Lord Jehovah's gracious, long-suffering, and merciful dealings with me, overwhelming recollections so crowd on my mind, that every attempt to record them is impracticable. By the help of the Divine *Remembrancer*, they shall all be mentioned, over and over, in penitential tears, confessions, supplications, and thanksgiving,—in deepest prostration of soul, at the foot of the blessed cross; whereat, when the Holy Spirit melts my wretched heart, I alone taste of true, substantial happiness; and raise my feeble, unworthy,—but sweetest—hallelujahs!

"I do hope, and trust, that through the eternal Spirit's help and teaching, and by means of the blessed word, the sacred entrance of which giveth wisdom unto the simple—and by the sanctification of all my afflictions—I do hope, that I am entering another year of my life, with some more *reality* of self-abhorrence, and self-renunciation; and with more simple clinging unto Christ, and dependence upon Him, as my only hope and refuge; with mournings over the sins and failings of the last year; with more lively gratitude for my innumerable mercies; and with a warm and sincere desire, that my few remaining painful days may be filled with His praise, who follows me with loving-kindness and tender mercies. May my converse with Christian friends, praise Him; May my solitary times, praise Him! May my pain and weakness, through the power of Christ resting upon me, praise Him! And in death, may I, most of all,—praise Him! Amen."

At the opening of the year 1830, Mrs. Hawkes writes to her nephew, Mr. E. T. Jones, as follows:—

"I have felt much regret that I have not been able to write

to my dear nephew long before this. But truly my inability, and numerous infirmities, render it the most difficult thing possible for me to get a letter written—which I lament. Sure I am, that if my friends were only to witness all that I have to undergo every succeeding day, their only wonder would be, that any sort of exertion could be attempted by so burdened a creature. There is however One, blessed be His name! who knows minutely our whole case, whether it respects body or soul. Oh! for a heart to comprehend His infinite love and compassion! While we see, and feel, our continual sinfulness, our innumerable corruptions, our want of faith, love, and resignation to His holy will, our carnality of mind,—in short, our poverty, and want of every grace which should be found flourishing in our souls,—He that so loved us as to give Himself for us, sees infinitely worse in us than we do in ourselves. Yet He loves, and pities, and forgives, and heals;—for why? for His own name's sake: because it hath pleased him, whose sovereign prerogative it is to will and to do according to his own good pleasure, to translate us out of Satan's kingdom, and to set his love upon us, which changeth not; to make such an atonement, and to work such a righteousness, as shall expiate and cover all our sins; and also to give his sanctifying Spirit, that we may be formed into His likeness, (who is[1]) the glory of the blessed, Three-one Lord, Jehovah! Is He not justly named, 'Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.'

"While I continually ask *myself*, allow me my dear nephew, to ask *you*,—what is our growing knowledge, our increasing faith, love and holy conformity to this glorious One? Is He our Beloved above all others? Do we seek and delight to walk and talk with him? and to keep so very close to Him, that no earthly object may force, or slide in, to draw our hearts away from communion with Him? Do we find that we are able to exalt Him more,—to bring forth fruit to his praise,—and to bring others to the saving knowledge of Him, whom to know is life eternal? For myself, I find it a stimulus, (as I am sure I do an occasion of great humiliation,) to make these self enquiries in the presence of Him who knoweth us better than we can ever know ourselves. Surely no enquiry can be

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[1] These words seem to have been *accidentally* omitted; but if not, the sense may still be correct,—as will appear by comparing the following passages—Gen. i. 27. Ex. xxviii. 36. Isa. xlvi. 13. Ps. xlv. 13. Rom. viii. 29, compared with Heb. i. 3. 1 John iii. 2. Rev. xxi, 11.—Ed.

more suitable, and important at the beginning of a new year. May the blessed Spirit help my beloved nephew, and me his aged and unworthy aunt, to open the inmost recesses of our hearts to receive that light which maketh manifest! that we may discover what is wanting in ourselves, and see still more of that matchless Saviour, out of whose fulness all our wants are freely supplied.

"But it is time to check my pen: after first assuring you of my truly affectionate and thankful sense of your kind care, and remembrance of your aged aunt,—not only worn and pressed down by disease and infirmities—but, old age has come upon me, having entered into the seventy-first year of my earthly pilgrimage! Hence, from a double cause, the springs of life are dried up, and heart and flesh faileth; and were it not that infinite mercy enables me to say, 'But God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever,' I should indeed utterly faint and be dismayed. Oh! for a thousand tongues to praise the Saviour's love, who hath said, and still makes His promise good. 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' 'He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. He gives me abundant cause to praise and trust Him for mercies, temporal, as well as spiritual.

"Ever yours, "S. H."

Under the same pressing sense of infirmity, she writes about this time, to a friend of her early years as follows:—

"The days are come upon me when the 'grasshopper is a burden;' and when I am ready to say, even to those beloved friends in whose kind visits, and Christian converse, I have had so much delight,—and whom I ever do love,—'Cease then, and let me alone!' Some days for an hour or so, I seem to revive, and make an attempt to rally my enfeebled powers; but I soon fail, and am forced to yield to a state of debility of which I can give no idea; any more than I can of the disease, oppressive weight, and restlessness of my body. Yet, as usual, very little of all this suffering is perceived by any who are not with me night and day.[1] I find this state of

[1] This remark was surprisingly true, and will appear very astonishing, when the whole nature of her complaints is made known—as also is the next clause, respecting the unimpaired vigour of her mental faculties.—Ed.

extreme exhaustion very trying, and unhinging to my mind, which through mercy is yet vigorous, and longs to be on the wing, while its heavy companion bears it down. What a mercy that the load is on the *body*, and not on the *soul!* What a favour that I can say, though my natural strength be departed, 'the Lord is not departed from me; He is my strength, and my song, and my portion for ever.'

"I wish I could tell you of the kind and gracious leadings, and upholding of his merciful hand; what are the teachings of his blessed Spirit, in all I have been passing through, since you and I saw each other face to face. I should love to hear all the way that *you* also have been led, since that time; which I trust, might be profitable to us, and lead us to offer our mutual praises to the God and Father of all our mercies. But probably we must wait until we meet in heaven to tell of the wonders of His love, and give Him glory.

"I have experienced deep trial from within and without; so that I have said, 'The Lord is leading me now in a way that I know not; and my faith is called to fight battles, new and strange, with a host of spiritual enemies, (as well as outward trials) that gather together against me. But well am I assured, that the *design* and *end* of every dispensation is one and the same, namely, that our heavenly Father will, by these things form us for Himself. I never had a more solemn and deep sense of what is our high calling in Christ Jesus than I have now: or of what is meant by being a Christian indeed —having our 'life hidden with Christ in God'—and daily showing forth the fruits thereof to His praise. Nor did I ever feel a deeper humiliation that I am yet so much wanting, and am so weak in thus living by faith in the Son of God. I believe that as we draw nearer to eternity, our views of ourselves, and of God, will lead to such discoveries, through the enlightenings of the blessed Spirit and the Scriptures, as will lead us, like Job, to put our mouth to the very dust, and cry, 'Behold I am vile;' and will also promote such an establishment in faith, such dependence on Jesus Christ, and on his new and everlasting covenant,—as shall enable us to say, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' To be emptied of *self*, and to live and abide in Christ, and be found in Him, is a divine work,—wrought in us by various means, through the sanctification of the Spirit. I do hope that I am taught, through grace, to know something more of the hidden life; and to feel that the life to which we are called, consists in turning quite away from self-choosing, self-trusting, and in-

deed from self, and created things, both good and bad:—and that we are under gracious training, by that discipline which our great Sanctifier sees needful, in order to bring us to live, and move, and have our being in Christ, our living head.—Blessed be His name, that he doth give me to taste much sweetness in all my affliction; and to see, that to depend simply on the blessed promises of a faithful covenant-keeping God, is my only way of obtaining peace, comfort, and stability. In this way of wholesome discipline, has the Lord been graciously training *you*, my dear for many years, as well as your unworthy old friend; and by the new disappointments, and more clouded prospects which you mention, the great and good Husbandman of your soul is still further pruning, and purging away, what may hinder your bearing more fruit,—and also perfecting what is lacking in your faith and love. Hear the Saviour speaking to you, as though with your outward eyes and ears you saw Him, and heard him saying, 'Fear none of these things; only believe: said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God.' The precious promises, when through the help of the Holy Spirit they are presented to a lively and simple faith, bring Christ so near to us, and us so near to Him, in that sweet *relationship* to, and communion with Him as Man as well as God,—as One made like unto us,—'tempted in all points as we are, yet without sin,'—and that can be 'touched with our infirmities,'—that we are enabled to realize, more and more, his love and pity; and his being always present to help and lead us: not always sensibly, but always really present. Faith in Christ, faith in the Scriptures, faith which is the gift of God, is that which works wonders, and quiets our fears,—both under inward or outward troubles. All this my dear friend already well knows; but neither of us know it in that fulness, that rich fulness, in which the Lord is ready to impart it to us. And we need to be stirred up, and encouraged, to look to Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith that we do not faint in the day of adversity; and that the wear and tear of life do not (if I may so say) wear away the life of faith in our souls, and prevent a close walking with God in the Spirit of adoption,—and not in the spirit of bondage and slavish fear. May we enter more and more into that liberty of the children of God, by which as little children, we run with every sorrow, fear and complaint, in an unreserved confidence to our Father whose love is unbounded, and whose compassion faileth not."

That "turning quite away from *self*, and from created

things, both good and bad," to which Mrs. Hawkes so frequently (and particularly in the foregoing letter) refers,—and that entire resignation to God which springs from true filial love to Him,—are graces which the most eminent saints have ever found of difficult attainment. The truly pious Mr. Berridge says, in a letter written to Mrs. Wilberforce when she was in dying circumstances:—

'Live as near to Jesus as you possibly can; but die, die to *self*. 'Tis a daily work,—'tis a hard work. I find self to be like an insurmountable mountain, or a perpendicular rock, that must be overcome:—I have not got over it, not half-way over! This, this, is my greatest trial! Self is like a mountain; Jesus is a sun that shines on the other side the mountain, and now and then a sun-beam comes over the top; we get a glimpse, a sort of twilight apprehension of the brightness of the sun; but *self* must be much more subdued in me, before I can bask in the sunbeams of the ever blessed Jesus, or say in every thing, 'Thy will be done.'"

The Rev. Joseph Milner, writing to the Rev. Dr. Milner on the grace of resignation, calls it "one of the last and highest attainments of the Christian life:" he says, "Though it is not easy to confine by rule the order of the Spirit's operations, yet this seems the general order of the Christian virtues,—viz. repentance, faith, love, and resignation. In Christ himself, resignation was perfect;—'not my will but thine be done;'—and as far as we can trust Him for grace, so far we receive grace out of his fulness. Among men, St. Paul seems the completest pattern of resignation. What a tremendous view of his sufferings is that in the latter part of 2 Cor. xi.! But how practical did the love of God make every thing to him! In Phil. iv. 11—13 he tells us, he had learned to be content in any state, and that he could do all things through Christ which strengthened him: and the original word for, '*had learned*,' alluding to the pagan mysteries, shows that the learning was of a mysterious nature."

In the following letter to Mrs. C——tt, dated March 1830, Mrs. Hawkes refers to another acute visitation of sickness. The various impediments under which she called herself up to write, may be inferred from the description of painful feelings, with which, by way of apology to her friends for apparent remissness, she frequently begins her letters:—

"I cannot number how many times I have said,—I will not

if possible let another day pass without writing to my beloved friend! And when I reflect on how many beyond what I can number have passed, I am truly grieved, and can only console myself in the heartfelt consciousness, that my affection and interest is undiminished; and that my ceasing to write is my own loss, which must be classed among other privations that old age and long disease, with increasing infirmities, bring upon me, and which are among the afflictions and trials common to man. I seem now as if I were writing almost out of the tomb, to which I have been nigh many times since I last had the pleasure of communicating with my dear friend. It is not long since I had reason to say, 'this sickness is surely unto death'—for it was of a very serious nature. I felt as though all was ready, and waiting, that should prove my safe and happy convoy over death's cold flood, into that city, the glory of which seemed to dawn upon me. But the time was not come, and my prayer is, (and let it be your's on my behalf,) that this, and every fresh visitation may be to the glory of God, and a more full preparation for heaven. To live to the glory of God, embraces all that His holy word enjoins, as respects our duty towards Him, ourselves, and our fellow creatures; and therefore renders every successive day, yea hour, and every circumstance, whether of suffering, or labour, or trial,—most important; for in every dispensation, common or extraordinary, He that teaches us to profit, and who in all things, *designs* our profit,—has some gracious lesson to imprint upon our hearts. Sweet, is it not, when we are enabled to prostrate our souls at the foot of the sacred cross, receiving whatever is sent as a token of the Saviour's bleeding love, and with most earnest prayer, that like diligent and wise pupils, we may let nothing escape that our gracious Teacher means for our holy improvement.

"I must pass over the detail of the many deep waters that, through the year 1828, with the exception of the latter part, seemed ready to overwhelm me. They arose both from trials within and without, and were of such a nature, that my constant cry was, 'Lord, thou art leading me by a way that I know not! Oh cast me not off in old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth.' Nor did He forget or forsake his sinful worm,—but held me fast with His arm of salvation,—sealed the divine promises of His word more deeply on my heart,—and enabled me through all to say, 'Thou which hast shewed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me again from the depths of the earth.' Praised

be His name for ever, who has brought me out of these deep waters, not only with safety, but, I trust, through grace, with much gain! having brought me to great self-loathing, and a more simple and entire hiding myself in Christ, our only sure refuge. But I have yet many painful waves to encounter, and my faith is at times very feeble. I am still in an enemy's country, and in a body of sin and death. Yet we know who is able to make us 'more than conquerors,' preserved through almighty power. 'Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory,' I think my warfare is almost over. No wonder if after such lengthened suffering I find, in advancing age, my constitution sinking, and my strength departing. I am now almost too feeble to call myself up to any exertion. Every thing exhausts and wearies me, however pleasant and desirable. A very little company is too much for me; and though from excitement, and the love of seeing dear Christian friends, the failing lamp lights up for a time, and cursory observers see no great signs that it is near expiring,—yet I sink lower afterwards, and but slowly recover. I am, however, very thankful for what little strength is left. May all I have, and am, (which all cometh of sovereign grace and love,) be devoted to His service and praise!

"I am now compelled to say farewell,—even while my heart continues to commune with you. May the everlasting arms of our Heavenly Shepherd be underneath, and round about you! And the shinings of his face ever beam upon you,—scattering every cloud that may arise to obscure your longing and believing sight of his glory!"

The following letter, written May, 1830, to Mrs. Y——, contains several points of interest. In the manner of opening, we may mark the advanced Christian, meditating on the stability of the everlasting covenant, and rejoicing in its privileges and security. The congratulations which are then offered, will be encouraging to those, who, in obedience to the leadings of Providence, have left their most loved and valued spiritual privileges. The Isle of Wight, which from its beauty has been termed "the garden of England," might, from its want of Gospel light at the time when the friend to whom the letter is addressed was called to settle there, have been more properly called "the land of darkness." That it is now become as "The garden of the Lord," must be to every true christian a subject of joy and thankfulness.

Mrs. Hawkes next refers to the loss of one of her oldest and

dearest friends, who had stepped into eternity before her. The tender reflections this event occasioned, prove that old age had not impaired either the strength or delicacy of her grateful and affectionate friendship. The letter, at its conclusion, touches upon the high and holy calling of a Christian minister; and contains the further testimony of this aged saint against "new speculations, and subtle, novel notions," in the church. After allusion to her increasing infirmities, Mrs. Hawkes goes on to say:—

"Yet the Lord is very gracious to me, and with thankfulness and praise I can, and would answer, 'it is well.' By faith I endeavour continually to traverse over and over, the blessed, new, and everlasting covenant, 'which is all my salvation and all my desire;' and therein I am enabled to view all things well ordered and sure, to such as are the children of grace, called with an effectual calling, in Christ Jesus. I have, however, great reason to be humbled, and ashamed, that I do not endure some of the 'all things' ordered for me therein, with the full and entire acquiescence to the divine will which I desire. Oh, to feel 'the will of God a soft pillow!' as a Christian[1] friend once told me she did. This would truly bring a peace into the soul that passeth all understanding; and make all sufferings and trials comparatively light and easy. To be favoured, through grace, with any taste of so great a blessing, demands perpetual praise; while it also proves a stimulus to seek after further attainments.

"How wonderful and gracious has been your dispensation, my dear madam! The place to which you went with reluctance, thinking you were taking leave of all your 'pleasant things,' now proves to be the 'land of Goshen.' May the continual influences of the Holy Ghost cause you to feed and grow thereby! for therefore are such favours given unto you. The ministry of that holy and invaluable servant of Christ, Mr. S—, is such a talent committed to his hearers for diligent improvement, as few are favoured with. You, dear madam, and your christian friends, will have need to keep it in your remembrance that the sacred treasure is in an earthen vessel, and that its sweetness and profitableness will be imparted to you by much prayer for him, and for yourselves. I think with real delight of your, and dear Mrs. B——'s joy on the present occasion; but I must not envy you. Mr. S—— condescends to favour

[1] Mrs. Fletcher, of Madeley, see page 88.

me with kind, important, and undeserved marks of real christian friendship. Dearly do I love to hear him converse, or preach—which now I fear will seldom be my privilege: but he is always engaged in the work of the Lord, who will assuredly bless and prosper him therein, according to the good pleasure of his will, and according to his promise.

"My feelings are at this time very sorrowful, on account of the death of my old and dear friend, Mrs. Cecil—on Saturday last! A thousand and a thousand tender and grateful recollections and associations are awakened in my mind, of my favoured sojourning with her, and my ever-revered Mr. Cecil,—who were, indeed, truly and essentially, a father and a mother to me, in seasons of deep affliction. How does my heart long that it were in my power to return their kindness to their dear bereaved daughters! All I can do is to pray for them; which I hope you, my dear madam, and Mrs. B—, and all their christian friends will also do. Mrs. Cecil's departure was preceded by such an entire sinking of her constitution, and by an exhaustion tending so much to lethargy, that she was seldom able to converse. During the last week of her life, it was only at short intervals that she could be spoken with: and it was a peculiar favour to herself and daughters, that Mr. Simeon and her excellent son were in the house, and watched for every reviving moment to pray or converse with her, in all holy tenderness, till she ceased to breathe. The solemn event greatly affects my mind, and makes me desire to take a nearer view of eternity, and a firmer grasp on Christ; and I trust it will be sanctified to all the beloved children.

"I am happy, my dear madam, to hear that your son has entered into his blessed Master's high service. No higher charge can he be entrusted with, in this world, than to preach the gospel of Christ, and to tread in his holy steps. Oh! that all who enter the sacred ministry were deeply sensible of what so sacred and holy an office calls them unto! It is a favour to your son, in his first setting out, to be in a retired spot, and with so good a man. One trembles for ministers, even of older standing, in these present dangerous times,—when new speculations, and subtle novel notions are, it is to be feared, casting a dimness over 'the good old paths,' wherein alone it is safe to walk.

"I have need, dear madam, to make an apology for my long scrawl; but when the heart leads, the trembing hand follows. I entreat your prayers for a weary and fast-departing pilgrim,

"S. Hawkes."

The important calling of a christian minister is further enlarged upon by Mrs. Hawkes, in a letter to a young relative: whom she exhorts to a serious self-examination as to his motives for desiring to enter the sacred ministry, as follows:—

"Ask yourself, then, as in the presence of Him who knows every thought of your heart,—Do I wish to go into the ministry to avoid the drudgery, or the inconvenience, or the comparatively less elevated station of trade? Is there in my motives any mixture of vanity or ambition? Do I conceive that I have talents for the ministry, and shall therefore obtain the esteem and applause of men;—and that it is a more gentlemanlike and honourable profession, and that I shall make no mean figure as a minister? Do I wish to pursue literature and study because it is more noble, and will raise me to more notice, and introduce me to more genteel society, and to a better rank in life? Does my heart beat at the trappings of the gown and bands, and at the thought of being gazed at by a large congregation, and of being followed by a multitude? Or, on the contrary, do I feel sensible that I am so poor, so weak, so miserable a sinner, that I am not worthy to take the sacred name of God in my polluted lips;—that unless I am endued with grace from on high, I am the last person fit to think of becoming a preacher of the everlasting Gospel? Am I willing to be accounted the very off-scouring of all things,—and can I meet disgrace, contempt, neglect, persecution, and opposition, with all cheerfulness? Do I, with the apostle, 'count all things but dung and dross, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord?' Do I esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures this world can bestow? Do I esteem talents, and brilliancy of parts, as *nothing* in comparison of grace? Can I take up my cross, and deny myself, in order to follow Christ, through evil report and good report? Am I acquainted with the weakness and deceitfulness of my own heart, so as to know that I am not able to resist one temptation, or conquer one sin, without the grace of God assisting me? Do I sufficiently consider the awful responsiblity of a minister? (Read the 2d, 33rd, and 34th chapters of Ezekiel.) Do I so bear in mind what is the high calling of a minister of the gospel, as to esteem, that it were better to be a shoe-black, or a chimney-sweeper, than to take that sacred charge upon me, unless I enter upon it with right motives, and discharge the duties of it faithfully? Am I determined to apply myself unceasingly to the toil and labour of study? Can I shut myself

up from the pleasures, the recreations, the amusements of the world, and of society, and become a recluse,—and toil through the drudgery of learning with unabating perseverance and application? Am I sincere and simple in the desire to glorify God and to save souls? Have I stability enough to be consistent and pursuing?

"But time and paper fail me: let this suffice for the present; and remember, you are but a youth,—you may comparatively be said to know nothing,—and therefore, after all, must be incapable, at present, of forming a judgment upon yourself. As to capacity and talents, and bright parts,—while they are good and necessary,—yet without humility, without grace, they are *nothing worth*, and not to be accounted of. A minister must be a man of prayer—a man of a broken and contrite heart,—a man deeply versed in the sacred Scriptures,—one who fights against the world, the flesh, and the devil. In short, so much is required to fit a man for being a minister, that it is enough to make any one tremble at the idea of bearing the sacred character."

Some of the interior workings of Mrs. Hawkes's mind at this time, are made known to us in the following letter to the Rev. R. Waldo Sibthorp:—

5th Aug. 1830.

"Rev. and dear Sir,

"Had my ability for writing been at all answerable to the grateful feelings that your kind favour excited in my heart, not a day would have elapsed without my thankful acknowledgment, for so comforting a token of your Christian remembrance, kind sympathy, and desire to help forward a poor, weary, and heavy-laden pilgrim, on her journey heavenward. An attack of disease in the head has rendered writing, and reading, and even much thinking, not only exceedingly difficult, but also dangerous in its consequences:—and has proved a fresh occasion for the exercise of passive faith, and sweet repose in the will of God, and in his fatherly love and compassion; in which I am ashamed to feel I am so much wanting,—but which, I trust, I am seeking to obtain in a way which you, dear sir, kindly point out,—that of not resting short of a fuller measure of the blessed spirit of adoption; by which at all times, and in the darkest seasons, I may cry, 'my Father, my Father!' I say a *fuller* measure,—for I surely am not wholly a stranger to this high privilege,—these most sweet

drawings of the blessed Spirit to the bosom of a compassionate Father,—even while under the deepest smartings of his chastening rod. Yet I am conscious that the spirit of bondage is not cast out as it ought to be; but is still striving to rob my soul of that *abiding* peace, which is the sweet fruit of 'a full assurance of faith.' I would, therefore, in self-renunciation, prostrate myself at the foot of the blessed cross,—the holiest, safest, and happiest station for all the soul's transactions with God,—and would earnestly enter into the inquiry, 'Is there not a cause?' It may be partly from the want of such serious inquiry, that many sincere Christians rest short of this crowning blessing of the gospel. In my own case,—setting aside a proneness to legality, and many other causes that operate to produce gloomy doubts,—I seem every day to be made to discover and feel, that I know very little of what is *real Christianity*, either in understanding or practice. And having been led, I trust by Divine teaching, and also by sad experience, to feel somewhat of the exceeding sinfulness of sin,—as regards its own hateful essence, as well as the havoc and ruin it has actually produced, and still does produce in the soul,—my mind and thoughts more frequently revert unto, and dwell upon, what sin hath wrought, than on that glorious salvation, which hath provided a full and free deliverance therefrom. This habit of my mind arises not so much, I think, from the want of clear views of the precious doctrine of justification, (as revealed in the Scriptures) as from weakness of faith, which hinders a full embodying thereof,—if I may so speak. The faith of affiance in Christ, has, for many years, been so very precious and binding to my soul, that I have seemed only to desire more and more of its uniting power,—whereas I ought, doubtless, to have been pressing forward to the obtaining of the 'full assurance of hope,' and the blessed grace of adoption.

"In reply, dear sir, to your kind inquiry, 'what is the leading relation in which I am wont to keep God before me,'—I humbly trust I may say, that I have been favoured with some sweet communion with God, in each of the sacred relations, in which he has been pleased to reveal himself, in the blessed Scriptures, towards his chosen and called ones. Yet strange to say, —in that of a *Father*, the most endearing of all relations, (as I now begin to discover,) I have not, as I ought, obtained a *disguishing* acquaintance; or a habit of near and abiding intercourse,—as in other the relations; nor have I, in reading the Scriptures, sought out, and especially marked, the character, the various discoveries which are made therein of God, as a *Father*,

—so much as in the light of a Redeemer, and Sanctifier, and in some other sacred features, which I have been accustomed to place before my view: but have rather been expecting that the Spirit of adoption should be given by some immediate and sensible operation of the Spirit, which, with an invincible power, should at once cast out the spirit of bondage, and overcome all slavish fear; instead of expecting, and waiting for this blessed Divine work to be wrought through the patient searching of the Scriptures and prayer. Surely does all this prove, what I have said before, that I know very little of what real Christianity is, either in understanding or experience;—while, as to its real value and blessedness, I hope I do know something, and find a hungering and thirsting also to know all the fulness theroof.

"I have endeavoured, dear sir, with simplicity and confidence, to meet your very kind wish to know somewhat of my Christian experience,—in the hope of obtaining the further aid of your prayers, and valued counsel; from which, I thankfully believe and hope, I have received much benefit. I think, in the last conversation I had the favour of holding with you, I observed, that though I could not speak *boldly* of my assurance of going to heaven, yet that I was not exercised with *doubts* on that score. And now that I am every day reminded, by some fresh symptom of disease, that there is but one step between me and death, I am, through infinite mercy and favour, enabled to seek, and find, a hiding-place in Christ, so as to venture my all into his arms of faithfulness and love; and to adopt that holy cry, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly,' and take to thyself a sinful worm, 'whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.'

"The death of my old and beloved friend, Mrs. Cecil, has brought a lowness on my spirits that I am not able, in my present feeble state, to overcome. The loss of animal spirits is to me a new trial; although I am quite aware that it chiefly originates from physical causes, and only affects the mind in a way of sympathy. * * * * * * *

"I must continue to comfort myself that, though absent, I am not forgotten; nor prevented from meeting you in spirit, in the presence of Him who is the blessed centre of true happiness. I can truly say, I am never at a loss for songs of praise. Your undeserved kindness, my dear Sir, as regards my spiritual and temporal benefit, is among other mercies and favours, that tune my poor harp to cheerful strains of grateful thanksgiving. Much do I long to add on the subject of my deep obligation:

but I know unto *whom* you would rather I should pour out my acknowledgments, which I am sure will be accompanied by earnest supplication, that the presence of Christ may be with you always, and prosper you in every way that you take, public or private; for He knoweth the way that you take.

"With unfeigned respect and esteem,

"I remain, Rev. and dear Sir,

"Your ever obliged,

"SARAH HAWKES."

To obtain the slight relief which change of air might afford, Mrs. Hawkes passed the latter months of this year at Highgate. It was her principle never to neglect the use of any means afforded by Providence, either for the improvement of health, or the alleviation of suffering. In a letter to her young friend, Miss Milward, who, with her sisters, was then at Ramsgate, she thus urges the conscientious attention to health:—

"I hope none of you neglect to use every possible means of gaining benefit at Ramsgate. It sometimes requires much self-denial and resolution, to leave books, and home engagements, (especially if they are pleasant,) to go out and ramble from place to place, merely for the sake of air and exercise, when no particular object of interest excites to such exertion; and as we are very apt to miscall things, and put our own meaning and colour upon them, we call *that* a loss of time, which is taken from mental, or other more agreeable pursuits, and devoted to the gaining of bodily health and vigour. But this is a cheat which self-love and self-indulgence impose on our better judgment. When Providence favours an invalid with means of restoration to health,—the second greatest blessing we can desire,—it is as proper to be active, diligent, and *conscientious* in using those means, as to be found in the practice of any other duty that is enjoined upon us. Closet engagements, and Sunday privileges, are those alone which must not be sacrificed to the gaining of health. But all other employments and pursuits, however pleasing and desirable, must be suspended, during a temporary opportunity afforded by a kind Providence, who careth for the body: which being strengthened, is rendered more capable of serving and honouring God, by the performance of every duty which lies before us, for the good of ourselves or others. The mind also partakes of the benefit; and is better prepared and enabled to bear with cheerfulness, those trials and crosses which none are without."

The importance of a religious regard to closet duties, which is hinted at above, is more strongly urged by Mrs. Hawkes, in a letter to her nephew, Mr. E. T. Jones, to whom she writes:—

"Blessed be his name, I find by experience, through assisting grace, that the surest way to confidence, is to say to Him in prayer, with all humility and self-renunciation, 'I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me.' Allow me, my dear nephew, to encourage you to let no day pass without wrestling, like Jacob, in the same spirit of importunity, for some satisfying taste that the Lord is gracious; and, like him, you shall assuredly prevail; and your faith will be enlarged and confirmed. I hope that, notwithstanding the increasing demand upon your attention, you are still able to secure your *early mornings* for devotional exercises. I do believe, that nothing, (not even the public means of grace,) so surely and secretly promotes the health and prosperity of the soul, nor brings it into closer converse with God, as when, before the cares of the day, and its endless distractions begin, we are enabled, with David, to say, 'O God, thou art my God, early will I seek thee.' 'My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up.'" Ps. v. 3.

At the close of the year she again writes to the same, acknowledging favours:—

"I know not how far that portion of the sweet Litany may belong to you, my beloved nephew, 'In all times of our wealth,' &c., but sure I am, that unless the Lord bless your blessings, of every description, they will prove temptations to draw away the mind from close converse with him. He is able (however otherwise impossible it would be,) to keep my dearest Eden's heart hungering and thirsting after Him, in the midst of all the bustle and cares of life, and in the midst of all its enjoyments,—which I trust is his daily experience. Accept my affectionate thanks for your great goodness to your aged and unworthy aunt; who is yet a burdened lingerer in this dry and thirsty land, where no water is, save what may be graciously given from the 'upper and the nether springs.' Blessed be the Fountain of Life! we need not fear any failure there; and if we drink not copiously thereat, the fault and loss is all our own,—for it ever flows, and overflows, to such as thirst after it 'as the hart for the water-brooks.'

"Situated as I now am, very near to Mr. Wilson's church, you will easily imagine how painful I must feel it that I am very seldom able to have the privilege of hearing him. I am ashamed to say that I am not resigned and quiescent under my privations, as I ought to be; but often sit alone and mourn, when I should, with joy, be drawing water out of the wells of salvation that *are* within my reach. I am ready to cry aloud to the old, and the young, who can go to the house of God, 'Be diligent, be all earnestness to seize every opportunity, give place to no common hindrances, and treasure up what you may gain, as a store for sickness and old age. I feel increasingly thankful for the past favours and privileges I have enjoyed: and only wish I had improved them more. They, through divine grace, have led me into 'A broad land of wealth unknown;' and to esteem the pearl of great price, hidden therein, as of more value and sweetness than all that this earth can bestow. And what will be the joy, (for which I am looking and longing,) when it shall be mine in everlasting possession! Let us, my dearest nephew, count all things but dung and dross, so that we may win Christ, and be found in him, living and dying."

Some of Mrs. Hawkes's few remaining private memorandums are in the form of short prayers,—one of which concludes this year. The pious reader will easily follow out her unfinished ejaculation:—

Dec. 1830.—"Blessed Lord! who has commanded thy poor followers to watch, and to pray, and not faint, look on one that from age, disease, oppression, and infantile weakness,—with pain of body,—has indeed to wrestle against flesh and sense; as well as with the soul's more immediate adversaries to the observance of thy blessed word. Let thy all-sufficient grace prevent me from making my weakness, or other infirmities, an excuse for negligence or sloth. Teach me, patiently and resignedly, yet in all godly sincerity and filial fear, to yield that which is due to an afflicted frame, and with faith, and love, and hope, to lie at the footstool of ——."

The extreme pain attendant on Mrs. Hawkes's complaint, had now scarcely any remission, even in exchange for languor and debility: each seemed to prevail at once, with but few intervals. Writing and reading were almost laid aside; and patient endurance occupied her suffering days and nights.

A few lines which she wrote, at this time, in answer to the kind enquiries of Miss Milward, evince the sweet frame of her mind :—

"Many thanks, dear love, for your kind inquiries. I would gladly give you the pleasure which I know you would feel, as well as have myself the comfort of saying,—that my pain is somewhat mitigated,—were it in my power so to say : but I am suffering acutely, and feel ill in consequence.

"There is *One*, full of tenderness and mercy, that can give me ease : and if He is not pleased so to do, it is because He sees that *pain* is best for me ; and His love is too great to spare me to my loss. I thank you for your kind desire to help : but, through mercy, I am not in want of any thing that is needful.

"I pray that you, my dear friend, and your dear sisters, may, while you have opportunity, and sufficiency of time and strength, seek to become more and more intimately acquainted with, and united to *Him*, who is a strong Tower in the day of suffering ;—and your only Preserver from temptation, in time of ease and prosperity.

"With much love to all,—I am,

"Your affectionate and obliged,

"S. H."

"March 25, 1831."

To her friend, Mr. B——, she writes about the same time;—

"My sincere and grateful thanks are always inadequate to my feelings, and to my estimate of your friendship, and continued goodness, in caring for an afflicted, unworthy, and often do I say,—*wretched creature*. Yes, in myself, 'wretched, and poor, and blind, and miserable : '—but thanks be to Sovereign grace and mercy, I am not my own, but *His*, who hath bought me with his precious blood! Oh! if I had faith to be able to say, 'I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me,' how would my groanings because of this body of sin and death, be turned into praise! Renew your prayers for me, my dear sir, that my hoary head, and dying, pained days, may be crowned with a firm and increasing hope of a glorious immortality, and with a sweet foretaste thereof. I am now a greater sufferer in my body than I have ever been through the last thirty years of my afflictions. My pain is acute and constant ; and, of course, both strength and animal spirits are much wasted ;

and my days, and mostly my nights, are wearisome to me:—but the full belief that they are 'appointed' by an all-wise, all-gracious, and compassionate Father in heaven, and that they are only those scourges with which He scourges every son and daughter whom he loveth,—ought to make me more joyous, and less sorrowful under all I have to endure. Sure I am, He doth not visit me as my sins deserve; and sure I am, that the mercies, supports, and blessings that He granteth me,—are wonderful,—and demand more grateful songs of praise than I am able to render. Yes, 'the Lord is good, and a strong hold in the day of trouble.'

"When will you come, my dear friend, and,—by the blessing of God on your conversation and prayers,—refresh my spirit, as your kind provision refreshes the poor body?

"I was glad to hear you were better: may health and prosperity, temporal and spiritual, abound towards you! prays,

"Your affectionate and indebted,

"S. HAWKES."

The following letter to the Rev. R. Waldo Sibthorp, appears, from comparing the date at the commencement with another at its close, to have lain a long while unfinished,—indicating the state of suffering which caused correspondence to become more and more difficult:—

"*June*, 1831.

"My very dear Sir,

"Long before I had the favour to receive your last most highly valued and kind letter, I greatly desired to indulge myself in the pleasure of writing to you. Again, and again, have I taken up my pen, in moments of somewhat abated pain, but was rendered unable to proceed by its too speedy return; nor have I any better hope of success, but by adopting the expedient, of scribbling now and then a line or two at a time, when a short interval of comparative ease may be granted me:—very few, and short, are such favoured intervals! for I seem to be clothed with suffering as with a garment. Oh! how great is the mercy of my God towards me, who hath also clothed me with a garment of salvation! and I trust this severe affliction is preparing me through sanctifying grace, for a robe of glory. I shall indeed, dear sir, count myself highly favoured, if, as you say, I may be drawing near the blessed 'assembly' above,—and the beatific vision, where there is no veil between;

but my heart is sometimes sick with hope deferred,—and with the probability of being still a lingerer in this vale of tears : yet for this I chide myself; because time at the longest, is but a moment; and for me, it can only be *a little moment*,—which I trust I shall be enabled to improve, in seeking after larger manifestations of the love and presence of the Saviour, who can 'be touched with a feeling of our infirmities,' and graciously pours forth his choicest comforts in the hour of extremity.

"Although I am always afraid to speak of my own feelings and experience, lest there should creep in any thing of wretched boasting;—yet what may prove satisfactory to a praying, sympathizing brother, as you most kindly style yourself, (and of which by many conferred favours, I am fully and thankfully assured,)—should not be withheld. And still less should be withheld, a humble testimony to the loving-kindness, and tender mercy, which is vouchsafed in this time of sore affliction, to one, who feels every day that it is because the Divine compassion faileth not, that she is not consumed. I trust I may say, that I am brought into a more child-like spirit; and enabled by the blessed Spirit, of adoption, with a more sweet and firm confidence, to cry 'My Father, my Father!'—than when I last had the privilege of conversing with you, my dear sir, on that sacred subject; and that in some measure, I am enabled to kiss the smiting rod; and hide myself in the bosom of a reconciled, yea, and indulgent God and Father, in Christ Jesus. Moreover, that many encouraging proofs are afforded, that this chastening of the Lord is 'for my profit; and that I might be made a partaker of his holiness,'—after which my soul thirsteth.

"Had not my bodily afflictions been particularly distressing during the last few months, I should long ago, have endeavoured to thank you, my dear sir, for your most welcome and valued letter, which came so opportunely, that it had all the full effect on my mind of that kind Christian sympathy which led you to write it; and my feelings will long retain its sacred and sweet savour. I think I never felt the kind sympathy of friends so truly soothing and delightful, as since my increase of disease :—yet, as you say a sympathizing Saviour surpasses all! It is His gracious prerogative to say,—'I am with you always!' Let the sufferings of extremity speak, if they can what is the blessedness af those consolatory words, when brought into experience! I find that a time of extremity greatly tends to make faith both *simple* and *bold*;—it flies to Christ, and says, 'I will not let thee go except thou bless me.' How

truly therefore is it said, 'Afflictions are blessings in disguise.'

"I hope, dear sir, I am in some measure enabled, as you say, to speak a word in season, occasionally, to such few as my increased sufferings will permit me to converse with. As long as life shall last, my heart and tongue can bear but one testimony, to whomsoever I speak,—of the importance of vital union with Christ, and a realization of the nearness of eternity, and the blessedness of standing ready-clothed in the wedding-garment, and only waiting for the Bridegroom's call, 'Come up higher.'

"I am delighted with your remarks on the simplicity and efficacy of faith, which enters into the *possession*, rather than lingers on the *expectation* of the blessing. Does not this simple faith comprise all other Christian graces? I trust I can, in a measure, say by experience,—it does.

"I am not only struck as you anticipate, but confirmed in the persuasion, that Satan's mode of attack, in the present day, is by exciting an *outward* rather than an *inward* work; especially by promoting an *apparent* zeal for God, in pursuing objects connected with the spread of the Gospel, and the interest of religion generally;—but I am much more struck, and even alarmed, by his attack upon the real Christian, in his transforming himself into an angel of light; so as to deceive, if it were possible the very elect: proposing to them, chiefly through the medium of the *imagination*, greater degrees of spirituality and elevation than the Scriptures authorize us to expect,—except as combined with deep contrition, and humiliation. Some minds he fills with endless speculations and perversions. In others, he raises scrupulosities on minor points, destroying the grandeur and simplicity of the Christian system; and thus, puts on the Christian who has hitherto been simple and consistent, the garb of changeableness; which leads many to say, 'We scarcely know where to look for a solid guide.' But God will take care of his Church, and in due time, bruise Satan under our feet. Still it is a consolation that there are many sound in the faith—and even *some* of a Fletcher-like spirit.

"Thus far, my dear sir, had I proceeded with this letter, (which I have been many weeks endeavouring to write,) when the apalling and most affecting event of the loss of Mr. and Mrs. Forster was brought to my ears![1] My spirits are yet too much oppressed to write upon the tender subject. I can only contemplate them as rejoicing before the throne! and think they were favoured by so easy a departure, and that in

[1] Who were lost at sea in the Rothsay Castle steamer.—ED.

death they were not divided. The bridegroom called and they were ready. * * * * *

"Begging most earnestly a continued interest in your prayers, for which, I believe, I am already greatly indebted,

"I remain, dear sir,

"With true esteem, and Christian affection,

"Your ever obliged,

"S. HAWKES."

"*Sept.* 2."

By the help of an amanuensis, she addresses the same friend again, at the close of the year, wishing to express her grateful sense of favours received:—

"*Dec.* 17, 1831.

"Rev. and dear Sir,

"I can only place the favour I have received through your kindness, among the many marks vouchsafed to me of the gracious love, and care, of my heavenly Father; mercifully designed to render less bitter the cup of suffering, from which frail nature shrinks, even while the real language of the heart is,—'I know that in very faithfulness Thou hast afflicted me.' Bless the Lord, O my soul, for all his benefits! especially the benefit of his chastening rod.

"I will beg you, dear sir, to present my grateful acknowledgments to Mrs. M——s, whom, though unknown, I claim as a Christian sister in the Lord,—in whose name I am persuaded she shews me this kindness; and her favour being enclosed in a letter from yourself, made it more than a double gratification. May the same blessed Lord return unto her, and to you, my much esteemed benefactor, showers of grace and blessing!

"I feel ashamed that you, or any other friend, should ask my poor (and, now, almost broken) prayers; but such as they are, I trust I shall not cease to offer from the altar of my heart; which, when broken and contrite, being sprinkled with that precious blood which cleanseth from all sin,—I am sure will not be rejected. Yes, dear sir, there is indeed an endless, boundless theme for contemplation and praise, in the love of the Son of God towards helpless ruined sinners! and through Divine help, it is my sweetest engagement and enjoyment, while on my couch of pain, to endeavour to trace such amazing love in all its various manifestations, both in the sacred record, and in whatever comes within my observation and experience.

"As to 'flights of fancy and imagination,' I am more and

more convinced they must be altogether thrown down, and kept down, by the power of the Holy Spirit, and the word of God.

* * * * * * *

"I sincerely thank you for your kind Christian wishes, in which are comprised all that would sweeten the cup of suffering,—which continues much the same as heretofore. The good hope which is graciously afforded me in the encouraging passage you mention, and the nearer prospect and hope of soon entering into a sabbatical rest, through mercy, keeps my mind in peace, and my heart, for the most part, from fainting.

"I shall always be comforted to hear of your welfare, dear sir, both spiritual and temporal,—while, with true regard, I must ever remain,

"Your obliged and affectionate servant,

"S. HAWKES."

CHAPTER X.

CLOSING PERIOD OF HER LIFE,

FROM JAN. 1832 to OCT. 16, 1832.

Her increased sufferings, and the increasing power of grace upon her mind—Solemn views of death—Letter on ejaculatory prayer—Removal to Park Street—Her last letter to Mr. B——.—Peaceful waiting for departure—Dictates a letter to the Rev. R. W. Sibthorp,—Severe sufferings at last.—Visit of Dr. Fearon, who commends her departing spirit to God—*Post mortem* examination—Extract from her funeral sermon, preached by the Rev. F. H. Fell.

WE are now about to enter on the last year of Mrs. Hawkes's earthly pilgrimage. We have to contemplate her, exhausted by continual pain, sinking under disease and old age—and waiting in solemn expectation of dissolution. In such circumstances, lively expressions of feeling could not be expected; nor shall we meet with them. But we shall behold a cluster of graces, adorning the aged, dying Christian—who still brings forth fruit in old age. What those fruits are, we may learn from Rom. v. 3—5. "Tribulation worketh patience; and patience experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh

not ashamed:"—we shall behold her "looking for, and hasting unto the day of God;" still deeply conscious of the vast eternity which was opening before her, as appears by the following lines written about this time:—

1832.—"With what solemnity does the serious and contemplative mind take a *near* view of death, even with a good and sure hope of a joyful resurrection unto eternal life, through Jesus Christ! How apt is the eye of faith, when feeble as is mine, to view the surrounding rising waters, rather than to keep a fixed look on *Him*, who can bid me walk upon them. That such divine power may be given, when this frail and broken vessel must 'launch out into the deep,' shall be my prayer while lingering on its brink; which, I trust, shall be cheered with the song of praise, 'He hath swallowed up death in victory.'"

While, however, life lasted, she did not consider that "the work of faith" was done,—nor the "labour of love" ended. When any question of spiritual importance was proposed to her by letter, her trembling hand still endeavoured to direct, and assist, the younger Christian; as will appear by the following letter, written in May, 1832, to a friend who had asked,—"If the spiritual life could be kept up by *ejaculatory prayer only;* when, from constant engagement—under the direction of others,—stated seasons of retirement became almost impossible." In reply to which, Mrs. Hawkes writes:—

"I cannot help having much concern about you, dearest one, notwithstanding your description of all the enchanting scenery that surrounds you; because earth is but earth still, and more dangerous because enchanting; yet I feel thankful for the hold you have of 'things that are unseen.' My own experience at this very time makes me know, that while ejaculatory prayer through the day is of great help—and is a mercy—yet it will not make up for the loss of *stated times of prayer;* because it affords no calm recollections,—no self-searching,—no needful meditation,—and pouring out of the inmost recesses of the heart, before a throne of grace. On account of my pain and infirmity—together with the constant administration my wretched body needs,—I can now seldom be *alone;* I am not able to engage, as I used to do, in sweet morning exercises before any persons are stirring: and like you, I am every day panting for the power to 'shut my doors about me.' I do catch, now and

then, a morsel of the living bread, in silent groanings; but I want time and quiet for a full banquet; and am sadly concerned lest, from the want of it, I should become like the dry ground, where nothing is growing, If *I* feel this, where there is nothing to attract, to amuse, or to excite,—how much more must you, my dear, who have so much demand upon you. Therefore do all you can to get into more abstraction, and recollection, and retirement. The example of self-denial might do others good. You need great wisdom, and simple piety, to shine as a light.

"I am much the same as when you left me, except that I am more and more broken and feeble; and I am more longing to enter into rest. I am greatly disturbed also by the sad necessity to leave, shortly, my nice apartments here, without an idea in what place I shall next lay this poor body. This is an old trial; but I never was so unfitted to meet it.

"You will be aware how much I feel the departure of our Bishop.[1] He has been to see me twice since his elevation to the prelacy; and is most kind. He preached here twice on Sunday. May he be kept from all evil, and be blessed with all good!"

At Midsummer Mrs. Hawkes, with some difficulty, removed from Cross Street, to Park Street, Islington; and seemed to experience a slight revival from the change. A friend having congratulated her, about this time, on her nearness to glory, she replied, "Not *very* near; *He* is not ready, and *I* am not ready." At another time she remarked, "I feel stripped of every shred, and reduced to faith alone; but that is enough." To a friend who called upon her in the hope of profiting by her conversation, she said, "I am too weak to converse—I am too weak to pray—I am too weak even to think;—but I am in the Ark, and all is safe." Writing to her nephew, Mr. E. T. Jones, she says:—

"Again the desired haven is not quite so near; yet it is within my constant view, and I have only to stand, ready for the solemn signal to cross the unknown Jordan of death; which faith in Christ, our blessed deliverer from all its horrors, can alone enable us to look upon without trembling. After many years of expectation, and I trust, preparation for this solemn event, I sincerely feel that when death has really fixed its

[1] The Bishop of Calcutta.

grasp, it opens to the recollected mind, about to enter the eternal world, views and impressions which it is not easy to imagine beforehand. Therefore, we have need, my dearest Eden, to look again and again, that our house is indeed firmly built on that solid and blessed Rock, which will save us from being shaken when the storm ariseth. Through infinite mercy, I am favoured with much peace in my nearer approaches to the grave. But 'my times are in His hand,' and I trust for dying grace in dying times. My iron constitution, as I may call it, seems now to say,—It is enough,—and yields pretty fast to the long and large demands of disease, though it still shows signs of resistance. I am indeed a monument of mercy! Abundant in loving-kindness, both as concerns my temporal and spiritual life, do I daily experience that adorable, covenant-keeping God, whose name is 'Emmanuel, God with us!' Oh! that we may live in him daily and hourly."

The last effort of Mrs. Hawkes's own hand to address a friend, was in the following note to Mr. B——. The grateful effusions for some recent favours with which it concludes, are omitted for the sake of brevity :—

"*Park Street, Aug.* 3, 1832.

"My very kind and dear Friend,

"I hoped that I could have mustered up sufficient strength to have returned you, without any delay, my best thanks for your kind and profitable letter, which so truly suits my mind and feelings; and which leads me to hope, that such Christian sympathy and regard will excite your constant and earnest prayers for me. I comfort myself in the belief, that many kind friends do remember me at the throne of grace, now, when from a continual state of exhaustion, which seems little short of death, I cannot pray for myself, except in ejaculations, and broken utterances. Yet if these are, as I trust, those 'groanings of the blessed Spirit which cannot be uttered,' they shall not be rejected, though accompanied with many sad infirmities,—because they are intrusted to that glorious Intercessor who purifies every sigh and tear with the 'much incense' offered on high. Dying work is hard work to nature; but it will not last long; and then, Eye hath not seen, nor heart conceived, what shall be the wonder and joy of the disimprisoned spirit, set free from a body of sin and death. Until that favoured release shall be granted, and every storm shall have passed away, I would earnestly desire, and pray, to hide myself in

Christ, my only refuge. Surely 'the night is far spent, and the day is at hand!' May I be enabled to endure what remains of the night with cheerful resignation to the will of my Father in heaven,—who chastens me far less than I deserve; and mingles mercy and loving-kindness with every sorrow, so that my songs of praise and thanksgiving far exceed my moanings."

The two short prayers which follow, witten with tremulous hand a little before her death, were the last attempt to express her feelings on paper:—

"Oh, Thou! whose bowels of compassion yearned over Jerusalem, as in that tender lamentation, 'How often would I have gathered thee, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings,'—let an afflicted, defenceless one, who ever in trouble flies to thee, abide beneath thy spreading wings. Yea, 'under the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until all my calamities be overpast.'"

"If Thou, O gracious Saviour, didst commend such as had visited thee, 'sick and in prison,' with 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me; how much more wilt thou thyself, 'whose heart is made of tenderness,' come to a sick, oppressed prisoner,—the Lord's prisoner,—who crieth unto thee; and esteems one drop of sweet balm from thee, more precious than all other healing medicine. Come, O blessed Spirit of promise, bring, and seal some word of Scripture on my heart and memory, and it shall be sweeter than if an angel spake!"

Her prayer was answered: there was not much *said* in that chamber of death; all was solemn; all was silent;—save when the dying child of Adam uttered a groan!—save when the living child of the *second* Adam breathed a prayer! but there was no one in that sacred chamber who was not sensible that 'The Lord was there." "The High and Holy One, who inhabiteth eternity," was with this lowly, contrite one, to revive her heart and spirit. His everlasting arms were underneath the sufferer. All was peace: and the beams of the Sun of Righteousness were shining through this chamber of death, for all was *love*,—love to God, and love to all the saints. Heaven was drawing nigh, and hope was going forth to meet it; and faith had laid her soul, like a passive infant, in the arms of her

Saviour, waiting and praying, (in the sentiment of those lines used by the Primitive Church):

"When I shall get permission
To leave this mortal tent,
(From pains and griefs, dismission,)
Thyself just then present;
And let me when expiring,
On thy dear breast recline;
And be true life acquiring,
From that pierc'd heart of thine!"

This soul, full of light and love, was not, however, altogether silent. The feelings of gratitude stirred up the dying embers of life, when nearly extinct. Having received a letter from her valued friend, Mr. Sibthorp, containing a kind and generous assistance towards her bodily comforts, she called to one who was watching near her, to write while she dictated, her acknowledgments. But recollection was nearly gone; and from beginning to express her sentiments in the *third* person, she occasionally spake in the *first*, making, from weakness, long intervals between each sentence. These intervals were marked by *dashes* inserted by Mrs. Hawkes's amanuensis, while writing from her lips, upon a rough paper; the substance of which was afterwards copied, and introduced in the following manner in a letter to Mr. Sibthorp:—

"Rev. Sir,

I had the privilege of seeing dear Mrs. Hawkes yesterday, and delivered to her your letter. I found her sinking very fast, greatly reduced in strength, and in a more suffering state than I ever saw her. She was scarcely able to speak, but endeavoured to dictate a reply. Her words were are follows;—

"She wished me to express to you, her sincere and affectionate thanks for your letter, and its generous contents,—the help of which was important to her;—and most of all, for the continuance of your friendship.——She has been, and now is, reduced to a state of dying weakness she never felt before.——I have been exceedingly longing to write both to yourself and Mrs. Young; but now I am past both.———In such weakness, it is impossible to have fixedness of thought; and therefore she is enable to throw herself on the promises, and the *Promiser;* and her constant inward cry is,—she hopes not impatiently,—'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, if it please Thee:'——and feels repose in a Father's care and love:——

and the everlasting covenant of salvation, 'ordered in all things and sure.'——She longs to tell you, that *dying work*, is *stripping work;* and that it is not in observation, and high flights of spirituality, but entirely hanging on the Saviour;——not in erecting high standards, but lying at the foot of the cross. Mr. Sibthorp must pray for me;—my love to Mrs. Young,—ask her prayers too, and every body's. My prayers will follow them as long as I can breath one.—You may let him know when I am gone.'"

Mrs. Hawkes then dozed for a short time; and on re-opening her eyes, and seeing her amanuensis sitting as before, she began again to speak; but it was doubted whether the hints dropped were not more addressed to her friend then present, than intended to be inserted in her letter. Her words were, however, written down as follows:—

"Make more acquaintance with Him, (God) and then you will hang upon him more. Do not puzzle yourself about your dispensation, but cleave to Him. Give me a sweet touch of drawing to Him,—and to say, God is *my* God, and hiding place.——Wash me from all self-righteousness;—from all notions that there has been any thing in me but wretchedness and sin. Oh, I had not a shred left;—Oh, not a shred.—I look back on my long life, and see much self-righteousness;—I have thought better of myself than I ought to think;—but now I think only of my Saviour. I had an extraordinary dispensation:——I believe my faith has been right faith:——Satan has been permitted to thrust at me:——but I trust I am able to say, 'in very faithfulness and righteousness, He does it all.' And now I cast it (self-righteousness) all away—I cast myself on Him. Take me,——as I am;——make me as thou art;—— and if it may please Him to give me strength to endure."——

At these words, a faintness came on, which was followed by a doze; and she added no more at that time.

The parting spirit had a long and difficult struggle to get free. Her "iron constitution," as she termed it, made a natural resistance to death, as it had kept up a long fight with disease. The result of this conflict shows, how little can be gathered from the mere circumstance of what is called "dying easy;" one condition alone is required for a safe and peaceful departure,—"For thou art with me." Psalm xxiii. 4.

On Sunday, Oct. 14, she expressed that she was suffering

"great pain,"—"all over,"—"shaken to death." But at the same time, she was perfectly conscious,—of which there were many proofs. That night, her nephew, Mr. Thomas Eden, (who had for some time been one of her kind medical attendants,) sat up with her, thinking she was very near death. On Monday, the pain, "all over," as she said, increased most dreadfully; so that her screams and moans were distressing, and the tossing of her arms was violent and incessant. She still however knew every body,—looked at each with signs of clear recognition, and called them by name. Besides great pain, the *shaking* of her frame was violent, so that persons were obliged to sit on each side, to hold down her arms with pillows. Her medical attendant made the remark,—that there was not a muscle or tendon exempt from agitation. About twelve, on Monday night, the violent pain seemed in some measure to abate. On Tuesday, her eyes appeared more fixed; yet she still recognized, and cast an expressive look, first on one, and then on another. In turning her head, she accidentally caught sight of a portrait of the Bishop of Calcutta, and said, "Dear Bishop!"—which proved that she was still able to distinguish objects. Afterwards a stupor came on, and she seemed to lose sensibility to every thing. Her frame became more quiet, and she lay breathing less and less strongly. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the Rev. Dr. Fearon came in, and seeing her in the act of departure, he immediately knelt down, and said, "Let us commend her spirit,"—and shortly after, it was perceived that she had ceased to breathe.

On Tuesday, Oct. 16, 1832, a few hours after the deliverance of her immortal spirit, a *post-mortem* examination took place by Mr. Bateman: Mr. Hensley, her constant attendant and intimate friend, Dr. Bright,—and other medical gentlemen —being present. The result proved, that in addition to cancerous and calculus complaints, Mrs. Hawkes was the subject of several very painful diseases; and on the question being put by one, "What did she die of?" It was replied, "Can you see all this mass of disease, and ask what she died of? She was worn out with bearing a complication of diseases."

On the Tuesday following her death, she was interred in the family vault of her relative, George Milward, Esq., in the burial ground of Pentonville Chapel. Her funeral service was performed by the Rev. William Cecil, who came up to town to pay this last tribute of respect to the memory of a friend of his earliest years. On one side of the vault was placed the following inscription:—

Sacred to the Memory

OF

MRS. SARAH HAWKES,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE

OCT. 16, 1832, AGED 73 YEARS.

"*Whose faith follow.*"

Hebrews xiii. 7.

Her funeral sermon was preached at the parish church of St. Mary's, Islington, by the Rev. H. Francis Fell, from Psalm cxix. 75. "I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me:"—a text which she herself had chosen.

If, by the light of faith, such an estimate could be made of afflictive providences, during the days of darkness and suffering here below;—what will that estimate be, which the believer shall be enabled to make, when admitted to the light of glory and to the vision of God!

A circumstance of interest in relation to Mrs. Hawkes's spiritual experience, is mentioned by Mr. Fell, in her funeral sermon; in which he speaks as follows:—

"It has been my comfort, my privilege, and my joy—I may add, my honour—to visit Mrs. Hawkes from the commencement of my residence at Islington; and, with only one exception, I have invariably found her 'patient in tribulation, rejoicing in hope, giving glory to God;' smarting indeed under a rod of bodily suffering, which I can only describe as a constant martyrdom, but 'glorysying God in the fires.' From this very exception we may learn her marvellous submissiveness, wrought of God's Spirit; while it shews, that if for one moment we are left to ourselves, we become the prey of Satan's artifices, and human weakness. I have made one exception, and will state to you, in all simplicity, with a view to your spiritual improvement, when and how it happened. Our dear friend, I may say, has been dying for years: but for two months past, it has been apparent to those who affectionately watched over her, that the days of her earthly pilgrimage could be only very few. On Sunday, the 23d of September, (1832) I received a message requesting a visit from me, and after the services of the sanctuary were ended, I hastened to

her sick chamber. To my grief, and surprise, I found her mind bowed down to the very depths of painful disquietude, unable to realize the presence of her Saviour, and harassed with the fiery darts of the great enemy, who would have persuaded her that she had no interest in the death and passion of our adorable Redeemer. Thanks be unto God for his gracious help: his ministers are workers together with him, and the weapons which they use 'are not carnal, but mighty through God to the casting down imaginations, and every high thing which exalteth itself against the knowledge of God.' In this case, as in innumerable others, the Sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, carried home the truth to the heart by the arm of Omnipotence, and prevailed. Satan was bruised under her feet—the temptation vanished before the bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness: and though much of her state at that period might be charged on bodily debility, and feebleness of mind, yet it is highly consolatory to know, that faith in God's covenant, and faith in God's character, can enable the child in years, and the aged pilgrim, to triumph over every enemy; to 'thresh the mountains' of affliction, and to beat them as small as the dust beneath the feet.

"From the very next day, if not that same night, she was again enabled to cast all her care upon Him who cared for her; and never afterwards, that I am aware, was she permitted to doubt the goodness of the Saviour to herself personally."[1]

This, however, was only a passing cloud, at the dawn of a glorious day, to which no night should succeed! To a real Christian, even the tomb is no longer darksome, but may be compared to the bridal chamber. Christ, by lying in the grave, has made it, to his people, a bed of spices. "They shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness." Isa. lvii. 2. "Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb." Rev. xix. 9. For "they shall see his face, and His name shall be in their foreheads, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever." Rev. xxii. 4, 5. "For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes." Rev. vii. 17.

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[1] Fell's Sermons, page 265.

CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

In bringing this Memoir to a close, it may be useful and interesting to take a review,—*First*, of Mrs. Hawkes's character, Natural, Moral, and Religious;—*Secondly*, of her Afflictions;—and,—*Thirdly*, endeavour to derive Instruction from the whole.

In considering Mrs. Hawkes's Natural Character, no attempt will be made to exalt the creature, but simply to bring forward those distinguished qualities, with which it had pleased God to endow her. In doing this, some difficulty will arise;—because, as in natural beauty,—though the first glance makes us sensible of its presence—it is more easy to apprehend than to describe that symmetry; so in the endowments and qualities of the mind, there may be a certain beautiful combination and proportion, which though obviously marked, cannot easily be delineated. In Mrs. Hawkes's natural character, there was manifested, a singular comprehensiveness of mind:—a judgment and practical wisdom which were of the highest order;—a remarkable quickness and delicacy of feeling;—a cordial and affectionate sympathy; an interesting vivacity;—a tender and contemplative seriousness,—united in a harmonious proportion, which it is less easy to conceive of abstractedly, than to apprehend when seen. She was like a well-tuned instrument, answering immediately to the touch—whatever might be the strain desired. Her sweet social temper was formed for friendship; and in the exercise of benevolent and affectionate feelings, she seemed to move as in her native element. Though extremely susceptible of grief, she was a most cheerful and interesting companion, both to the old and to the young;—to the latter she was singularly attached. The cast of her mind was contemplative; and after her conversation, this faculty found the highest and noblest exercise in exploring the riches of Divine revelation. In conversation she was peculiarly gifted; but, from delicacy of feeling, and a natural fear of obtrusiveness, she was the reverse of a great talker: and when in company with persons of eminence, her remarks were chiefly in the form of *questions*, by which she

had a happy facility of drawing forth the knowledge and experience of others. It will not therefore appear surprising, that her society, was much desired by all who knew her.—Her manners, though simple, were a little under restraint with those towards whom she felt deference; which arose, not from any degree of mean servility, but from great sensitiveness, and correctness of feeling. To her inferiors she was always benevolent and condescending. Nor must the great generosity of her disposition be overlooked. Largeness of heart was manifested by the *manner* of doing "what she could," after her circumstances became reduced. The *shades* of her natural character were,—a high and independent spirit, inclined to resistance; a keen sense of injuries, as well as a lively perception of kindness;—a sensibility which was too easily wounded: hence, in early life, her peace was often broken through excess of feeling; Flavel remarks,—"a strong *affection* makes a strong *affliction*."—She was timid in an extraordinary degree; and from a kind of nervous apprehensiveness, she was led sometimes to magnify evils in advance, though there was a natural fortitude, which sustained them with magnanimity, when in actual encounter. In person, she was of a pleasing figure, and good stature; and, before her disease, inclined to be slender. Her complexion was brown, with a fixed colour in her cheeks. Her eyes were a fine dark hazel, expressive of tenderness, intellect, and sweetness. Her whole countenance beamed with benevolence and sympathy.

In reference to Mrs. Hawkes's character in a MORAL point of view, we may remark that it was of an *elevated stamp*.—Even before her conversion, she manifested in her intercourse with others, a strong sense of propriety—great integrity—sincerity—ingenuousness. Her high *moral sense* was a special preservative during her career of worldliness and vanity;—of which various proofs might be advanced. There was a certain harmony between her natural and moral character, which gave a lustre to both; and when each was improved by Divine grace, her natural, moral, and religious character blended like the fine colours of a prism. In thus setting forth the elevated stamp of her character in a moral point of view, there is no danger of conveying a false impression, as though it could not consist with that *natural depravity*, of which she was so deeply sensible after her conversion; and which she so constantly deplored in all her writings—whether epistolary or private. The high moral character of St. Paul is made to stand out on the canvass, in order the more to call our atten-

tion to the truth, that all this is consistent with the existence of *pride of heart*, and *enmity to God;* with *self-will*, and *an unrenewed mind:*—nay, even with the very *spirit of persecution*. If there has been no change of heart, no work of the Holy Spirit, moral virtues do but resemble the green moss, sparkling with early dew, adorning a dead trunk which will soon become fuel for the fire.

While, however, guarding the moral virtues from assuming a place which they cannot occupy, let it not be once imagined, that it is intended to advance any thing subversive of their real importance. Mr. Cecil has remarked, "Morality should never be under-valued, or spoken lightly of by any one;—for what is man without it? It is essential to Christianity, But if it is put in the place of Christ, if it set aside the blood and spirit of Jesus,—it then becomes an *opposer*. Let Plato, Socrates, Confucius, and others be honoured because they were diligent men, doing their best by the light of a dim taper. But who is he that when the Sun of Righteousness has arisen, will still prefer the dim taper—the glimmering rushlight—and say, it is better than the light of the Sun?" Indeed such is the connexion between one part of Divine truth and another, that those who have the justest and largest views of Gospel grace, are able to form the most exact and extensive estimate of moral duty,—and are actuated by the highest motives to an exemplary life and conversation. Whatever might be the elevation of Mrs. Hawkes's moral character before her conversion, the doctrines she embraced had a tendency to raise it far higher —because extending to the motives and inmost thoughts of the heart. The Christian is "called with a holy calling;" he is bid to seek morality of the highest order, in the command, "Be ye holy, for I am holy;" and he who from a constant study of the of divine perfections, especially as they shine in the person of Jesus Christ,—together with diligent prayer for the influences of the Holy Spirit,—seeks the renewal of God's image on his soul, shall be made a "partaker of the Divine nature," and at length obtain a place in the "general assembly, among the spirits of just men *made perfect*."

With regard more particularly to Mrs. Hawkes's Religious character, we may remark, first, that her religion was *the religion of a sinner*. "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear,"—said Job, the perfect and upright man,—"but now mine eye seeth Thee." He does not say, therefore I am all exultation; but—"therefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." The holy angels veil their faces before the Divine

Majesty, and cast their crowns before him, as *creatures*. But how much lower should man, who is a *sinner*, fall before Him! And as it is of the nature of genuine holiness to give a deepening and increasing knowledge of sin, so we need not wonder that the nearer Mrs. Hawkes drew towards her end, and the closer her communion with God, the more did she multiply expressions of her deep self-abasement and unworthiness. Throughout the whole of her religious experience there may be marked that humble and contrite spirit, with which it has pleased God to say he would "dwell." This gracious temper of soul she sought, and cherished, even to her dying hour. We have seen the humility, love, and adoration, with which her soul was filled as she drew near the end of her course,—inferior only in *degree* to that of the saints above.

We may observe, secondly, that her religion was one *which led her to embrace thankfully, all the proposals and promises made to sinners, in the Gospel of Christ*. She did not stand at a distance, saying, "I knew Thee that Thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed;" but her acceptance of the Gospel, in all its fulness and freeness, put honour upon the truth and faithfulness of God; while the obedience of her faith gave Him glory. And He whose word cannot fail, though heaven and earth should pass, fulfilled in her "all the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power." In old age she was found lying down among the promises, and filled with love to God, which is the very element of heaven.

Thirdly,—Her religion was *strictly founded on the Holy Scriptures*. Her theology was not derived from notions of her own, or of others. It was the result of marking, learning, and inwardly digesting, the word of God. There she found, in grand characters, the doctrine of a CRUCIFIED SAVIOUR, as the chief corner-stone on which to build her faith; in connexion with this, and inseparable from it,—the doctrines of Repentance, Faith, and Love: there she learned to "hold fast the form of sound words," and to "beware lest any man should spoil her through philosophy and vain deceit." There she learned to fear the "new speculations and subtle novel notions," which she considered were "casting a dimness over the good old paths, wherein alone it is safe to walk;" (see page 346.) For God had given to her "the Spirit of power and of love, and of a *sound mind*."

Fourthly,—Her religion was *operative*. It must be obvious to every one, that she was an industrious and a laborious

Christian. Her constant remark was, "Every living being is sent into this world to labour, not to rest: to fill up their station, and then leave it to give in their account." Having "five talents," she "gained also five talents more." How did she labour to treasure up sermons, conversations, &c.—How did she value, and attend, means of grace;—how did she seek the company of the wise and godly,—what "carefulness" did she manifest in the duties of repentance, self-examination, and prayer;—and how did she show "the same diligence to the end; even under the pressure of the heaviest weights and incumbrances!

Fifthly,—As an additional proof of the genuine nature of her religion, it was *progressive*. "A Christian," says Mr. Cecil, "is an increasing light. A meteor, or a blazing star may strike the eyes of the multitude,—but before they can well look upon it, it is gone. But the Christian is like the sun, which though it may rise in a mist, and its beams at first scarcely appear, yet continues to rise higher and higher,—taking a wider circle,—and shining stronger and brighter unto the perfect day."

The Gospel seed had fallen on "good ground," and it brought forth "an hundred-fold." This progress may be noticed as standing in connexion with the most vigorous and persevering *use of means*, and according to the promises of spiritual improvement which are all made to spiritual diligence—as the reward of grace and not of merit; because we must ever bear in mind, that diligence itself is the result of Divine grace, and not found in an unrenewed human heart. Still the promise is, "To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance." He shall behold the connexion of all moral duties with the moral perfections of God; and shall go on receiving "grace after grace," till he arrives at "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ!"

II. It will be useful to mark that School of Affliction in which this true disciple of Christ was trained. There was one character distinguished in Scripture as a "child of sorrow," and this circumstance together with his "calling on the God of Israel," is all we know of him who "was more honourable than his brethren." While we examine the cup of suffering, which has been dispensed, by the Master at his table, to any one whom he has "chosen in the furnace of affliction,"—we should learn to honour him that drinketh; and with much tenderness and caution enter into the enquiry,—how far a wise and gracious Father may have appointed the cup, as a Sove-

reign, giving no account of his matters :—and how far He has chosen to make manifest the *natural consequences* of sin, working death.

There was ONE, and One only, who drank up "the dregs of the cup of trembling," though He was "without sin." In the cup of every child of Adam, there is a mixture which *sin* hath infused. "We are apt," says Mr. Cecil, "to talk of *infirmity* when we should talk of *guilt*." "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against Him."

Without undertaking to form a further judgment, we cannot but remark in reviewing Mrs. Hawkes's history, that her troubles began from the period of her making a *voluntary launch into the world*. Her painful experience cannot indeed be traced to any deficiency in filling up relative duties; for she was most exemplary both as a wife, and as the mistress of a family. Yet this case illustrates the consequences of taking the first step in life unguardedly. It will not be considered a sufficient answer, that Mrs. Hawkes, at the time of her marriage, was herself an unconverted character;—because her early privileges and strictly religious education, involved certain obligations. Mrs. Hawkes could not but be sensible of the inconsistency of her conduct with those obligations; and of the hazard she incurred in giving such a pledge to the irreligious world. (See 2 Chron. xix. 2.)

Perhaps we shall be able to take a more just view of this important subject, if we trace the action to its source; and in so doing, some hints may be suggested for the consideration of the young.

A young person who has been blessed by Providence with eminently pious parents, has been early "planted in the house of the Lord;" and the church is compared to "a garden enclosed." Such a one, growing up with a right mind, will be deeply sensible of this high privilege, and will deprecate the idea of being cast out into the world, which may be compared to "a waste howling wilderness," and thus exposed to all the temptations and dangers of that unprotected situation. (See Ps. lxxx. 12, 13.) A wise young person would not desire even to *look towards* the wilderness;—much less taste of its crude fruits, or venture to make experiment of its dangerous and poisonous plants. But too many young persons think, that in this they are left at liberty to make a choice. They say, "We are not yet decided."—Not decided! When God has already decided *for* you, by planting you in his Church! (Compare Jer. ii. 21, with Ezek. xix. 13, and Isa. xliii. 1.)

This plea is most *unreasonable.* "Not decided!" when the decision rests between the service of God and of Satan! "Not decided!" when the stake is between heaven and hell! "Oh, but we hope *soon* to decide in favour of religion."—This plea is *presumptuous:*

"Where is to-morrow? in another world!"

O delay not! The parable of the ten virgins is set before us as an instructive warning—"And while they went to buy, the Bridegroom came." "But," say some, "We do not wish to *make a profession*, lest we should dishonour it." So said Mrs. Hawkes in the days of her vanity. And many delude themselves with this saying, as though it resulted from a conscientious principle. But it is, on the contrary, a *great sin* to make no profession of religion. It is to omit a duty absolutely required in Scripture, "If thou shall *confess with thy mouth* the Lord Jesus, thou shalt be saved." Rom. x. 9. And so important was this considered by God in the case of the Jewish Church, that he ordained an outward and visible sign to be attached to their garments. See Numb. xv. 37—40. Moreover, this reason, if sincerely alledged, proves great ignorance of the nature of true religion, which never supposes any power in man to act consistently without the constant help of the Holy Spirit,—whose influences are promised to those who ask them. It also shows great pride of heart,—less fear of living in open rebellion against God, than of incurring the reproach of man. But generally, such reasons are urged in the spirit of those who "began with one consent to make excuse." The command given by God to the children of Christian parents, contains both a direction and a promise: "My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother; bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee. *For the commandment is a lamp; and the law is light; and reproofs of instruction are the way of life.*" Prov. vi. 20—23.

Mrs. Hawkes has often remarked to the writer, that the grief she occasioned to her mother by neglect of her pious counsels, weighed heavily on her own heart all through life, and even to old age. She did not give proper heed to the commandment which was to be her lamp—she chose to "walk in the sight of her eyes, and in the imagination of her heart;" and the reproofs of instruction she disregarded:—was it not then to be expected that she should be left to "stumble on the dark

mountains," and that her own ways should be made to reprove her? Jer. ii. 19. It must indeed be acknowledged, that there was in her cup an accumulation of temporal sorrows, greater than what is ordinary in such cases: while through Sovereign mercy, she was preserved from that *deep spiritual loss* which in such a course she had too much reason to fear.

Oh, that all young persons would seriously consider the obligations under which they lie to pious parents, and that they would close in at once with the offers of their *best Friend!* May He never have occasion to say to any one who reads these lines, "O that thou hadst hearkened unto my commandments! then had thy peace been like a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." Isa. xlviii. 18. Or in the words of that tender and pathetic exclamation of our Saviour, Matt. xxiii. 27. "How oft would I have gathered thee, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and *ye would not!*" Oh, what a cruel loss to your own souls! What opportunities lost of glorifying God, and of promoting the salvation of others! Oh, that each would earnestly enquire, Where shall I be hid when the storm ariseth? and be led to seek shelter, before its approach, in that Saviour who "gathers the lambs with his arm, and carries them in his bosom." Is. xl. 11.

III.—In endeavouring to derive INSTRUCTION from the whole, we may notice first, the evidence in favour of true and vital religion, furnished by such a life as that of Mrs. Hawkes.

In order to enter into the design of Christianity, we should not only observe its *doctrines*, but its *principles*, and *precepts*, and in what way they are brought into exercise. We should mark how they support under trouble, and direct in difficulties. The manner in which St. Paul speaks when in bonds, is an argument in favour of Christianity. To be able to meet every emergency of life with firmness, resignation, and cheerfulness; to be able to look death in the face,—and that, upon substantial grounds, because Christ took hold of our nature, Heb. ii. 14; John viii. 24:—to be able to exercise a holy familiarity with God in Christ, as a sure refuge; *this* is Christianity. Nothing but Christianity brings God and man together; every other religion talks of him as at a *distance*. This is the grand secret of a Christian, that there is a communication open between God and his soul. Viewed, and rested in without a reference to their Author, what is the earth, what are the heavens? It were better for a man never to have seen them, than to see them with the eye of a brute—stupid and unconscious of what he beholds; than not be able to say, the Maker of all these worlds is *my Friend!*

There is no evidence to the truth of Christianity like that which reflects from the life of a sincere and vigorous Christian, in which is exhibited, the power of Divine grace, the strength of faith, and all the beauty of the Christian character. For "if they that are fallen asleep in Christ are perished"—if examples of moral and spiritual excellence, such as Mrs. Hawkes, are perished—a thought too revolting to moral sense when duly exercised—then, indeed, is religion all a fable! But thanks be to Almighty love, all true Christians, no less than the patriarchs, stand in covenant-relation to God; and our Saviour hath said, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living;" and although saints are hidden in the grave, God has made a covenant with their dust, and appointed a set time to remember them, Job xiv. 13. He will also remember their *works*, as evidences and fruits of true faith, when "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." Dan. xii. 3. To such exemplars of true piety, the world is ever indebted. The writer can speak practically: the impressions of early childhood testify of Mrs. Hawkes, that her being a member of Mr. Cecil's family was to his children a HIGH BOON: conveying to their yet unformed minds the fullest conviction of the truth of Christianity, while they learned to regard her not only as a confidential friend, and cheerful companion, but especially as a living exemplar of true piety, in its most genuine form.

Secondly. In the case of Mrs. Hawkes, we have seen an instance of the fulfilment of that promise, "To him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance." But there follows in close connexion with this promise AN IMPORTANT WARNING, "Whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken even that he hath:" a sentence full of awful and affecting truth.

He "hath," it may be, many present advantages, means, and opportunities; he "hath" the divine seed constantly falling on the field of his heart; he "hath," perhaps, some estimation of these privileges; and "hath" often made resolutions to become an honest and obedient hearer. In the judgment of charity, he "seemeth to have" sincerity, uprightness, and willingness of heart; his illumination of mind, and high moral virtues, "seem" to promise a ready reception of that seed which brings forth a hundred-fold more, and better fruits, than nature's soil can produce: but there is an awful reverse implied: there is some cause why he "hath not" received the seed of the word into his heart, and why he *will not*. There-

fore "from him shall be taken away, even that he hath." It shall be taken away *judicially*. All that was really good was derived from the Spirit of God, and was a talent lent for improvement. But from the unprofitable servant, the talent shall be taken away. He shall be left to utter darkness. Heb. vi. 7, 8; For just in proportion to a man's light, will God regard a steadfast alienation from his will.

Let each search and examine what is the moral cause why he individually does not understand and receive the word. A thousand causes might be assigned by another, and not one of them touch the case; and thus persons elude conviction while they perceive that the causes of impenitency, generally alledged, do not apply to themselves: but conscience, impartially examined and listened to, might testify accurately. The divine sentence hath pronounced, that the fault of an unprofitable hearer lies in the *nature of the soil* into which the divine seed is cast, namely, into a *careless*, *hard*, or *worldly* mind. Matt. xiii. 18, 23.

Thirdly. Let the afflicted Christian learn to distinguish between the world's remedy, and that which is provided in the Gospel. To be favoured with a realizing sense of those words, "I know their sorrows," is a sweet balm for every trouble; even the bitterest, and most poignant, that a renewed heart can feel, —the sorrow for sin. It is the path and privilege of a believer to imitate Jesus; to take the cup of suffering as from a Father's hand, from whom he may be assured of constant and adequate support. What is pain, sickness, or even death itself, compared with alienation of the heart from God? This is the grand evil, from which all others proceed. Let us then think less of our own cup, whatever it may be, (since it will surely prove medicinal,) and think more of Him who drank a cup of wrath, even to the dregs, in order to provide for us a cup of consolation. Eminent Christians have generally an especial discipline, in proportion to that usefulness to which they are designed. Thus St. Paul had a thorn in the flesh: and many other travellers to Zion have likewise found something rankling, festering, and harassing them, like a thorn, which they were unable to extract. For this divine discipline we should stand prepared. Luther writes to John of Hesse, "You have entered the ship with Christ; what do you look for? Fine weather? Rather expect winds, tempests, and waves to cover the vessel, till she begins to sink. This is the baptism with which you must be first baptized, and then the calm will follow, upon your awakening Christ and imploring his help; for sometimes he will

appear to sleep for a season. The process of affliction is intended to prepare and make room in the heart for the grace of Christ: because the tendency of the human heart is to *pride* and *self-dependence*. Another important end of affliction is, that *it quickens to earnest heart-prayer*. Our blessed Saviour in the garden prayed *yet more earnestly*, till "His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." And this urgency of prayer was effectual to obtain the sustaining and strengthening influences which his human nature required. So the afflicted Christian is driven to lay hold of God by prayer; he flies to the bosom of his Saviour, where alone he finds true repose, derives strength, and is enabled to maintain that spiritual communion and intercourse with God, which is the life of the soul, which is to fit him for heaven, and which distinguishes the true believer from the hypocrite.

And, by degrees, the Christian perceives the *designs* of all his afflictions, and acquiesces in the process by which God is training him for glory; he obtains a humble and resigned spirit, and learns to say, with the subject of this Memoir, "I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me."

Lastly. The subject addresses itself to *Professing Christians* generally, leading them to take a right view of their calling as the disciples of a crucified Saviour. As Christians we have been "baptized into his death!" Let us embrace the doctrine of the cross as the true and proper joy of man upon earth. Shall the servant expect a smoother path than the Lord? Let it suffice that "neither tribulation, nor distress, nor persecution, nor famine, nor peril, nor sword, shall be able, to separate us from the love of Christ." In every trial our Saviour seems to say to us, "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" His estimate was, when about to suffer, "Now is the Son of Man glorified, and God is glorified in him." "Let us arm ourselves with the same mind: being "strengthened with all might by his glorious power, unto all long-suffering with joyfulness." "There remaineth a rest to the people of God," which must be ardently desired by weary pilgrims. But though delayed, the inheritance is certain, and the promise is sure. "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God: and I will write upon him my new name," Rev. iii. 12.

APPENDIX;

CONTAINING

Fragments and Abstracts of Sermons,

PREACHED BY THE REV. RICHARD CECIL,

CHIEFLY IN 1795 AND 1796;

AS TAKEN DOWN BY MRS. HAWKES.

WITH

REMARKS

MADE BY HIM IN CONVERSATION WITH MRS. HAWKES,

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Fragments and Abstracts of Sermons.

ON PROVIDENCE.

And the thing was good in the eyes of Pharaoh and in the eyes of all his servants. And Pharaoh said unto his servants, Can we find such a one as this is, a man in whom the Spirit of God is?—Gen. xli, 37, 38.

When God goes before a man, every thing that is good for him shall follow him. "Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south. But God is the judge: he putteth down one and setteth up another." A great part of the Bible is to show us that all creatures are in God's hand; and that he will either make our afflictions work together for good, or remove them. But the believer must wait for God's time of deliverance: he may think it long in coming,—forgetting that God's time is the best time. There is a tide in our affairs: how easily does the vessel move with the tide; but let *that* go down, and leave it upon the sands, and no human arm can remove it; whereas, when the tide returns again, it needs no help from man. "If the vision tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry." Hab. ii. 3.

And the thing was good in the eyes of Pharaoh and of all his servants. The servants were pleased with the proposal, which was more than could be expected: for they might have said, "Is a stranger, a *Hebrew*, to be honoured more than the favourites of the king's court?"

And Pharaoh said, *Can we find such a one as this is, a man in whom the Spirit of God is?* This is a proof that Pharaoh was a wise and considerate king; that he could see into Joseph's character, and chose such a man in preference to others; but God's hand must be seen here; though Joseph had much to

fear from that fickleness which is too much the character of man, yet in respect of Joseph, Pharaoh was not permitted to change.

The Christian is here taught to depend on God *alone:* and in doing this, he becomes the most independent being in the world. He has nothing to do with times and seasons—nothing to do with creatures—nothing to do with consequences and events—all these he leaves to God, and trusts only in him.

Can we find such a one as this is? Joseph's character had been vilified and obscured; Chap. xxix. but time shall show every man's character. All shall one day know, that true wisdom, and true religion, are the same thing. "We fools counted his life madness." Oh, that the man who is asking, "Who will shew me any good?" who is looking first to this vain object, and then to that, would put up an earnest prayer to God, "Lift up the light of thy countenance upon me." He would soon find he wanted no other good; and that the way to gain all, is to give up all for God. "The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil, is understanding." Such a one will say with Joseph, when temptation presents itself, though never so secretly, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" This is solid wisdom.

Joseph had God always in remembrance: He was his one object in prison and in preferment, in affliction and in prosperity. This is to be blessed indeed; and to be truly honourable. Whenever you see a man cleaving to God with full purpose of heart, say—*He is a blessed man!*

And Jacob their father said unto them, Me have ye bereaved of my children. Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away: all these things are against me.—Gen. xlii. 36.

From this history we may see how providence may be misinterpreted even by a godly man; he often frets where he might rejoice, and complains where he should *trust*; and is apt to pronounce hastily upon what he should first consider deeply and humbly; hence he is liable to despondency.

Let us enquire, how we may be preserved from these painful fears. First, we must examine upon what footing we stand;

for if things are really against us, we ought to take care of *deception;* and whether they are against us, or for us, depends upon this, "Say ye to the righteous, it shall be well with him." Though Joseph is not, though Simeon is not, and though Benjamin may be taken away,—though bonds and afflictions await,—yet "All things shall work together for good to them who love God." Say ye to the righteous, *well.* But say not so to the wicked man: for it is cruel; you will deceive him. Tell *him* on the contrary, that however he is increased in goods, in honours, &c., *All things are against him.* Has he great riches? "How hardly shall a rich man enter into the kingdom of heaven?" Is he a genius? that induces *flattery.* Has he understanding? that produces proud *reasonings.* All these things are against him: for they make him forget God. There is indeed one thing *for* him, namely, that he has a day of grace granted that he may hear the word of life; but this he forgets, neglects, or trifles with: and if he goes on thus, even *these* things will be against him.

It is otherwise with those who have chosen Jacob's God; who have fled for refuge to him. God is to the believer not merely his Creator, but his God *in covenant.*

If you have been remiss—if you have wandered out of the way,—then these things ought to be considered; for God may be making use of chastisements for this very end,—to make you consider your ways. But still there is no ground for despondency: for his loving-kindness is not taken away. He will make these very afflictions to forward your spiritual growth: they shall *humble* and *purify:* and all will be well at last. There is peace with God, to be obtained through Christ, by all who 'with hearty repentance and true faith turn to him.'

We should every day learn to correct the errors of *sense* by *faith.* We should learn never to draw hasty conclusions from present appearances, but hear what God has declared. Jacob should have called to mind that God had said to him, "I will surely do thee good." He should have remembered the time when things were as much against him as *now*, namely, when Esau went out to meet him with four hundred men. He should have looked back on his own prayer, (Gen. xxxii. 9—12.) He should have rested in the same manner as heretofore on the promise, "And thou saidst, I will surely do thee good." And he might have added, If thou art pleased *not* to deliver in this instance, yet in some way or other, that I know

not of, Thou wilt accomplish the promise, "I will surely do thee good."

Let the believer weigh the promises, and pray that he may hold fast by the word, and say, by the help of God, "I will not let thee go." God has not indeed assured me that my house shall be so with God as I wish it to be—so as it *should* be—but, "He has made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure, and this is all my salvation and all my desire." If we judge of providences by sense, we must be for ever making mistakes. In the *end*, Providence will explain itself; and in the interval, faith must rest on God's word: hold fast by that, and keep a watchful eye upon whatever would loosen your hold. Let *sense* be kept within its own province, and let *faith* speak, which says, God's word shall never fail. Guard against desponding thoughts. Melancholy is a dangerous disease. "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." Isa. l. 10.

And the woman conceived, and bare a son: and when she saw him that he was a goodly child, she hid him three months.—Exodus ii. 2.

Remark first, the *time* of Moses' appearing, namely, when the church was in its deepest distress. We see by verses 23 and 24, that God heard the prayer of the Israelites, as he always does the cry of the afflicted and destitute. Whatever men are doing in the Church, God is never unmindful of it; nor is the Church ever forgotten by him: when it comes to its darkest hour, the dawn begins to break. This should teach us that when our distress is peculiar and deep, we are then nearest relief.

Remark, secondly, the faith of the parents. Scripture is the best explanation of Scripture. The 11th chapter of Hebrews shows us, that the parents of Moses exercised faith upon a promise. They hid him, seeing he "was a goodly child." They had the promise of a deliverer, and perhaps thought that this infant might be designed for some great end: God commends

their conduct. To have an eye directed to him in opposition to the world, is well pleasing in his sight.

A man that understands the promises of God, will be so far from neglecting the use of *means*, that he will be more careful in their observance.

We should learn from this passage, to hide our children as much as possible from mischief; and when they are called out from under our wing, it will further teach us how to usher them into the world by faith and prayer, that when they go from under our protection, they may go under the protection of God. Are you a parent, and do you wish to make your children fond of the world, and the world fond of them? If you are an *enlightened* parent, you will rather cry that the eyes of your children may be opened,—that although they may be poor and of mean capacity, yet that they may be rich in faith: put up this prayer for them, "Father of Glory, open the eyes of their understanding! take them under thy protection; make them the children of thy special providence!" See the particular providence of God with respect to Moses. See the dangers to which he was exposed, when his mother could no longer conceal him. When in the most imminent danger, Pharaoh's daughter came, and her heart was softened, and predisposed to take care of him through all the dangers he must have to encounter. The bye-standers might probably say, What a fortunate accident! What a lucky child! But the Christian must not talk so. He is one who is called to watch God's providence: Moses should have the offer of the great things of Egypt, that he might have the opportunity to refuse them. Oh that we regarded not only the God who governs the *stars*, but the God of *minute* providences—the Overruler of *moments!* so that not even a sparrow shall fall to the ground unnoticed by him.

Observe the preparation God made to bring out Moses. He was put into a peculiar situation;—he had given him a peculiar spirit;—he was furnished with all the knowledge, wisdom, and learning, for which Egypt was so famed:—he had every advantage which could fit him for a soldier, a ruler, a governor, to his brethren. He was removed from a court to solitude, to live unknown, unnoticed, in the capacity of a shepherd. A course of providences is God's school.

We are to learn from this part of Moses' history, to submit to change of circumstances;—to bear the yoke;—to be willing to leave the society of our best friends;—and to retire into ob-

security, if God so appoints. The private Christian, whatever be his station, has a charge; and he is called upon, in his circle, to glorify God.

And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruise of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Elijah.—1 Kings xvii. 16.

The child of special providence, who is walking in the path that God points out, differs from others, in that he walks looking to God,—looking at his Bible,—and casting his care on God. He is an *enlightened* child, and an *exercised* child.

We must use means, but not *depend* on them. Human power is nature's idol. Every man has a habit of examining whether the fig-tree blossoms, or if there be any fruit in the vine; or oil in the olive; or herd in the stall;—but God's voice to us is, Look away from these things; you do not depend on the vine, &c.—"The blessing of the Lord, *that* maketh rich." It is a great thing for a man in time of trial to have sound principles: to live in a steady, quiet, patient reliance upon God.

The child of special providence is strangely relieved. *The barrel of meal wasted not.* Any deviation from the common course of nature is just as easy for the Almighty to effect, as to keep unbroken the usual routine of common events. Strange reliefs are in order to make the hand of God more visible.

The children of God are highly favoured in their education: in their independence upon all but God himself. He bids them live upon the meal, though but a handful. Even Elijah must be taught a life of *dependence*: first fed by ravens, and then by a poor widow; and he never seems to have objected to God's method of dealing with him.

Christians who have trod the road of *experience*, all seem to have gained such an acquaintance with God in the course of his providence, as to have their hearts brought into a spiritual habit of turning to Him in all trouble. Such an one will say, God has been my friend, He has blessed me, and therefore I will call upon Him. Shall it be thought that the man who has the love of God in his heart shall ever *want* any thing?

Let us study in the Scripture God's method of dealing. He

gives his children faith, and then tries it: the increase of the widow's *faith* was as great a miracle of *grace*, as the supply of oil was a miracle of *providence*.

The expectation of evil weakens and dissipates our powers. There is enough *to-day* before us; therefore leave the morrow to God: he knows how to provide for it. What suffering or trial the Christian *has* passed through is nothing, except as it instructs and humbles him: nor is the trial or trouble of to-morrow any thing, but as it teaches him dependence and trust. The true Christian is taught to be thankful in all circumstances, because he has that *within* him which cannot be taken away.

If we have a difficult and humbling path, let us beware of a *crooked* way, and of saying, "I cannot bear to be supported in such and such a way: I will at any rate invent and attempt a better." Two years, it is supposed, this widow lived, giving her bread to Elijah; and yet *the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruise of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord which he spake by Elijah.*

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.—Matthew x. 29.

Real religion is neither more nor less than the life of God in the soul of man. We should therefore imitate our great Master in speaking upon truths which search the heart, and enter into the experience: such a subject is now before us. Our Lord is here found preparing his disciples to meet the commission which he had given them, to go and preach to all nations. He charged them that what he had spoken in darkness, they should speak in the light; and adds, "what ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the housetops." Do not be afraid to undertake this commission; "fear not them that kill the body;" consider (as though he had said,) that peculiar government, that particular providence, which I exercise in the world: *are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father.*

1. Let us consider this attribute of the Divine Being, called *Providence*.

There has been a dispute in the world whether God's providence is a mere outline, a general direction given to creation after it was formed; or, whether God condescends to take up this particular part of his prerogative in the government of every atom. Bishop Hopkins observes, "There is not a cloud of dust raised by his chariot wheels, but God notices where every atom of the dust shall fall." This is called a *particular* providence. But it is surprising to me, if a man credits his Bible, how such a dispute could arise in the world. I put it to your consideration:—suppose our Lord designed to maintain that very particular providence which has been the subject of dispute—suppose he meant to take that side of the question, and lay it down for certain that there was nothing, however minute, that did not come under the eye of providence—what words could he employ more directly to assert the particular providence of God? *Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.* And as though he designed, if possible, to go beyond this, he says, "I tell you, the very hairs of your head,"—which you may think nothing about, as to their number,—of these there is a register, an account kept; they "are all numbered." What could our Saviour say more, to establish the doctrine of a *particular* providence? The truth is, and it will appear from the Bible, that God works everywhere, as Creator, Governor, and Benefactor. The existence of life in a gnat, or in the smallest insect in the remotest desert, seems to say, *God is here:* it is by his creation and preservation that I live: so that men have mistaken the matter exceedingly, in supposing that there are useless parts of the earth: the infinite and numberless swarms of insects that live where the foot of man never trod, are still parts of his ways, and manifestations of his power, and continued benefactions. By his power an angel descends; and a sparrow does not fall without it. So *Christ hath taught us*, and that is sufficient for us to ground our faith upon.

We are frequently disposed to give a sort of *general* regard to God, and are not so disposed to credit that the hairs of our heads are all numbered. But we learn from the Bible, that the providence of God is ever active. A stone thrown into the water forms ring after ring, till the eye cannot follow it. Things seem to us to be insulated; but the connexion, consequence and relation is beyond all calculation. Thus the wheels of a clock seem to go contrary ways; but they all tend to one end and design; and therefore form an emblem of pro-

vidence. Why could not King Ahasuerus sleep? Because God was bringing about the deliverance of the Jews. Bishop Hall says, "How vain that reckoning where God is left out." "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth."

II. Consider the particular *use* we should make of this assertion of our Lord, "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father."

First, it should teach us to guard against charging God foolishly. It is said to the honour of Job, "In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly." We are too apt to believe the report of our senses; and are found frequently forgetting, or slighting, the report of God, who positively declares in his word, not only that all things *shall*, but *do*, work together for good "to them who are the called according to his purpose;" Rom. viii. 28: and therefore he teaches us in his word, to trust in the Lord with all our hearts, and not to lean to our own understanding; *i. e.* not to take the reports of sense, but in all our ways to acknowledge Him, and say, "God is here." We are ever too ready to fall into the sin of charging God foolishly, and to think every thing wrong but ourselves: now one of the grand designs of God in his providence, is to cure us of this. When a chemist puts his precious materials into the fire, it is not to destroy, but as the poet says,—

"To wring their shy retiring virtues out."

God will thus wring out of the heart of man, patience, submission, faith; he will teach him to walk humbly,—and to see he has no reason to complain, nor any right to complain. It is of great importance in practical experience for us to realize God's acting in *particular* providences. Without this, we become the sport of our own imaginations, and are in danger of being not only miserable wretches, but a sort of atheists. The language of such a creature as man ought to be, Though "clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne."—Ps, xcvii. 2.

Secondly,—We should learn to be on our guard against *tempting God.* He brings a heavy charge against his church of old. "They tempted the Holy One of Israel." This is an important part of the improvement we should make of this doctrine. We should lay it down as a maxim firmer than heaven and earth, that not a sparrow falls—nor a hair of our head—unnoticed: yet we should hold this truth with reverence, and a holy awe. Satan can preach the doctrine of providence, see Matt. iv. 3—6. "If thou be the Son of God, cast

thyself down, for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee." We should take heed how we tempt God because of the perfection of his providence. We are to act like rational creatures, consistently with God's word: any thing may be made out of Scripture if it is taken separately: But, *It is written again.* Every Scripture is surrounded by a guard from other Scriptures.

Some people are so perverse and extravagant as to say, that because God orders every thing in heaven and earth, and every thing submits to his Government, therefore it is in vain to attempt any thing, nor are we responsible for what happens. St. Peter proves otherwise, when he says, "Him being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by *wicked hands* have crucified and slain." "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good." Prov. xv. 3. Shall I meet those eyes as a rebel, and a tempter of God? those eyes that arrested Jonah in his rebellion as a fugitive? which marked the conduct of David, &c.; the same eyes marked, though with compassion, the folly of Peter, and humbled him for his sin. Instead therefore of tempting God, let us say with the Psalmist, "O Lord, thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising, and art acquainted with all my ways, &c.; therefore search me O God, and know my heart; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." "I will set the Lord always before me;" and while He is governing the universe, I will endeavour to be found such a man as He has commanded me to be.

Neither does God give encouragement to daring, imprudent ventures: to that blind, heated, enthusiastic conduct which attends some professors, who think they are safe when engaged in the cause of religion though guilty of the greatest imprudences. Religion was never meant to destroy our reason, but to strengthen it. We are to be cautious;—our Saviour himself says, "If they persecute you in one city flee to another." You are not to be *cowards:*—but neither are you to be *daring.* We also tempt God when we create unnecessary wants.

Thirdly,—We should learn from this Scripture to watch against *distrust.* God gives us this admonition in immediate connection with the text, "Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." What would a single act of distrust have done in the case of Noah? Instead of being saved, he must have perished. What would distrust have done in the case of Naaman? So Moses, &c.

My dear brethren, there are many things in which God makes no appeal to us,—none at all: He seems to say,—Go on, and trust me every step of the way: I give no account of my matters: you must go where I command you;—must learn to trust me, who will condescend to the falling of a sparrow.

What a ground of confidence is here! We ought therefore to say, The Lord is my strength, of whom shall I be afraid? That is the best state of a Christian when he is afraid of *every thing* and afraid of *nothing*. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father." "Go and preach the Gospel to every creature," saith Christ: but do not the Jews object to this, and find it a stumbling block? and does not the Greek consider it foolishness, and unworthy his attention? Yet the apostles went on, without making any appeal to either Jew or Greek—but only to the God who governs the universe.

My dear hearers, we are planners for eternity, and need to stand upon a firm foundation. St. Paul tells us what that foundation is. 1 Cor. iii. 11. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." How extraordinary soever the truth may appear, yet that poor despised One that hung on the cross, who had no where to lay his head, is He who has the keys of hell and of death, and rules the affairs of the whole universe. Let us therefore turn to Jesus Christ; and remember, that our strength and direction must come from him who is "the author and finisher of our faith."

ON TEMPTATION.

Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil, &c.—Matt. iv. 1—10.

The enemy lays those temptations in our way which are most suited to our situation, state of mind, &c. &c. Thus he went to our Lord. The seasons for Satan's attacks are the times of distress, when the heart is softened, and less able to make resistance.

Temptation is also peculiar to high employments. ver. 3. *If thou be the Son of God*, &c.—If Satan puts our Saviour upon proving his *Son-ship*, no wonder he often tempts the Christian to doubt his relation to Christ; and if he can get us to parley with him, he will soon be putting us uponn eedless proof.

We are to understand from Christ's being tempted, that temptation is common to human nature, and not an evil in *itself*. The highest favours do not exempt us from temptation. God has prepared us for special assaults: "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass," &c.

Ver. 4. *But he answered and said, It is written.* The same question must be urged to every temptation :—our *immediate* reply must be, like our great Master, "It is written."

Ver. 5. *Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple.* Satan will be busy even in the holy city,—even in the *Temple*. The pinnacle is the most dangerous place; for the greater the height, the greater is the believer's call for watchfulness—because the greater would be his *fall*. Beware of a desire to climb. A young Christian is very desirous of a high station, and wants to be mounting: but take heed that in climbing, Satan does not give you a lift. He is perhaps as desirous of your reaching the pinnacle as you are yourself, in order that he may cast you down. Let it be your request to be kept on humble ground. The head is never more apt to turn giddy than when we are raised upon a pinnacle.

Ver. 6, 7, *Cast thyself down.* &c. Had Satan been able to cast down our blessed Saviour, He had then only been a *sufferer*, for we are expressly told "the Prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me." If Satan can prevail on the believer to coincide with the temptation, he succeeds in his malice; but if we resist, we are safe; for resisted temptations are rather *afflictions* than *sins:* these will not separate from communion with Christ; for he sympathizes with the tempted.

He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone. Satan will often put the greatest truths into the mouths of his emissaries to pervert truth. He would have Scripture quoted *partially:* he here quotes a passage from the 91st Psalm, but perverts the sense. "Cast thyself down," at any rate, "for he shall give his angels charge concerning thee." Take great heed when Scriptures are quoted by the mouth of bad men. It is no better than the worst

blasphemy; yet do not esteem the Scripture the less on that account: the antidote to this poison is, "the sword of the Spirit," Christ says "It is written again."

Ver. 8. *Again the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, &c.* Mark here the *succession* of Satan's attacks. The wilderness had not succeeded, nor the pinnacle of the temple;—but this mountain produced the most enchanting prospects;—there was also a *craft* added, to show the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. Satan in his temptations points at objects in the fairest way; spreads every thing likely to dazzle, and conceals every thing likely to counteract;—shows the *flower;* but where are the *thorns?* the punishments? where are the *shades* of the picture? It is by hiding the aching heart that he succeeds. It is his art to present temptation through the eye—the ear—by the medium of the *senses.* Satan presents a hurried, rapid view; worldly things will not bear *inspection.* In a *moment* we are hurried along. Learn to esteem all earthly things at a low rate.

Ver. 9. Observe the proffer of the enemy, *All these things will I give thee;* mark the horrid assumption of the devil, of a power over the kingdoms of the world, which he did not possess. Man's pride is not to be compared to Satan's. Satan's devices may be known by the *nature* of his promises. God's design is to fit us for the other world; Satan offers *this.* Learn hence, that the glory and power of the world seemed to be given to Satan, in order to teach us how low an estimate we should make of them. Luther said, "the whole empire was but as a crust to throw to a dog." If God allows his enemy to go up and down in the world, how deep should be our suspicion of the world. Mark also the *force* of the temptation, implied in the idea,—you are left *abandoned.* Satan's promises are all *future.* He says to the worldling, the merchant, the scholar, "*I will* give thee." He is for enlisting man in his own service, and for making him an idolater,—thus transferring the heart from God to himself. Again, Satan's promises are more than he can perform. Did he ever give what he promised? He never *can* perform what he promises:—he flatters that he may destroy:—offers the bait, but hides the hook. But supposing he *could* and *would* perform all,—how little is that *all.* I must hasten to judgment: If I climb the mountain, I must descend every step down again, less prepared for judgment:—then, what is *all?* What does it do? it excludes my sight of the cross. If I yield to one temptation, my feelings are gone;—my spiritual view cannot be reco-

vered;—the salt has lost its savour. If a man feels the pressure of the world when struggling against the stream, how shall the temptation be resisted if his mind be wholly occupied with it?

Ver. 10. *If thou wilt fall down and worship me.* Satan will use his utmost skill to beguile and allure; but if he cannot do this, he will sometimes seem to stride across the path, and dispute the road with us;—He will inject blasphemous thoughts. But in order to resist him successfully, we must take every step looking for grace and help; and renouncing all self-dependence, say only, *Get thee hence, Satan, for it is written, thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve;* ver. 10. Our Lord here introduces the lawful sovereign: he does not argue as a philosopher, but says, "It is written, thou shalt worship the Lord thy God;" not a traitor. The service of God lies in the relation we stand in to God. See Deut. vi. 13, and x. 20, also Joshua xxiv. 14. The facts of Scripture are not for speculation, but instruction.

Let the young Christian prepare for temptation; for it will assuredly come. Watch, therefore, and pray. Do not, with our first parents, parley with temptation: safety lies in *flight.* In faithfully resisting, you have a right to ten thousand promises. Satan's grand device is to divorce us from God, and to keep up the separation. An *occasion*, exactly fitted, is more than half a temptation. It is Satan's cunning to draw a man within the reach of an occasion. Gilpin says, "Satan succeeds more in his evil designs through *subtlety* than *force.*" The latter stirs up an opposition; it alarms to caution;—so that where force should gain its thousands, subtlety will gain its tens of thousands.

Satan enquires into a man's state—whether regenerate, or not: into his constitution, disposition, place, calling, age, &c., and his next care is to provide suitable temptations. He retains still the character of a *serpent*,—and will use his utmost skill.

There are not only common times of danger, but there are also *critical* times,—such as was Peter's. Satan's point, at all times, is to make a Christian quit his ground, and his place; and when he has done this, one thing more remains to complete his plan, namely, to get the man to be *self-confident* and *headstrong.*

Beware of running into danger: you are only safe in *right ways.* Christ was led up of the Spirit into the wilderness: He had a special call. We must take heed not to go on Sa-

tan's ground ourselves: but if we are suffered to be brought into temptation, let us say with Jacob "I am in the way thou biddest me go." However crafty and violent the tempter, he can do no more than make the assault:—but he cannot carry his point without our consent; he is held by a chain. Temptation puts nothing into the mind, but only draws out the evils that are latent in our hearts.

Take care of whatever would endanger you; such as *bad company*, where the enemy lies in ambush: *fear*, which says, "There is a lion in the way:" *unbelief*, which cries, "you will not hold out:" *sloth*, which complains, "there is too much required." All these are Satan's emissaries.

Our safest way is to stand prepared for the attacks of the enemy: we should know he is coming on; and we should consider how it has been with such men as David, Peter, and others, when Satan has come in like a flood. We cannot be too cautious: past experience will tell us what weak creatures we are: a *secure* state is itself a temptation: one of the endeavours of an able general in time of war is to make the enemy believe he is doing nothing.

Lastly, if we have not a *high* place, let us seek a *hiding*-place. Satan has furnished us with a valuable piece of instruction in the affairs of Job, chap. i.—that he could not touch him without God's permission. "Hast thou not made a hedge about him?" Dreadful as the enemy is, he can go no farther than he is permitted; therefore let us not be driven from our post because of danger. Christ liveth, and therefore we shall live also. He is the most safe who can take every thing to Christ, and say, "Lord, consider my danger, thou knowest where my faith will fail." The greatest advancement in the divine life is that perfect confidence in God, described in the Canticles, "I sat down under his shadow with great delight."

ON A CAVILLING SPIRIT.

Then came his disciples and said unto him, knowest thou that the Pharisees were offended after they heard this saying? But he answered and said, every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up. Let them alone: they be blind leaders of the blind: and if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.—Matt. xv. 12—24.

False religion, in every age, is setting up some *form* in opposition to the *spirit* of true religion. The truth bears hard upon the carnal heart, and therefore some tradition, or some false notion must be brought in to quiet the conscience. It bears hard upon a man to support his aged parents, and therefore he will have recourse to the tradition that "Whosoever shall say to his father or his mother, it is a gift, he shall be free," see verses 5, 6. He will put a piece of gold into the treasury, and that serves to quiet his conscience in the neglect of the command. It bears hard to give up the heart to God, and therefore some *form* must be substituted. "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me." It was a great matter that the hands should be washed before they ate; but taking care of the aged parents could be set aside. This is hypocrisy. "In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." It had been accounted something to have a mere *form* of religion, though it was abomination in the sight of God; and to be something in the sight of men is so dear to the carnal heart, that it is no wonder to find such offences. We should look into the *spirit* of objections: It is very common in this corrupt world—and that even among professors—to set up one virtue to the pulling down of another. Thus we see in Mark xiv. 4, 5, "There were some that had indignation, and said, Why was this waste of the ointment made? for it might have been sold for more than three hundred pence and given to the poor." Here we see charity set up to oppose the honouring of Christ. Sin doth not often appear abroad without a veil: when malice crucified Christ, you hear only of zeal for the law, and of loyalty to Cæsar. Do not suffer the devil to set up truth in order to

sink truth. "Divide and conquer," is an old device of his; for he knows that if he can obtain any part or lot in the matter, he shall shortly obtain the whole.

The disciples said unto Christ, *Knowest thou the Pharisees were offended, &c. But he answered and said, Every plant which my Heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up.* In this reply, our Lord expressed no surprise at the objection: he was quite prepared for it. As though he had said, What would you expect of Pharisees? Consider who they are, and who I am; consider the reception which my doctrine must ever meet with while the heart is proud, and while a party spirit prevails. Observe, that instead of immediately attending to the particular expression or objection, our Lord comes upon general ground, and applies his answer to every sort of false character. *Every plant which my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up.* There is a general decree gone forth, that whatever man attempts in order to mend, alter, or improve in religion contrary to the Scripture, *God will pull it down.* Such a man may admire the plants of his own planting, watch them carefully, look at them with delight; but if they are plants which man has planted and not God, He will pluck them up.

From this subject, let us learn, *first*, The awful consequences of getting into a new, and a bye-path. *Let them alone:* (i. e.) the case is morbid, is malignant; they are blind leaders of the blind. Note, there is nothing more awful than for God to say of a man, *Let him alone.*

Secondly, we learn, that a popular leader, and an infallible rule, are very distinct things. But by which must we stand? Beware of taking things upon credit, however popular the teacher. Examine for yourself: search the Scriptures: remember there are blind leaders of the blind; and if any choose implicitly to follow such leaders, *they shall both fall into the ditch.*

But it may be asked, Will God suffer the *followers* to perish with a blind leader? The best way for a poor, blind, ignorant creature like man, is, to dismiss all opinions upon what it is proper for God to do, and to look into the word to know what he says he *will* do. And he says, *Both shall fall into the ditch.*

We are hereby instructed that we should not only weigh the objections which men are bringing to the Gospel, but also the *spirit* of the *objectors.* How should the carnal heart feel any thing but disgust at the way of salvation? So far from

being surprised at this, we should be surprised if it were not so.

It is easy for a cavilling infidel to puzzle and tease a simple ignorant Christian with objections and questions: but were they to make the same attack upon men who have long studied, and are well informed in theology, their objections would excite contempt, rather than present any difficulty. That which is a mountain to the simple and unlearned, is only a mole-hill to men of learning, wisdom, and experience. Infidel objections arise more from an indisposed *heart* than an inquiring mind. "We will not have this man to reign over us," is the true source of cavilling. Such persons are glad when they can furnish themselves with objections. And it is an awful truth, that those who *will* seek, *shall* find them.

I would admonish the more serious, not to think of deriving advantage from being merely nominal professors. Our religion must be of that kind that will stand the "refiner's fire" and the "fuller's soap." It will not do to bring the *acts* only, but the *spirit*. This is no speculative point; especially if the misled, as well as the mis-leader, must fall into the pit. Do not say, that any thing will do, provided a man be but *sincere*. No man *is* sincere who does not examine the truth impartially, seriously, thoroughly. Will a man in business be put off with any thing that will *do?* Will he not sift things to the bottom?

Lastly, there is great encouragement to such as are fearful of being led wrong, and are sincerely desirous of being led aright. When the disciples brought the matter to Jesus, he instructed them how to think on the subject—verses 15—20.

Many volumes have been written upon casuistry, but the best casuist is an upright heart: it is evil lusts and passions which make men go to casuists. Religion makes an attack upon the world, the flesh, and the devil; and therefore as "men love darkness better than light," they choose to cavil with truth as an excuse for rejecting it.

ON THE HOLY TRINITY.

Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.—Matt. xxviii. 19. 20.

It is a question of the utmost importance, which every man should ask himself, "What is the God whom I worship?" Are we idolaters, or do we worship the God of the Scriptures? In order to know *this*, we must come to God with humility, to be taught and instructed by him. And as a further help we shall do well to observe the minds of holy men.

Our Lord had appointed his disciples to meet him, ver. 16, "And when they saw him, they worshipped him; but some doubted." They were astonished at the sight of him who so lately was crucified. And he said, *All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth*, and by virtue of this power, *Go ye and teach all nations*, go, by my *authority*,—go *encouraged*,—go with my blessing, *Go, teach all nations;* or, go and *enlist* them; Go and disciple them; and as a sign of this, *Go, and baptize them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.*

But into whose name are they to be baptized? If they should be questioned by the heathens around them, "Who is your God!" What are they to say? To settle this beyond all dispute, they are commanded to baptize, "in the *name* of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." It is not said the *names*, but the *name*. Here is a distinction made between the Christian's God and other gods. It was the Father, Son, and Spirit in unity whom they were to worship. It was to be *one* name. Go, and baptize them into the profession, into the worship of this God. *Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you:* build them up in this faith; and take this for your encouragement, *Lo, I am with you alway, &c.*—remember this under all your discouragements,—under all your cares and conflicts,—that *I am with you.* Not with my *bodily* presence; but I will send you the Comforter: I will send you my Spirit and influence; I will set my seal to

your work? I will bless your word;—and "*I am* with you *always*, even unto the end of the world." "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst." I am with you *always;* every day, and every hour of the day, to the end of the world.

It would be well for us who do not live in what is called an idolatrous country,—who do not worship the work of men's hands, and who are often shocked at the gross ignorance of those that do, to ask,—is there no other sort of idolatry? May we not set up *reason* against Revelation? What is the difference between an idol set up by the *hands* of man, or by the *head* of man? If we do not worship the God in Trinty and Unity, we may wonder at the folly of *others*, but we are far worse idolaters than those who worship wood and stone.

If God had not instructed us in his worship,—if he had not condescended to make a revelation of Himself,—we must have remained in total ignorance and darkness: for what man can do towards finding out God, is proved by the misconceptions and mistakes he has fallen into. But after God *has* spoken to us, what pride, arrogance, and presumption are there in that man who would set up his own reason against such a revelation. No man, however elevated, and however great may be his attainments in religion, can think of God without a mixture of much infirmity and ignorance. There are some who are given to *speculate* and *pry* into the mysterious truths of Scripture; men who in divinity resemble quacks in physic; that say, "We have such confused ideas of a God in Trinity, that we scarcely know how to address Him in our prayers;" and therefore in order to bring Him down to their comprehension, they attempt to *lower* God.—Such are the Socinians, &c.

Should any person ask, does this passage seem conclusive with respect to the doctrine of the Trinity? It appears that when this Scripture is compared with those other Scriptures which give the highest titles and attributes of Deity to each of the three persons, it undoubtedly affords the fullest satisfaction with respect to the God of the Scriptures, and the God whom we worship; for if we were to admit that there is no analogy in *nature* to this wonderful mystery, we cannot wonder that in all nature there is nothing that can reach the *God of nature.* We do not plead for human explications and illustrations which some good men have made use of in order to give a faint idea of this stupendous mystery: we plead for nothing but the faith once delivered to the saints. *Go, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father,*

and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. To receive this truth, we must come with a mind prepared, and with a teachable spirit; we must come as little children, to be instructed and taught of God.

Suppose upon the going forth of the disciples, a newly converted and baptized heathen should be questioned, why he deserted from his former gods. No doubt he would reply, "Because I see a superior splendour and excellence in Christianity; I see a Saviour *suited* to my wants; and moreover, I see the gods of the heathens to be *no gods.*" Suppose again it should be asked him, "Who is this God?" Must he not have answered,—"The apostle who preached the Gospel to me, commanded water to be brought, and after washing me according to the institution, he said, Dost thou renounce the devil and all his works, &c.; dost thou believe in the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost? I then baptize thee into this name, into this profession, into this faith." If a heathen would answer in this manner, (as no doubt he would,) Can we as Christians, give a better answer? We were baptized into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

It is no wonder that the Socinian, and others who object to the doctrine of the Trinity, should object also to apostolical authority; and should say, "Tell me not what Peter or John say, but tell me what *Christ* says." But such a one should be asked,—By what authority and by whose direction do these men speak and act? and what power had Christ thus to authorize them? Will any man *dare* to say he had not such a power? It appears that he *had;* "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth, go ye therefore and teach all nations." And our Saviour declares in Luke x. 16. "He that heareth you heareth me; and he that despiseth you despiseth me." Nay, he adds in Matt. xvi. 19, the strongest expression, "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven." Will any man affect, after this to set aside apostolical authority?

They who slight apostolical authority, are generally the first to insist most vehemently upon their *own* authority; and to speak with great positiveness upon what men *ought*, and *ought* not to believe; and while we see scracely any two of them agreeing what the truth *is*, surely it is a reason why we should turn our ears from them, and turn to the word of truth, which declares, that through *Him*, *i. e.* through Christ, one of the Divine Persons in the Trinity, we should have access, by the *Spirit*, another of the Divine Persons, to the *Father.* Therefore while others trust their immortal souls upon a *precarious*

opinion, let us build upon "the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone."

We are strongly encouraged by the gracious promise of our Lord to hold fast to this faith into which we have been baptized. *Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.* He was with Peter, when under his sermon three thousand were converted at once; who were taught to believe that their hope, their dependence, their *all*, rested on "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost."

Where the main leading truths of Christianity are given up, and where a church has departed from the worship of the Scriptural God, "*Ichabod*" is written upon it; there is no life, —no spirituality,—the GLORY IS DEPARTED.

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen.—2 Cor. xiii. 14.[1]

We may here see a picture of primitive, genuine Christianity,—what it was in the Apostle's time: we see St. Paul holding up to view the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ as his best portion; and directing the eyes of his primitive Church to the same object. Shall we seek after fresh objects? Shall we seek after something new? the very name of *new* should alarm our suspicions.

The Apostle seems here to take for granted that the Corinthians would not dispute about the object of their worship, but addresses them as believers, baptized into the name of the Father, Son, and Spirit; and then introduces his prayer for them, including an apostolic blessing.

We are called to regard the Trinity in unity,—the God whom the Scriptures declare: we are therein taught, that there are three *distinct* persons in the eternal Godhead; and that our mere assent to this doctrine is not enough: we must have the love of the Father, the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, and the grace of the Son, or we shall derive little or no advantage from our *belief* of the doctrine.

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[1] Preached in the year 1792.

Men may wrangle about the doctrines of the Trinity—they may make the pulpit and the press teem with their productions; but blessed is the man who sees a God in Trinity, and who has fellowship and communion with the Father, Son, and Spirit.

Let us remember that speculative orthodoxy will avail us little. Trinitarians and Socinians, when they have settled the point, agree to live without paying any regard to what they have settled. If there is nothing more than a mere *opinion*, it signifies little whether it be right or wrong. A man who is careless and worldly, says, "I am a *Socinian*, I am a *philosopher*:" If you are living without God, and disregarding the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, you are *nothing*.

But are there not also many who maintain the old faith respecting the Triune God, and who yet live in the same way? They stand up for three persons in the Godhead,—profess to have no hope but in the grace of Jesus Christ,—and yet are they not utterly unconcerned about their souls? about having the love of God in their hearts? Do they know any thing of vital, spiritual religion?

Be not satisfied with a merely speculative faith: these truths are revealed for our *benefit*. If you would be the better for the doctrine of the ever-blessed Trinity,—consider your deep depravity,—and, like the Prodigal Son, make haste to your heavenly Father, and say, "I have sinned."

Some people seem to understand that they must return to God, and that, by the way He has appointed; but they stop short of the *influence* by which they must return. It is necessary that we do honour to the Three persons of the Sacred Trinity: we come to the Father through Christ, by the assistance of the Holy Ghost. Thus are believers built up in their "most holy faith."

There are some persons blind enough to plead for the innocence of error. "What does it signify," say they, "what doctrines, or what sentiments, we maintain, so long as we are *sincere* therein! But take notice, He who rejects the God of the Scriptures has no resource: he has trampled on the truth; and God has laid no other foundation for the sole of his foot. What is idolatry? not merely an image, but the setting up of a false God. You will never see the evil of sin, till you behold God the Son veiling himself in sinful flesh, and dying to make reconciliation for sinners; nor will you see the vast expense of redemption, till you see God as He has revealed himself in his word. While some men are taking away the hope and glory of the Gospel, and others are esteeming it lightly,

they do not consider that they pull down with one hand, and build up nothing with the other. If we have no God to go to in trouble, we have not the resource David had, for he could say, "Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil, *for thou art with me.*" It is a corrupt nature that you have brought into the world, and nothing can heal you but the blood of Jesus; nothing can comfort you but the communion of the Spirit. But remember, that while God gives you this foundation to build upon, you have only a short time allowed for building. He tells us that "the foundation of God standeth sure," and that it shall support every poor trembling sinner; and it has moreover this seal, "The Lord knoweth them that are his;" and he chargeth every one that nameth the name of Christ to depart from iniquity." If you hold these truths *practically*, and *experimentally*, it is given every minister to declare by the authority of God, that "he that believeth shall be saved," and shall lack nothing: "One thing is needful;" and whoever like Mary, chooses "the better part," it shall never be taken away from them. It is as if God had said,—Here is a large estate; to whom shall I give it? to one of my enemies. Who shall have this vast Empire? some tyrant that sets up himself against me and my Kingdom. What! shall these gifts be bestowed on an enemy? Yes, because they are little momentary things; I have different gifts for *my* children: "these are crusts which may be thrown to dogs."[1] But for the poorest, the most dependent of *my* children, there is nothing less than *The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost.*

We may learn from the text, to exercise a mutual benevolence, and a mutual prayer. St. Paul cannot leave his brethren without uttering his heart's desire for them. There is in the Christianity of some men, a *hardness* and a *coldness*, though a *clearness;* they resemble the moon which, though bright and beautiful, will freeze and starve the person who stands to admire it. There may be a body of truth, but without blood and spirits: nothing in it that is refreshing, comforting, or animating. But neither the soul nor the church can flourish without warm benevolence and affection. Mere knowledge is not enough; there must be an *impression*, there must be a tenderness of spirit. Every man knows that he ought to pay his debts—to be a good master—a good father—a good husband:

[1] Martin Luther.

but before he can do all this, he must be influenced by the true *spring* and *motive:* he must have the love and spirit of Christ to enable him to act according to his conscience: for till then, duty will be a burden.

Let us endeavour to imitate the Apostle, and exercise the grace of affection and benevolence to all with whom we have to do; and let us beg for them, and for ourselves, a more abundant share of *The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost.*

Let us also be jealous over the dangers of the day: Satan is always making attacks upon the church of one kind or another: sometimes upon the *doctrines*, sometimes upon the *precepts*, sometimes upon the *spirit* of the Gospel: therefore we need to be on our watch. A wise general not only observes his own army, but he watches the designs of the *enemy.* We should not only attend to what is doing in our own hearts, but also to what is doing around us, in the church and in the world. The Christian that would watch effectually, must watch *on every side.* There have always been a sort of *adventurers* in religion, who have frequently made a great noise in the world, and have boasted about *improvements*, and *new discoveries:* but religion is not like arts and sciences, which may be *improved.* See Heb. xi. and compare Christians of the present day with those of old; and see if we surpass them. Rather let them be our examples; let us mark how they walked, and talked; what they did in trouble; and let us endeavour to resemble them, instead of listening to new discoveries. The true way is as old as the Bible, and has one consecrated door. See John x. To talk of a *new* religion after the Bible has been written so many hundred years is a monstrous imposition: but to be reminded of *old truths* is of great importance.

Take care of spiritual wickedness: that is, of wickedness assuming, and hiding itself under, spiritual forms. Satan never does more mischief than when he appears as "an angel of light." St. Jude speaks of some that "crept in unawares:" no doubt they wore a holy garb,—a cloak to cover their evil designs.

DANGER OF DECLENSION IN RELIGION.

And he wist not that the Lord was departed from him.—Judges xvi. 20.

It is the duty of every Christian to examine the symptoms of a declension from God, in order that we may *try* and *prove* ourselves. Have we lost our love to spiritual things, or, do we want to mix them with carnal things? Do we endeavour to find many excuses and palliations for what God has frowned upon in his word? Do we allow ourselves to lie down in the lap of indulgence, and are we indisposed to be roused when there? Are we apt to be careless, negligent, and off our watch tower? Can we rest upon past experiences? upon what we *have been*, instead of what we now *are?* Can we be quiet and easy in this state, without praying and entreating for a revival? These are dreadful symptoms that we are at an awful distance from God, and that we have only the *shell* of Christianity, but not the *reality*. God not being present, implies not only the *presence* of an enemy, but the *prevalence* of an enemy also. If God is not with us, the devil *is;* and he will prevail to our hurt. "Woe also to them when I depart from them." Hosea ix. 12.

Whatever part of God's character we consider, we must never forget he is a *holy* God. He seems to say, Observe, Samson does not go on in sin, and *I* stay with him. I am a jealous God, and will not bear testimony to sin in any of my children. (See the case of the disobedient prophet.) To belong to God is a *high*, but a very *serious* thing.

We should be much in the contemplation of the *deceitfulness* of sin; how it beguiles, how it creeps in, and how it *transforms* a man. It comes like Jael's present; "she gave him milk, she brought forth butter in a lordly dish:" but she concealed *the hammer and the nail.* Samson thought to prosper as he had done before, but *the Lord was departed:* his strength was gone, and he must now "grind in the prison house." He that will meddle with sin, and go into the way of temptation, will *fall* by it.

There is in sin not only an infinite damage done, but an infatuation also that surpasses all description. When the heart declines from God, and loses communion with Christ, such a

man resembles one in a consumption, who is at death's door, and yet talks of a speedy recovery. So it is also, both in the case of ministers and people, whom Satan hath desired to have, that he may sift them as wheat: like Ephraim, there has perhaps been a death upon their spirit, which has been marked and felt by all around them; yet when their most affectionate friends have attempted to expostulate with them, they have proved not only insensible, but obstinate and stout-hearted. We have a striking picture of this in the famous champion of Israel; "I will go out as at other times before, and shake myself:" but *he wist not that the Lord was departed from him.* Strangers had "devoured his strength," but he knew it not. He that lays his head in the lap of temptation, will very rarely take it up as he laid it down.

All earthly enjoyments have a tendency to *darken* the mind; and such is the power and energy of sin, that if but the least thought of it is cherished in the heart, it will spread ruin and devastation on every hand. It is like a spark of fire, which if it falls upon combustible materials, will burn down a whole town. See Samson though so great a man, yet involving himself, through a vile propensity, in the most ruinous consequences: and, at the same time, insensible and unconscious of the deep infatuation. "*He wist not* that the Lord was departed from him." To destroy the soul's union with God, is what the world, the flesh, and the devil aim at.

Let us, from this subject, take a view of man—how weak he is. If God departs from him, he is crushed as a moth: nothing is too insignificant to chastise and alarm him: and this is not all, but whenever any Christian is suffered to depart from God, he makes sport for the wicked wherever he goes.

In the darkest and most afflictive dispensations of God's children, we may read grace and mercy. While Samson was bound with fetters of brass, and made to grind in the prison house, "the hair of his head began to grow again;" which was a sign of his returning strength. There is mercy when God sends stroke after stroke upon the man who has departed from him; when he makes the heart to bleed, and the eyes to run down with tears, in order to bring a wanderer back again. "Before I was afflicted," says David, "I went astray, but now I keep thy word."

Many a man has kicked against his dispensation, and said, "I *will* be comfortable, I will go and shake myself as at other times;" but he will never find comfort or healing, or recover his strength, till he seeks it by the blood of Jesus. "In

that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and *thou comfortest me:*" thou shalt have ground to say, and disposition to say, "*I will praise thee.*"

If we would wage war successfully with hell, it must be under this impression, namely, that God is a *friend.* Nothing repels sin like it: when the heart feels the loving-kindness of God in the gospel, and experiences a nearness of approach to him, when it feels a forgiveness and sweetness in Christ, there is not only a seven-fold shield against sin and Satan, but heaven is begun in the heart. What is sensibility of conscience, but the first mark of God's good will towards us? See Hosea xiv. 1, 2. "O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity. Take with you words," &c. The best sign we can have that God is renewing our spiritual strength, is, the gift of a *broken heart.* We must return to the Lord by faith, hope, prayer, repentance, and obedience; and he will undertake for all consequences.

When God chooses to imprison a man, any place will serve for a dungeon; it signifies little whether it be a palace or a pit. He can make a single idea passing through the mind a fetter, to lock up the soul in prison. "He shutteth up a man, and there can be no opening." On the other hand, let every believer remember, that there is no state that sin and Satan can throw a man into, but God can bring him out: there is no place, nor state, but admits of prayer—hell only excepted. Therefore David prays, "Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name." We must plead with God: it is a good symptom when we desire enlargement. Imprisonment is often for correction, humbling, improvement. Satan at such a time is a preacher of *despair:* but the gospel holds out hope. We must wait God's time for deliverance, but we must wait in prayer: the promises teach us how to pray: there are promises that speak to our case, as much as if they were written for us alone: Christ is a faithful High Priest, who can have compassion. Heb. ii. 2.

Nothing can separate us from God but sin; and an alarm sounding in the conscience, and calling us to return to him, is the first step to PEACE.

EPHRAIM REJECTING FALSE CONFIDENCES.

Ephraim shall say, What have I to do any more with idols? I have heard him, and observed him: I am like a green fir-tree. From me is thy fruit found.—Hosea xiv. 8.

We often read the Old Testament, as if it did not relate to us: but an experience of God's work in the heart will correct this error. God's word has been to us the same from the beginning. And what he speaks to his people Israel, he speaks to *us*.

God's glory must ever be his first object: it alone is worthy to be the first. But next to this, the Lord hath sent his Spirit and his word, which he hath raised up ministers to preach, to show unto man what is good, and to recover him from his fallen state; and if he *will* turn to some idol, to some inferior object, he puts God away from him, and forsakes his own mercies.

True religion is a transaction between God and the soul: it has much more in it that is *seen*. In the formalist, all that there is, may be "seen of men:" but the Christian is a hidden character.

The language of a truly penitent and believing sinner, is *What have I any more to do with idols?* An idol has had my heart, and has robbed God of his honour and service; I have tried to retain it; I have fondly hoped that God and my idol might live together; I cried, "Spare it; is it not a little one?" But I perceive I am fallen by mine iniquity; I am separated from God, and am become like a tree without sap; and therefore what must I do? I must discard Asshur; I must not put God off any longer; I must bring him my *heart;* He is "a Father of the fatherless;" he will receive me. Hosea xiv. 4. True penitence consists not only in sorrow for what is past, because of its consequences, but it is another sort of mind. See Jer. xxxi. 18. "Turn thou me and so shall I be turned." I desire it; I see the necessity of it: "Surely after that I was turned, I repented; and after that I was instructed, I smote upon my thigh; I was ashamed, yea, even confounded, because I did bear the reproach of my youth,"

The language of God to such a penitent is, *I have heard him, and observed him:* he has cried to me in secret; he has

said to me, what no one has heard but myself; and I will have mercy on him. *I have observed him;* he has brought all his burdens and his sins, the blackest and the heaviest, all to me: he has not complained under this and that trouble, but he smites upon his breast, and acknowledges that all is less than he deserves. At first indeed, he was "like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke;" he kicked and made resistance: but now he is humble and patient: "I do earnestly remember him still." I have heard him recount his follies, and his past ingratitude: I have heard him pour out prayers and tears in secret; and I have observed him to go like the sparrow upon the housetop, solitary and apart, that he might converse with me: he now no longer laughs at sin, or trifles with temptation; but is in earnest to obtain grace, that he may overcome it: therefore *I have observed him*, to afford him that relief he stands in need of; to refresh him in his weary hours, and to heal those bones that are broken; and he shall not only have my ear, and my eye, but my *sufficiency:* he has left his idols, and he shall find me to be the *green fir-tree.*

The fir-tree, especially in the eastern countries, while it is prodigiously high and lofty, is remarkable for its bough s*stooping.* This is one of the many figures used in Scripture to set forth the character of God. *I am like the green fir-tree*; though infinitely high and exalted in my nature, my boughs shall stoop down to the poor broken-hearted sinner, if he be ever so low; and he shall find, that if he has refuge and shade no where else, he may come and sit under my shadow with great delight. Ephraim has no reason to despair, or to be cast down; for if he is sincere in renouncing his idols, here is shade and shelter after all his follies: here is One that will stoop down to take him up from the very earth; and here is something further—*from me is thy fruit found.*

Our Lord is not only like the fir-tree in its being lofty, and in its being always green, but there is this excellence in addition,—there is *fruit;* the fruit of his death and resurrection, the fruit of his Spirit. It is from union with Him that the believer brings forth fruit: "I am the vine, and ye are the branches." John xv.

A believing penitent heart feels the truth of these things; and like the Prodigal, returns back to his Father's house, saying every step of the way,—Fool that I was ever to turn my back upon my home, and to seek after the husks that the swine do eat, when "in my Father's house there is bread enough and to spare!" Let every one ask his heart what it

says to these things: not when it is under a particular temptation; for then the enquiry cannot be made fairly: but when the storm is over, let each one ask, *What have I to do any more with idols?*

When true religion comes with light and power, it shows a man that whatever is the *form* of his idol, it is mischievous and destructive. It eats as doth a canker; and if it is pursued, it will bring about certain death. True religion teaches that the first step towards real security, is to put away false confidences and false gods.

Ephraim generally smarts before he learns to say with proper indignation, *What have I any more to do with idols?* they have first been made thorns in his side: See Hosea ii. 6. "I will hedge up thy way with thorns, and make a wall, that she shall not find her paths," and verse 14. "I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness." The Lord makes use of natural images to convey spiritual ideas: We all know what a wilderness is—a dry and barren place: It is famishing; persons in this state are apt to try broken cisterns: it is pathless and thorny; entangled and perplexed; it is terrifying; the backslider is exposed to terrors of law and conscience; it is dangerous,—"and the thief cometh in, and the troop of robbers spoileth without." It is infested with venomous animals, —the serpent ready to drop on his neck, the tiger to spring before he is aware. Perhaps he is brought into the solitary sick chamber, as Manasseh, David, and others: as though God should say,—I will bring a thoughtless headstrong child into a state of bad health, or mortifying disappointments; there shall 'be no refreshing streams: and all this is intended to humble, to instruct, to recall,—to produce brokenness of heart, and poverty of spirit. It is a great mercy if in a horrid desert the heavens may be seen,—sun, moon, and stars. To the believer there is, in the worst of times, a prospect *upward*. "I will speak comfortably to her;" there shall be a clear shining after rain.

That is the most severe dispensation of wrath, when God says of any one, "Ephraim is joined to idols: let him alone." I will call no more; I will no more correct: give him all that his corrupt heart desires; let his corn and wine increase, even to the full: let him be admired, caressed, idolized; let him be as an ox fatted for the slaughter; he has departed from *me*, and I will depart from *him*. "Why should he be stricken any more? he will revolt more and more." This is the voice of judgment: and the *sword* of judgment, is when it shall be

said, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." But the voice of mercy is, Tell Ephraim the symptoms of his decay—put him in mind of his danger—and say unto him, "Return unto the Lord thy God." What is all this but a Father's voice, saying, "Why will ye die?"

There is no real cure for the wounded conscience but unfeigned repentance and humiliation. There is a sort of spiritual quackery that will propose an easier way; that will allow you to sin and repent, and repent and sin perpetually: but but it will end in ruin. (See Rom. vi. 1.) The heart of a perverse and rebellious child must be broken. But God says, Do not faint under *rebuke;* for "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." If Christ, by his ministers, is showing to any poor idolater the righteousness and truth of God, herein is an offer of grace made to him, which if he fully accepts, and enters into, his flesh shall come again as the flesh of a little child, Job xxxii. 25.

Let us expect no light to arise in darkness but what comes from the rays of the Sun of Righteousness. The promises of light are all in Christ. It is an easy thing to get *tapers* in a dark night: Satan is ever ready to furnish them for us: but our Lord says, "*I* am the true light."

As the revelation of Christ is the light of the world, so this light of the world is the peculiar glory of every true believer. "In the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified, and shall glory." Isaiah xlv. 25.

Whenever the pardon of sin is brought into the conscience by the Holy Spirit, the *love* of Christ is brought also by the same Spirit. A redeemed sinner never wishes to rise higher than the feet of the Lord.

Let the Christian that has made use of God's remedy, and is recovered, forget not the way he has travelled through the wilderness that he has passed, and that others are passing through. "Thou shalt remember," says God, "all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years, to humble thee and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart." See Deut. viii. 2. Next to the Bible, there is no book more interesting than a man's own life. It is not so to others, but it is to the man who knows the *peculiarities*, the colour, of every different occurrence: Such an one will say in this case, and in that, "This is the Lord's work, and it has made known His *arm*."

CHRIST'S INTERCESSION, THE BELIEVER'S SECURITY.

And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not: and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.—Luke xxii. 31, 32.

The question of a poor weak feeble worm should be, not, what is the reputed opinion of this and the other wise man?—not, what is the fashionable notion of the day?—not, what the world saith respecting the "roaring lion?"—but, what saith the Bible? And there we learn he is a real enemy, that "goeth about seeking whom he may devour."

Temptation is "common to man." It follows him in every situation, in the crowd and in solitude, in prosperity and in adversity. Some trials are more immediately from God: thus it is said, Gen. xxii. "God did tempt Abraham:" others are more directly from Satan, as in Job's case, and Joshua's. (Zech. iii. 1.) Some are from particular circumstances: and some take their rise from our peculiar turn of mind and constitution. When temptation is brought on by Satan, it is always with the design to terrify, ensnare, or embarrass. But when it is in the hand of God, it is always a *school* to make us learn our weakness, and where our true strength lies: or to cure some self-confidence, or destroy some idol. The more eminent the character, the more will Satan shoot his arrows at him; and the more will he try, especially if it be a standard-bearer, to lay him asleep; to poison his heart, and to pervert his steps. A man cannot be too cautious; past experience will tell us what weak creatures we are. What was Peter's security? not his knowlege, not his illumination—though real,—but the intercession of Christ: *I have prayed for thee.*

"*Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have you.*" He hath desired it: but his will is not like mine, efficient: nevertheless, he is a powerful enemy, and he desires to have *you;* he sees where you are likely to be taken, where you are in danger; and he desires to have you, that he may *sift you as wheat.* He will shake and winnow you; he will come upon you in a hurry, unprepared; and he would put you upon dan-

gerous expedients: but I am a faithful High Priest, as well as a watchful shepherd; I stand before God to intercede for you; I have seen his desire, and have prayed that you may be supported through the trial; and that your faith may not finally fail.

Christ not only prays for the church at large, but for individuals: "I have prayed for *thee;*" I have prayed for thy particular danger; I have regard to thee under thy particular wants; I have made known thy case to the Father. When we think of our refuge, let us not generalize it, but see it to be *particular.* He that numbers the hairs of our head, surely regards the circumstances of our lives.

And when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren: when you are recovered, let your experience enrich others: be a counsellor to wanderers: tell them what an evil and bitter thing it is to depart from the living God: tell such as are headstrong like yourself, that Satan is no proper subject for a song or a jest, but that he is an awful and a malignant enemy. Tell them he is waiting for their careless moments, waiting to catch them off their guard, that he may be their destruction. You will meet with many weak and tempted souls that are saying, like David, "I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul;" many that are walking in perplexity and darkness, and who are crying out because of their wretchedness; strengthen these weak brethren; tell them that there is indeed a roaring lion, but tell them also, that there is "the Lion of the tribe of Judah," able to deliver: that all the children of God are thus tried and tempted; and that they have only to lay hold of the arm of Him who is "mighty to save." Tell them, that "if any man sin, there is an advocate with the Father:" tell them, how I kept my eye on your particular case, and that their safety rests on my intercession. *I have prayed for thee.*

One of the best evidences of recovery is, love to the brethren, and a desire to honour God. Our temptations and trials are for other people as well as ourselves. See 2 Cor. i. 6. Therefore David prays "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, then will I teach transgressors thy ways."

There is not a more honourable post in the church of God, among private Christians, than that of an old soldier, a man who has long travelled the ways of religion, who can stand up in the Christian army, and rally his fellow soldiers under a panic, and say, "God forbid, whatever are our fears and sufferings, that we should give up our hope, and our foundation." The best Christians are liable to be sifted, and it had been

woful for David, Peter, and others, if after they had fallen, God had not recovered them. Therefore, if Satan has thrown us down, if we have been overtaken and are sunk in the mire, let us cry mightily to God for help. Nothing can possibly be pleaded as an excuse for a man's continuing to lie upon the ground, because he has been thrown down. It is one thing to be thrown down, and another to lie upon the ground. What *deeps* have not men been drawn out of. See Jonah and Manasseh.

Privilege implies duty: there is an obligation laid upon the man who enters the family of heaven. The Lord says to such a one,—I will take care of you, I will feed you, I will be your shepherd—but recollect, I do not take you into my family to make you merely a spectacle to angels and to men, but that you should be a blessing, as well as blessed: while I make you a star, I will have you *shine;* and you will find it is your privilege to do so. You cannot go against the stream of this wicked world, without meeting with many dangers and temptations; but go forward; take my rule and my arm; and remember, that your business is to *strengthen your brethren.*

Peter's repentance was as sincere as his fall was aggravated. When the cock crew, he remembered the words of Jesus Christ, and "went out and wept bitterly." The crowing of the cock was an engine which Christ made use of to awaken the conscience of Peter. The instruments God uses, must not be measured by their own power or aptitude, but by the will of the agent; and they have all this inscription written upon them, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

Nothing so affects a gracious heart as a sense of the love of Christ abused; and that is what is meant by evangelical repentance. A remembrance of Christ's words is the best ground for a true repentance: where there is sensibility of conscience, a gentle hint, or a passage of Scripture, will often produce great effects.

Though Peter fell in the hour of temptation, and, notwithstanding the warning given, denied his Master—and that at a time when he should most have stood by him; yet, to show the wonderful mercy and condescension of our Saviour, signal tokens were granted of his forgiveness, by him who knew that he stood in need of comfort: "the Lord hath risen indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon,"—poor, backsliding, unfaithful Simon. Oh, take notice of this tenderness, all you who are mourning because of your unfaithfulness, and who are afraid

to come to Christ because of your backsliding. Let the case of Peter encourage you to approach your faithful and merciful High Priest, *who ever liveth to make intercession for us.*

THE GOSPEL, AN OCCASION OF ANIMOSITY.

Think not that I came to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace but a sword.—Matt. x. 34.

Were these words to be read *detached*, without considering our Lord's design in speaking them, we should be ready to ask, Are these the words of "the Prince of Peace?" and yet, thus spake Christ to his disciples. When we consider how the doctrines of Jesus Christ, and the spirit of the gospel, expose and condemn the idols of the world, we should not wonder that they often become an occasion of animosity.

Christianity is a light shining in a dark world, and showing the character of that world. It unmasks the hypocrite in the form of a professor. See Matt. xxiii. It detects false disguises, and shows every thing in its true colours: therefore no wonder that false hearts should rise up in hatred against it.

St. Paul going forth boasting as a *pharisee*, would not have given offence to the world; but when he talks of glorying only in the cross of Christ—when he says, "I am crucified to the world, and the world to me;" i. e. as the world looks upon me as a poor contemptible object, so I look upon the world, as having no beauty, no excellence to attract my notice—when he tells them, that except Christ be in them as the hope of glory, their religion is vain, and will stand them in no stead: to deal with the world in this way, what is it but to be esteemed an *enthusiast*, a setter forth of strange doctrines? this will stir up the enmity of men's hearts, and they will soon prove that they hate the master, the servants, and the doctrines: for the world, in its corrupt state, never was, and never will be a friend to the cross of Christ.

"Blessed is he who shall not be offended in me." A clear discovery of Christ's character will offend. But must this needs be? Hear what the prophet saith: "And he shall be

for a sanctuary, but for a stone of stumbling, and for a rock of offence to both the houses of Israel, for a gin, and for a snare to the inhabitants of Jerusalem." As if our Lord had said—Notwithstanding I give sight to the blind, feet to the lame, &c., I am come to appear before a proud, vain, ignorant world, that will say, "He hath no form or comeliness:" "Is not this the carpenter's son?"

Christianity, in a particular manner, and one in which it differs from all religions that were ever set up by men, presents the greatest privileges to the most unworthy. All religions invented by men, call for something that is deserving in man: but the gospel is preached to the aliens, to the outcasts of mankind. Its language is not—Ho! every one that is *deserving*, that can find out some merit,—some gift in hand by way of purchase,—but "Ho! every one that *thirsteth*, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money," i. e. nothing to bring, "Come ye, buy and eat: yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price." This therefore is a further occasion of animosity to mankind. One of the first objections which the Pharisees made to our Lord was, that he ate and drank with publicans and sinners. See Luke v. 30.

Another reason why the gospel is an occasion of animosity, is, that it elevates and exalts the views and enjoyments of the Christian above the world, and disposes him to put such an honour and value upon Christ's kingdom, that he cannot help slighting, and thinking meanly of every thing besides; and this very going through "Vanity Fair," and not looking at its *wares*, this standing forth in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation as a *light*, as a man of another *taste*, will raise an outcry. Nay, further, the Christian will declare, and, if called upon, will demonstrate, that his master, and his kingdom, are more to him than wife, or children, or even than life itself. He will, like Moses, count the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt; and this will be an occasion of animosity, as it stirs up the malice of Satan: for till a man is in *earnest* about religion, the strong man armed keepeth his goods in peace. He will allow benevolence; he will allow a *form* of godliness, so long as it is held in the spirit of the world. But when he finds a stronger than he coming to turn him out, then he sets all his malice to work, how to revenge himself.

Christianity does not necessarily tend to promote this animosity, but is the *occasion* of it. Satan takes occasion, and the pride of man takes occasion, to abuse and pervert it, and

turn it into strife. But in *itself* it tends to bring glory to God, and peace and good will to men. "I came," says our Lord, "to preach good tidings, and to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, &c." There would be no such thing as war, or cruelty, if the precepts of Christianity were adopted. Did not Satan and a wicked world pervert, and turn it into poison, what would not religion produce in families! See the Apostle's exhortation to the Ephesians:—"Husbands, love your wives—children, obey your parents—fathers, provoke not your children—servants, be obedient to your masters," &c. See again our Lord's command to his disciples, "Go ye forth as sheep among wolves:" and again, "whosoever shall smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also." "Love your enemies," &c. So that Christianity is, in itself, the doctrine of peace.

The world never loved Christ, neither will it ever love his servants: therefore we must admit, that where religion really is in the church, in the family, and in the heart, there will be animosity. We must expect it, we must lay our account for it: "If they hated me," says our Lord, "they will also hate you;" and our taking up this cross in a godly manner, is an evidence of our being related to Christ.

If Christianity is the medicine for the soul—if Christ is the true Physician—and if the heart of man is the same in every age, let us examine ourselves,—what think we of Christ? and of his way of salvation? What says our *life?* Christ by his life condemned the world: does ours? Do we say, Let all the world despise me, so that my Saviour regards me? There is such a thing as trying to manage and accommodate our religion,—as wanting to lower the standard.

Let us take care that if the world hates us, it is in the same way in which it hated Christ. Let no man be an unkind husband, father, or master, and thereby procure trouble and hatred to himself, and then fasten it upon the gospel, and say,—this is because of my *religion.* There are many who profess evangelical religion, who have brought opposition and trouble upon themselves, and then said it was the sword of persecution: whereas, had they acted with humility, good nature, patience, and meekness, there would have been no such complaints. "What glory is it if when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? But if when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. For even hereunto were ye called, because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that ye should follow his steps." And

again, "If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him."

"Let us go forth unto him bearing *his* reproach:" but let us take heed to lay the emphasis upon *His:* do not attempt to vindicate *sects:* do not vindicate licentious professors: do not take up *their* reproach. Let folly be folly, and error be error. St. Paul gives us an example, Phil. iii. 18. "For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are enemies to the cross of Christ." It is necessary to distinguish between the reproach of Christ, and that which is frequently brought on his Gospel by some professors. A man may take merit to himself, and say, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ;" but perhaps the Gospel may well be ashamed of *him.*

Let no man, however, expect to escape contempt while turning his back upon the world to follow Christ through every obstacle. It is granted, that if a man lives like the world, if he enters into its follies, they will not suppose he has left their country: if you are contented with the mere *form* of religion, the world will have no quarrel with you: but if you are, by grace, determined to "enter in at the strait gate," and to "take up your cross," the Bible tells you what to expect: for, "if any man will live godly in Christ Jesus, he shall suffer persecution."

CHRIST PRESENT WITH HIS CHURCH, A WARRANTED GROUND OF CONSOLATION.

Now why dost thou cry aloud? Is there no king in thee? Is thy counsellor perished?—Micah iv. 9.

There is perhaps no instance of a serious mind that has not been shocked at the presumption of fallen man, especially under a dispensation of mercy like ours, that men should go on with such thoughtlessness, wickedness, hardness, and inattention to every thing that God has spoken to them. But we are not so forcibly struck and convinced of another device of Satan, by which he sinks the spirits, and tempts to despair, as if religion were too hard, and nothing could be done in it. Now if a man

is made to give up hope, and utterly to faint through despondency, the grand design of hell is accomplished as effectually as if he were presumptuous and careless.

The Scriptures not only point out to us the evil of sin, and the certainty of that destruction which it will bring upon sinners, but they also point out in the most striking manner, the ruin brought on by unbelief and despair; they labour to show that in all possible circumstances, in the very worst state—there is hope: there is hope in Christ, if a man does not reject the counsel of God against himself. The language of the Scripture to every conscientious mind is, *Why dost thou cry aloud? Is there no king in thee? Is thy counsellor perished?*

In the chapter before us, the Prophet looks forward to the advent of Christ: to the setting up of a promised kingdom; and he speaks of it as the great consolation of the church under the circumstances then present, and which would be greatly aggravated by the captivity which was approaching. "But," says he, "In the last days it shall come to pass, that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills," &c. "In that day, saith the Lord, will I assemble her that halteth, and I will gather her that is driven out, and her that I have afflicted; and I will make her that halted a remnant, and her that was cast off a strong nation: and the Lord shall reign over them in Mount Zion from henceforth, even for ever." "The kingdom shall come to the daughter of Jerusalem." What king, or what kingdom, shall come? See Dan. vii. 13, 14. "I saw one like unto the Son of man, coming in the clouds of heaven, and there was given Him dominion and a kingdom." See accordingly, Luke i. 33, and Jeremiah viii. 19—22.

From this scripture we ourselves may derive profit, deducing from this doctrine, namely, that A TRUE BELIEVER HAS A WARRANTED GROUND OF CONSOLATION UNDER EVERY DEPRESSING DISPENSATION IN WHICH IT SHALL PLEASE GOD TO PLACE HIM: and to him we may apply the text,—*Why dost thou cry aloud? Is there no king in thee? Is thy counsellor perished?* Why art thou cast down, depressed, and agitated, when there is such a warranted ground of consolation under every dispensation?

Before considering this doctrine, it may be useful just to glance at some of those depressing cases under which many of us are apt to sink, and sometimes to *cry out aloud.* I do

not touch upon such cases as belonging to the province of the physician: I say nothing to such as are in depression of spirits from a morbid imagination—a sedentary way of life, and solitary situations: very frequently injudicious persons have applied particular scriptures to cases not so much spiritual as natural. But who is there among us that is not frequently borne down by the loss of intimate friends and relatives? consolation at such a time seems impertinent? Who is there that does not perceive in himself that his days are passing away like a vapour—as a tale—and are spent without hope? that the time passes with such swiftness that he scarcely arises in the morning and is able to do any thing, before he is called to retire again; and he is ready to say, "I cannot take hold of any thing—what I do is next to nothing—my name is vanity!" Who is there that is not frequently cast down to find that he loses the use of his faculties? his memory fails—he loses his appetite—he withers as he stands: his friends remark it; he loses what he has been used to call his comforts, and which prove only birds of passage in their flight.

Who is there that does not feel the distress that arises, especially to a serious mind, from striving with the world, which is so hostile, so contrary to his sentiments? And if he could avoid the world in its corruptions, yet he feels the enemy *within*, as well as his grand enemy, Satan, whom he perceives continually busy, leading him astray, or depressing his heart, and sinking his spirits, and calling every thing into question.

A Christian is not only a man of natural sensibility, by which he feels in common with others, but he has also a *moral* sensibility, which produces feelings to which the natural man is a stranger. When David was driven out of his kingdom, he was not only to depart as a depressed king—an exile—but he had to recollect that all this was sent as a *scourge*. When Eli lost his sons, he had not only to recollect the death of his children, but his own bad conduct in the management of them. When Hezekiah had the message of death sent to him, he had to recollect his vanity with the ambassadors. When St. Paul had a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan to buffet him, he had to recollect his proneness to exultation of spirit, and the absolute necessity there was for such a depressing cure.

Thus a Christian has not only to suffer in common with other men, but he groans being burdened with a body of sin and death; and he says as he passes through the world,—Woe is me, that I am a sojourner in such a wilderness, that I have my habitation among these tents of Kedar!

The very opposition that some people meet with on account of their faith and piety is enough to wear out their spirits. Jacob says, "My brother Esau is coming to meet me, and I shall be cut off with the mother and the children?" And David says, "I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul!"

Every man feels for himself, what the particular thing is, which leads him to *cry out aloud;* and the experience of every Christian tells him, that there is enough to make him "groan, being burdened," and to convince him that this is not his rest; "because it is polluted." Micah ii. 10.

But though these are facts, yet the main end of the present subject is to show, that there is no cause for *despair*, and that it is a sin for a christian to fall into it. This leads me to consider more particularly, THE WARRANTED GROUND OF CONSOLATION WHICH THE BELIEVER HAS UNDER EVERY DEPRESSING DISPENSATION.

Why dost thou cry aloud? or as it is in the Hebrew, *Why dost thou cry a cry?* All the complaints that man could bring to justify himself under the agitation of his spirits, are answered at once by the provisions which God has made, and set forth, and proposed freely "without money and without price" to every one that *asketh* and *seeketh*.

When the ship was tossed in the midst of the waves, and the disciples, in great fear, awaked Christ, saying, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?"—after that he had rebuked the storm, he said unto them, "Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?" In this question which Christ puts to his disciples, we have, as it were, the text repeated, *Why dost thou cry aloud? Is there no king in thee? Is thy counsellor perished?* As if he had said, Am not I here? You are looking to the elements—you are listening to the reports of sense; but *is there no king in thee?* Why then are ye so fearful?

Thus must the believer be taught to exercise faith in trying times. See Duet. xxxii. 11. "As an Eagle stirreth up her nest," &c., the young ones would fain lie dozing in the nest, they would not take wing for a long time: surely this is the picture of every Christian, if he examines his own heart. We revolt at exertion; it is painful; it is disturbance; we want to be quiet in our nest; but "The Lord's portion is his people: He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness: he led him about"—he environed Israel as his portion. He did not mean to let Israel remain as he was: The language of nature is, "let me alone:" But what would be

the consequence if man were let alone in the state he is? Israel therefore must be "led about;"—he must be taught like the eagle to take wing—he must not be suffered to lie dozing in the nest without action, without exertion—"So the Lord alone did lead him."

This is one grand design of God in his dispensations of affliction toward his children. He roots us up from our present satisfactions, and checks the disposition we have to lie still, and to say, "Let us alone." He teaches us to rise above the grovelling habits into which we too naturally fall; and to live a life far different from that life of sin which the generality of mankind desire. And if this is God's design in afflicting us, tell me not what you have to complain of, nor of the depths to which sin has brought you: *Is there no king in thee? Is thy counsellor perished?* Doth not the Lord dwell in Zion? Thus we find the Lord saying to Abraham, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred," &c., and as if he marked the fear and apprehension that Abraham would have in going, he adds, "Fear not Abraham;" go out, but "*fear not*," I am God all-sufficient; I am enough; I am the Alpha and Omega;" "I am thy exceeding great reward." So to Isaac,—so to Jacob.

Thus we find St. John when he was banished to the Isle of Patmos, saying, "He laid his right hand upon me, saying, Fear not." As if Christ had said, Thine enemies may banish thee to the most desolate island, but they cannot banish thee from my presence, and favour and friendship; I am with thee; I have "the keys of death and hell;" go on with your work, write to the churches, and let them know that their King is in Zion.

It was profanely said by Julius Cæsar to the pilot who was alarmed at the violence of a storm which arose, "Fear not, thou carriest Cæsar and his fortunes." Poor vain creature! he did not consider that Cæsar was no more than a worm of the earth, whose breath was in his nostrils.

Job, in the very worst of times felt the truth of the text.—"I know that my Redeemer liveth;" therefore shall I lift up my head, notwithstanding my depressing circumstances. Nay, he says, "Though He slay me,"—though his dispensations are so severe, and run contrary to what I could wish,—"though he slay me" in leading me through these deep waters, "yet will I trust in him:" My King is with me, my counsellor is not perished. See Psalm xxiii. 4.

There is something to be regarded in this repetition, *Is not*

thy King in thee? Is thy counsellor perished? It surely is evident to every man who has had any experience and made any observation in religion, and who has attentively read his Bible, that the Lord has not only promised to guide his people by his counsel, and afterwards receive them to glory,—but he has sometimes condescended to give the *reasons* of his dealing with them, and why they pass through the fire and through the water on their way to the kingdom. In the loss of near and dear friends, it is as if God said,—This is to teach you that *your rest is not here;* and as for those friends, be ye followers of them, for by faith and patience they now inherit the promises. In the loss of faculties, health, comforts, &c., you complain as if you were *at home*, forgetting you are "strangers and pilgrims upon earth." For though you can only be accepted upon the ground of what Christ has done and suffered for you, *yet* is there not much chaff to be winnowed from the wheat? is there not much dross to be separated from the gold? and is it not necessary that the Refiner should "sit as a refiner and purifier of the sons of Levi?"

That, says an old writer, is good for a man, which is good for his soul. Now therefore, *Why dost thou cry aloud?* You are only on your journey: If you take your child a journey, he will probably see many things, as he travels on, that his young mind will covet; he will want the flowers by the way, or wish to stop at some pleasant spot on the road rather than go on. And why is all this? because he is a child; and you smile at his simplicity, and tell him these are only accidental things by the way: they serve indeed to make the journey more pleasant, but are not essential.

Believer! *is thy counsellor perished?* Is he not teaching you and me the same lesson? does he not say, This is not the *home*, but the *way?* that what we have is only lent us? and that instead of crying out, because they are departing from us, or we from them, we should remember that this is the very constitution of things; this is absolutely necessary for us; for if we have a free and constant hold of present things, we shall be deprived of better.

Bishop Reynolds observes, that there are two things necessary in order to our having satisfaction in any thing. There must be *propriety*, and there must be *proportion*. There must be propriety; we must be actual *possessors;* the thing must be *ours:* and there must be proportion; the thing must fit, suit, be adequate to satisfy. But both these are impossible in the present case: for God has decreed that it shall be his sole pre-

rogative to satisfy, to fill the heart of man; and that no created being whatever shall do it.

It is very remarkable, and surely a true philosopher would not lose sight of this,—that Solomon, when he had calculated, and made his estimate of every thing the world calls good, so that as he says, "What can the man do that cometh after the King?"—he pronounces upon it, "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Eccles. i. 14. After all, there is no propriety, no proportion in these things; and facts constantly prove this to be the case with those who have the greatest abundance of this world's good. Let the Christian turn away from such a fancied propriety and proportion, and turn to this counsellor whom it is his highest privilege to call the "Wonderful Counsellor;" for to you is the word of this salvation sent. God has taught his children in all ages the reason why he will not suffer this world to be their rest: He has taught them to say, as Hezekiah, when every thing was depressing and bereaving about him, "O Lord, by these things"—by these dispensations of affliction,—"do men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit: so wilt thou recover me, and make me to live. Behold, for peace I had great bitterness; but thou hast in love to my soul" (mark that,) "thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption. For thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back."

Oh, it is a mighty, a mighty blessing indeed, if God makes use of any dispensation whatever to bring us nearer to himself, and to make us more acquainted with ourselves, and his dealings towards us![1]

One of the greatest abominations that ever existed since the fall of man, was that of burning men at the stake for conscience' sake, and putting them to all imaginable tortures, because they would not submit to the impositions of the Church of Rome. Yet at the same time, out of that dark Church there arose a glorious testimony and proof, that no consequence is to be feared if it can be said, *Is not thy King in thee?* "I am persuaded," saith the apostle, "that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come; nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Our king is with us; our counsellor is not perished.

Concluding Remarks. Let us each ask ourselves this

[1] See Mrs. Hawkes's reference to this passage, page 183 of the Memoir.

question, What have I been doing hitherto? I see that I have been a rebel against my rightful sovereign; but I am willing to lay down my arms, and enter, if possible, into the benefit. To such I would say, You must show yourself willing to receive the benefit, by renouncing not only your hostility, but your former character, you must forsake wicked company, and leave off sinning; you must receive the gift as it is presented; you must return like the prodigal son. See Luke xv. 18.

Do you say, How shall I do all this? You must ask the help of the Holy Spirit. You must receive the kingdom of God as a little child. A proud man can do nothing in the business of salvation: a mere caviller will trifle at the door: you must repent and believe the gospel: you must ask and it shall be given: you must knock, and the door shall be opened: you must employ the means: you must trust the truth of God which hath said, The seed of Jacob shall never seek my face in vain.

Once more, I would say to every Christian who is thus interested, "Hold fast that which thou hast:" and let it suffice thee, if thou hast nothing else, that thou hast a king dwelling in Zion, present with his church, a counsellor at hand. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Make your case as dark as you can in imagination, yet it is said, "Let him that walketh in darkness and hath no light," let him "trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." Thy king is present with thee, who is able and willing to bring thee through all these things: who will guide thee by his counsel, and afterwards receive thee to glory.

Noah fled into the ark at the command of God, and embraced the provision set before him, as the only method of safety. It is very reasonable to suppose that at the coming on of the flood, there might be an alarm in the ark: a question might arise,—Are we safe? Are we secure? but there was a vast difference between the alarm that took place *in* the ark, and the alarm that took place *out* of it, because nothing could be said to those out of the ark in a way of consolation: but *in* the ark, in the very worst circumstances they were safe,—for God had "Shut them in." If therefore you are a believer in Christ, to all you could possibly allege in your most private and full statement of your troubles, sorrows, and sufferings, I should reply, Why is your breast wrung, and your heart agitated? *Is there no king in thee? Is thy counsellor perished?* Your complaints may be various, but your resource is *one*, and

it is that which is exhibited in the text. I pray God you may be able to embrace it, feeling it sufficient; and that you may be willing to glorify God, who thus helps you in all trying cases.

CHRIST A SHELTER.

For thou hast been a shelter for me.—Psalm lxi. 3.

Religion has often been contemplated as it exhibits patience, hope, safety; but it has not been sufficiently considered as it exhibits *wisdom*. Every man needs a shelter, and he must secure it in time, or be undone in eternity: "A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished." God in Christ is the sanctuary of man: but this hiding place can only be enjoyed by faith taking hold of the promise. See Is. xxvi. 20. The proud and the profane will trifle and boast: but here is their folly, their refuge will not hide them; their strong holds will not secure them in time of danger. While false philosophy is pulling down the only shelter, and can propose nothing but a cobweb in its place, man remains a poor, exposed, helpless creature; and this surely is not *wisdom* in one who feels every day his need of a shelter, even with respect to his meanest part, the body. But what is the body to the soul? the body will soon be eaten of worms, while the soul will live for ever. Man is a guilty creature, a depraved creature, a tempted and afflicted creature, a helpless and dying creature; and therefore if he is wise, he will be careful to seek a shelter, and will be thankful that God has provided one. See Psalm xci. Nothing but true and vital religion, and faith in the Son of God, will prove a shelter; and the minister who speaks of less than this, is a blind guide. When we speak of a shelter, we must not stop short of Him "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood." Rom. iii. 25.

The shelter which man needs, and which God has provided, is a *tried* shelter. It is a matter of experience: "Thou *hast* been a shelter for me."

A cloud of witnesses might be brought to prove that God has provided a shelter; and that it is a tried one: see Noah, Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Hezekiah, Daniel, St. Paul, &c. This is also a *daily* shelter: it is what David calls in another place, "a very present help in time of trouble," as if he had said, "I can rely upon Him for the *moment*."

The true Christian, in every age, is taught of God to seek this shelter; to turn from all others, and to make use of it upon all occasions. And as he finds his emergencies come on, he has a spiritual habit of turning to the shelter God affords. His language is, "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon?" Where is the shelter in which under the heat of temptation, the storm of persecution, losses or crosses, I may lie down. I have gone to shelters that have made great promise of repose, but they could not yield it. I fainted under them; and now seek a better covering.

Let every Christian who has found this shelter, put honour upon it; and consider his temptations, trials, and afflictions, as sent to say, "Come under the shadow of my wings." This is not a metaphysical or controverted point; every man needs a shelter; and there is no case where the true Christian may not find it always ready. Let us endeavour to employ it *daily* and *universally*.

Let every one dread an unsheltered state, though prosperous. Christ has marked it out in the gospel. He that said, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years," thought he had a shelter: but our Lord says, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." There is a time coming, when he who has neglected his salvation for the riches of this world, will be glad to sell all he has to purchase the lost blessing. "I beheld . . . . and the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together," See Rev. vi. 12—17.

There is a spirituality in the Christian's character, the effect of regeneration, which leads him to maintain secret converse and intercourse with God; and he then finds he is returned to his proper rest.

Money, fame, power, or the pleasures of sense, may rush in upon us like a tide; but they will yield us nothing. The summons, therefore, should be urgent and frequent, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul."

CHRIST A HIDING-PLACE.

Thou art my hiding-place.—Psalm xxxii. 7.

People that have never been in battle may discourse of it; but it will be in a very different way from what a *soldier* would speak about it. Religion is a warfare, and the man who has maintained the conflict, and who has made expensive observations, will speak of it in a very different way from others who merely speculate upon it.

David had been a military man, and his life had been preserved, more than once, by finding a hiding-place, when he was "hunted as a partridge upon the mountains;" and though he had frequently escaped by these means,—yet, he knew that there was but one true place of safety; therefore he looks beyond the means, and says, *Thou art my hiding-place.* The language of the Apostle expresses the same sentiment: "I know in whom I have believed:" I can place every thing in his hands; every thing that concerns my body or soul; every thing that concerns time or eternity.

Every true Christian triumphs in this, namely, that he has a constant refuge: he says, not only, "Thou *hast* been, but Thou *art* my hiding-place—which presents itself upon all occasions; when sin would allure and betray; when the enemy comes in like a flood, and I am ready to be driven away by the torrent of temptations by which he assaults me; when I travel through the deep waters of affliction; when the terrors of the law threaten and alarm; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment—still, in all, *Thou art my hiding-place.*"

A gracious habit in a Christian, enabling him to turn to God under every exigence and want, is not only the way in which God is honoured; but if there is any repose, any comfort, any true peace and composure, it must be had in this way. When a threatening message was sent to one of the Fathers, he returned for answer, "Go and tell E. I fear nothing but *sin.*"

How forlorn must that sinner be, who has to meet the storms of time and eternity without a hiding-place! "The rich man's wealth is his strong city, and as a high wall," but the wise man adds, "in his own conceit." But he that has heard the voice of Jesus Christ, and has fled to Him for

shelter and for rest, shall find that He is indeed "a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Where are the vast desires of the spiritual mind to be satisfied, but in Christ Jesus? His gracious words are, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."

A worm is prepared for every gourd. Every creature-comfort is a gourd: do not, like Jonah, rejoice in it. Whatever it is, it is no subject for *joy* though it may be of thanksgiving: for every gourd will wither. It is a Christian's mercy and high privilege, that there is a shade provided for him which has no worm at the root. "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

Is there any one who hopes to find something in the world to lean upon besides God's word? Such a hope is contrary to all *experience:* there is no rest but in God. But it may be said,—Religious people have been, in their day, as gay and thoughtless as others. True, but we come back like mariners escaped from a *wreck*, and would therefore warn you, and take hold of your hand and lead you aright. We would have you escape the rocks which we have split upon. A Christian who goes simply to God in all cases, will surely rise when every other person *sinks:* he will be kept in peace—"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon thee." Mark, it is not said that a man shall keep *himself* in peace, but "*thou wilt keep him*," "because he trusteth in thee."

THE COVENANT RENEWED AT BETHEL,

And God appeared unto Jacob again, when he came out of Padan-aram, and blessed him, . . . And Jacob called the name of the place where God spake with him Beth-el—Gen. xxxv. 9—15.

He that believeth, hath the witness in himself: he knows what religion is: he knows its purifying effects: he hath also

the witness in himself that religion in *him* is the same that it was in Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. It is the work of the same spirit: it has the same foundation; and the root being the same, the *fruit* is the same. Therefore there is no part of the history of the Bible uninteresting: for the believer reads it with reference to himself: he says, My name is Jacob, my name is David—and they say exactly what suits *me*.

We live by faith upon the promises; therefore we continually need a fresh repetition of the promises, and a fresh application of them. *God appeared unto Jacob again and blessed him.*

Where Christ has visited a man in mercy, he will visit him *again*. See John v. 6—14. He lives in the high and holy place; and he lives also in the humble and contrite heart; and he will come down and speak to Jacob again and again, and encourage him over and over again.

Every man's history is an original record which none can read but himself. A Christian, when he daily examines this record, should say—Here was pardon, and there protection; here preservation, and there forbearance; here correction, and there encouragement. We are not only called to consider mercy in the abstract, but particular, personal mercies: above all, we should be ever contemplating the rich mercy which God gave in sending his Son.

And God said, thy name is Jacob. It signifies very little what the world calls our name; the important question is, what does God say that my name is? *And he called his name Israel:* or, a prince with God. That we should be made kings and priests unto God, in a spiritual sense, is the grandest aim and project that can be presented to the mind of man. As a king under his holy annointing, the Christian overcomes the world, the flesh, and the devil; as a prince, like Jacob, he has power with God and man, and prevails; as a priest, he is, in a peculiar sense, consecrated to God. "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood;" 1 Peter ii. 9. and if a Christian has a just sense of his high privilege, it is impossible but he must say with St. John, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

And God said unto him, I am God Almighty: remember this, and put your trust only in *me*. The further you keep from that curse—"Cursed is the man that trusteth in man,"—the better. Come, and hang upon *me;* place upon *me* your

whole dependence. A man never forms a large expectation till he has done with every thing but God.

And God went up from him in the place where he talked with him. The conversation was very short between God and his servant Jacob; this teaches us, that while there is a communication between God and his children which the world knows nothing of, still, as they are not yet in heaven, the seat of his immediate presence, they must expect that special favours will be only *transient.* Young converts are often much puzzled and alarmed at this. The disciples when they were on the mount of transfiguration said, "Lord, it is good to be here: let us build three tabernacles," &c. But they were to be instructed that the mount was not a place for them to *live* upon: they were to go down and labour and fight, and endure the burden and heat of the day. This is not hard or unkind: it is only that God is saying to them—"You are yet to meet trouble, to go against the strong current: your dispensation is to live by *faith* and not by *sight;* and as you go on your journey, you shall not want special helps." True religion is not a *rapture*, but a blessed, holy habit: it is a pilgrim holding on his way. The sun may not always shine upon his path: yet he holds on: it is his habit to go forward, and not to look behind.

We should endeavour to demonstrate our regard to every special favour. See how Jacob acted after God had gone up from him—he *set up a pillar* in the place where God talked with him; as though he had said—"I will bear a testimony that the Lord is nigh to them that call upon him. I am indeed a pilgrim, a dweller in tents, but by the help of God, I will quicken my mind by the transaction that has passed here." Every Christian before he strikes his harp in heaven, will be taught to touch it upon earth, however imperfectly.

There are places which present holy associations. If there is any place where we have wrestled with God for a blessing, and have gone again and again and found help, let us remember that place. See Hannah. 1 Sam. i. 26.

We must rest in God and not in *places.* We must recur to Christ who giveth strength and victory, and in *Him* must be our rest. Even Bethel was afterwards called *Bethaven*, the house of vanity.

If the Lord has been pleased to speak to our hearts, to enlighten our eyes, and to strengthen our hands, we should rejoice in it, and remember it: but we should rejoice with trembling—for trials generally follow favours. All our attainments

here have humbling appendages connected with them: Jacob went halting all his days: and St. Paul had a thorn in the flesh. The strongest men are *weak*, and the best *halt*. Jacob had soon to set up a *pillar of sorrow* over Rachel's grave. Thus we are made to feel that we are still in the body, and must go on watering our way with tears.

ISRAEL'S LAST TESTIMONY.

And Jacob called unto his sons, and said, Gather yourselves together, that I may tell you that which shall befal you in the last days, &c.—Gen. xlix. 1—8.

He who hath seen God's wonders is called to be God's witness. We must bear a faithful testimony against sin, whether in the church, or in our own family—for so did Jacob. When his sons were standing round his dying bed, it might have been expected that he would have forgotten all their past follies. We should not have been surprised to hear him say, "I am now about to depart. I will not disturb and harass my spirits *now*, but keep my mind quiet and composed." But there is such a thing as loving the truth above every thing else: therefore he proceeds—*Reuben, thou art my first-born. . . . unstable as water thou shalt not excel. Simeon and Levi are brethren: instruments of cruelty are in their habitations. O my soul, come not thou into their secret!* The Christian, like his great Master, hates sin, but pities the sinner, and deals tenderly with him—yet honestly as to his faults. We must never connive at sin.

Jacob died as a witness for God. When he mentions the troubles which he has gone through, and how God has supported him under them, he bears a testimony that if we would but trust in God, He would not only come up to our expectations, but infinitely *exceed* them. He says to Joseph, "I had not thought to see thy face, and lo, God hath showed me thy seed." He also died comforting the church generally. See chap. xlvii. 21.

GODLINESS THE BEST SECURITY.

For the turning away of the simple shall slay them, and the prosperity of fools shall destroy them. But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil.—Prov. I. 32, 33.

Christianity invites to examination. We are invited to search, to compare, to take pains, to grow in wisdom, that we may know how to approve things that are excellent. For this purpose, we are provided with a measuring rod, a standard. The Christian is to take the balances of the sanctuary; and that he may not be misled by his own corrupt heart, and be thereby in danger of making false conclusions by listening to so corrupt a counsellor, he must search and enquire with much humility and prayer.

With these only true balances, let us weigh the favour, the riches, the ease, the friendship of the world—which are perishing in the using—with the portion of the true Christian, who is hastening to joys immortal, and a crown of glory which fadeth not away. A moment's consideration must determine which of these is the most excellent and desirable.

It is very necessary that we should acquire a habit of forming *right associations*. There are certain things which we get a habit of combining with other things; as—that what is considered honourable in the world is *good;* that riches, however obtained, are *good:* our whole education is founded upon this wrong system. Achan was formed in this school: his considering that the wedge of gold was *good*, arose from a wrong association of ideas. The three great adversaries of man, are the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, which produce a carnal way of thinking—the heart struggling for its idol.

The *right associations* are these: to consider religion as sound wisdom, and ever to look on the policy of a wicked man as the highest folly—to consider that the prosperity of fools is a loss, not a gain: it destroys them—that it is not pain and adversity, but the prosperity of fools that is to be dreaded—that if a foolish man (that is, a *sinner*) is at ease, it is the stupor of death—that true obedience, and hearkening to God, is not a *task*, but a delight: it elevates the soul.

There is nothing more important than to have a *moral eye*. Without this, we shall never see things as they *are*, but be imposed upon by custom, by names, and by external appearances. The true Christian has a spiritual habit of taking every thing to the Bible, in order to ascertain its real worth; and thus "the spiritual man discerneth all things:" the use of the ordinances of God is to strengthen and promote this principle, to help us to correct a false taste,—to consider what is really good.

Turning away is a term of vast extent. While the road to life is but *one*, and consists in hearkening to God, there are ten thousand paths to death. Any deviation from the straight road, is a *turning away*—not only profligacy, but formality, or excessive attention to business: it matters not what you turn to, if you are not hearkening to God. The text is an antidote to envy, ambition, covetousness, &c., but the remedy must be taken *now*, (see the foregoing verses). "Woe unto thee, Chorazin!" The most miserable state of all others, is that of often-warned impenitence! "Suns and seasons will wait for no man:" all industry will avail nothing when the season is past: therefore is the wise ant commended for improving its summer.

There are times when every man begins to feel the value of safety, and tries to banish the fear of being "found wanting" at the last: it returns again and again—"What! if I should wake in eternity, and find all the warnings I have had to be true!"

The term *fool* in Scripture, does not mean a person of naturally weak understanding, but it always means a vicious person, turning away from the truth—from God—from his real interest. Thus the fool prefers the toys of a moment to his everlasting good. See his character, Hosea xii. 1.

How does the prosperity of fools destroy them? It inflates, puffs up, and blinds a man in his error: he knows not where he is: it infatuates and sensualises him: it insensibly, gradually, but *certainly*, indisposes him to take up the cross, and walk in the narrow way, to be a practical disciple of Christ, looking how he walked, how he talked, what he did, what he commanded.

Prosperity, in a great city, to men who are running a race after it, is a powerful engine in the hand of Satan. How did he endeavour to tempt even Christ with a sight of worldly splendour; and can we wonder at his success on men? Consider in how seducing a form destruction may approach. We

see and fear destruction in the form of pestilence, famine, and sword: men guard carefully their houses from fire or thieves. But what signifies the *form* of the weapon which destroys us? Does the love of ease make you neglect the remedy which you must take, or perish?—then regard it as a deadly snare.

Learn to view the world and its prosperity in the glass of God's word. If you grow wise in divine truth, you will see in the history of every day, that misery lies in *turning away* from the word of God: you are never safe for a moment, but as you are looking to your compass. Satan has snares for believers. Especially let *them* fear, who are pleasing themselves in their prosperity: let them remember that they embrace their worst enemy. Whenever any one would think of ensuring peace and safety, let him remember, that nothing can be a basis for these but true religion.

But whoso hearkeneth unto me shall dwell safely. The Bible takes hold of every faculty of the mind: if fear predominates, it takes hold of fear: if hope predominates, it takes hold of hope. True religion inspires man with solid hope, and affords him an effectual antidote against human calamity. *Whoso hearkeneth to me shall dwell safely.* He has for his refuge a strong tower: he shall transact all his affairs under a sacred protection: *he shall be quiet from fear of evil.* He shall not only *be* safe, but he shall *feel* himself safe. So the three children: "We are not careful to answer thee in this matter: if it be so, our God whom we trust is able to deliver." "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever." The Christian's best interests are above the reach of evil: his great and chief concern is eternal life. What was it that made some take joyfully the spoiling of their goods? What was it that made Moses despise the riches of Egypt? and choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season? It was having respect unto the recompense of the reward. It is only when we forget the marriage supper of the Lamb that we can envy sinners.

Death is a dark valley, and hell may rage; yet it is the believer's privilege to say, "The Lord is my shepherd, and I will fear no evil," either past, present, or to come, "for Thou art with me."

There are moments, when the privileges of a Christian—his peace—his safety—are felt to be of more worth and value than worlds. A man of property has been seen upon his dying bed, offering the world, if it had been his, for the wise man's rock.

When we have attained what Simeon waited for, and rejoiced in, then we can welcome death, and fear no evil in it, and not till *then*.

How excellent is true religion! It puts the Christian in possession of an universal remedy. Let Christians therefore live up to their privileges, and bring religion into daily use. Then shall we be less disturbed by the news or the circumstances of the day, and say with David, The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? Ps. xxvii. 1.

TRUTH THE BEST MERCHANDISE.

Buy the truth, and sell it not.—Prov. xxiii. 23.

The world is a great market, and there are many bidders; and they think no price too high for the baubles of the fair—though, all the time, they weary themselves for very vanity, and spend their money for that which is not bread. But whatever we buy, if we neglect to buy *the truth*, death will soon make us sensible that we have made but a poor bargain.

He that embraces Truth *practically* is a great character. Men love the Truth when it is not *against* them. Thus did Herod; but he could not go through with it: he could not cut off a right hand, nor pluck out a right eye. He would not put away the idol of his affections. One sin may master and keep down another, and still the strong man armed keep his hold. We must not satisfy ourselves that we have this or that truth: we must have the whole, not a part.

There is no need to dress and adorn Truth: the great matter is, to let it appear in its native force: it will discover itself to be the "treasure hid in a field;" the "better part;" the "pearl of great price," which cannot be bought too dear, though, like the merchantman, we should sell *all that we have* to purchase it.

Buy the truth, and sell it not. Buy it at any rate; part with every thing which God calls for, and it will still be bought cheap. "Keep her; for she is thy life." For if it be THE

TRUTH, it is a living principle: it will make you grow up into Christ: it is the life and light of the soul: it is God's ordinance to illuminate a dark world. *Buy it therefore, and sell it not.*

THE RIGHT MANNER OF RECOMMENDING TRUTH.

Speaking the truth in love.—Eph. iv. 15.

We are called to maintain the truth, in opposition to all that would subvert it, and notwithstanding that it may be slighted and rejected. This we must do whatever it shall cost us, and in the most trying times: but we must rise higher yet; and do all this in *love*. We must maintain it in the spirit of our Master; *so* maintain it, as to make it appear that we love it for *itself*—for its own excellence and saving benefit; and that we do not speak it to shew our superior knowledge and abilities, or because we wish to establish some favourite opinion; but, on the contrary, that we are ready to give up what does not belong to it, though it may lie in things never so dear to us; and that the love of the Truth surmounts every thing.

As it is not enough that a man speak *the Truth*, if he does not speak it *in love;* so it is not enough that he has what looks like love and benevolence, if he does not hold *the truth as it is in Jesus.*

He who speaks the truth in love, must sometimes reprove, rebuke, and warn with an awful voice; but still this arises from *love*. The Truth is sometimes so contrary to our prejudices, so exposes a man to himself, so holds up the mirror, so probes the mind, is so hard a necessity—that it has often a very awful presence. It so binds down corrupt nature, so curbs the will and opposes the inclination, that, however it may be presented, it often makes us shrink; and more especially when it sets in against a storm of passion or temptation: it is then like adding vinegar to nitre. How important is it, therefore, that we should endeavour to speak the Truth in love, as Christ did; that we should look as he looked upon Peter! "Let all your things be done with charity." Violence and

craft may be necessary to establish a *sect;* but Truth must be established by love and quietness.

As Christians, we are called to walk by an humble path to a high home. We should have a low opinion of ourselves, and a high opinion of our profession. It should be our aim to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called; maintaining the truth in every possible way—by simplicity, by carefulness, and by integrity.

As a man is growing up into Christ, he is more disposed to speak the truth in love.

ON NEUTRALITY IN RELIGION.

He that is not with me is against me: and he that gathereth not with me scattereth.—Luke xi. 23.

The Scriptures are wonderfully adapted to the mind of man in every respect. There are many persons who can only be taught by a train of reasoning: the Scripture meets such persons. Others require a shorter method: the Scripture is also adapted to such—it has great truths comprised in a single maxim: "He that is not with me is against me: and he that gathereth not with me scattereth." The declaration refers primarily to Satan; but its meaning is universal, whether it is spoken to a fallen angel or a fallen man.

Observe what Christ looks at, and promises profit to them that are with Him—that has the same object he has—that sit at his feet like Mary, hear his word and take it as a guide, looking to his Spirit to enable them to do his will.

He that works with Christ, must take his doctrines to work with—must take his atonement as the only way of obtaining the pardon of sin. There is no such thing in religion as NEUTRALITY: *He that is not with me*, saith Christ, *is against me*. Some things, like water, quench the fire at once: other things, like ashes, smother and put it out by degrees.

How did Christ gather his church? Did he not come declaring the guilt, depravity, and helplessness of man? and did He not declare the remedy? Did He not bring the ransom,

and teach all his disciples that there was no life but in his death? no liberty but in his power? Surely we ought to give unlimited confidence to our infallible Teacher; to sit at his feet to *learn*, not to *reason;* particularly the mystery of man's redemption by his death. Christ is distinguished as a legislator, from all others, by his being *essential*. There arises out of this, the infinite evil of sin, which needed such sacrifice—the infinite love of God who so loved the world as to give his only-begotten Son—the infinite holiness of God, which could be satisfied with nothing less than a perfect atonement—the infinite worth of an immortal soul: and there must be an entire submission of the heart to God's way of salvation. The obstruction which the doctrine of the cross meets with in the human heart, should be an evidence of the truth of the Gospel: for it has been the same in all ages. Yet there is no other name by which we may be saved—no other price but the blood of Christ—no other plea which a sinner dare plead before God. What a poor beggarly thing is moral virtue to stand before God with: Let us not stumble at this consecrated path: rather let us say with the Apostle, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Let us learn the necessity of simplicity of principle, and unlimited subjection. Are we *with* him? Are we trusting to his cross? Are we looking to his word? Are we his disciples indeed? Has Christ spoken? Is He to teach us, or we Him? His religion consists in "casting down imaginations." Let us say with Peter, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Neutrality in religion is actual OPPOSITION.

ON PARTIAL REPENTANCE.

They return, but not to the Most High: they are like a deceitful bow.—Hosea vii. 16.

Nothing but the grace of God is sufficient to convert a soul. Afflictions and favours may have their effects; but the affections which they excite will soon subside: the reformation will be partial; and some favourite sin retained.

We learn from this passage that there is a repentance unto life and a repentance not unto life. This last is the repentance of the self-deceiver: he returns, from gross sins and utter neglect of duty, to an attendance on ordinances, for which he will begin to show a degree of reverence: and he will return, in some measure, to secret duties; at times offering, even in his closet, the sacrifices of prayer and praise. He will determine to change his course of life, and to walk circumspectly; but this he will only accomplish for a season. Herod, who heard John gladly, seems to have experienced such a change.

A reformation like this may, to an ignorant person, appear sufficient; yet all this may be done without returning *to the Most High*. The self-deceiver is not really sensible of the purity and holiness of God, or he would humble himself and cry out, "Unclean, unclean!" But he never comes in this way; and, as he feels no true humiliation, so neither does he feel any true submission: for had he a right view of the sovereignty of God, he would say—"I will bear the reproach of my youth." But he is more desirous of having the affliction removed than of his heart purified; and he would rather prescribe than submit. He comes with no humble confidence to the Most High; and if he returns not to God, *as God*, he returns not at all. The Lord is a jealous God, and requireth truth in the inward parts: he looketh to the heart: and he expects the sinner to approach with suitable impressions. "If I am a Father where is my honour?" He sees through all veils.

Consider next the comparison used in the text—*a deceitful bow*. A bow is used for the purpose of sending arrows to the mark to which the archer designed them. If the bow be bent, and out of order, the arrows will either go on one side, or fall short of the mark. This will illustrate the character of the self-deceiver; he professes to turn to God: but he goes beside the mark, or falls short of it. See the same comparison used Psalm lxxviii. "They were turned aside like a deceitful bow."

What then is a real return to God? It is such a return, as brings us to a state of acceptance with, and rest in, God: and the only possible way of obtaining this, is in and through Christ. We must go immediately to Him, and placing our hope only in Him. The soul can only rest in God as a covenant-God, and this is the object at which the true penitent aims. But the self-deceiver comes trusting in some good act of his own, mixed and blended with the merits of Christ: he thinks that he must prepare himself for Christ, instead of coming to him for every grace. So it appeared strange to Naa-

man when the prophet said, "Wash, and be clean." Thus, to bid a sinner believe, seems to be setting aside good works: though God himself says there is no other way which so honours him, and which so effectually produces obedience.

But the self-deceiver objects. He may profess to direct his endeavours aright; but he shoots with a deceitful bow, and comes short of the mark which he professes to aim at—namely, acceptance: the arrow falls at his very feet: he does not attain to acceptance, or rest in God: he rests in his duties, and goes no further: all he desires is to satisfy conscience, and therefore performs certain duties; but never thinks of enjoying God in them, nor feels himself restless till God dwells in him, and he in God. He does not see, that with all these services he is altogether vile.

There are in this day many who have *a name to live*. Let such, then, as are returning to God, take heed that they be not deceived. Self-love blinds the eyes: and a mistake in this matter is soon made, but not soon redressed. It is a solid, abiding enjoyment of God to which you are to return—taking Him, in Christ, for your portion, and your all, for time and eternity, Do not rest till you can say, "O God thou art *my* God," There is not rest for the sinner but in the true Ark, the Lord Jesus Christ. What we all want is Christ: on him we must live: never be satisfied with any duty where you do not meet and see Christ; and till you can say, "The life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God." There is no other subject worthy of our thoughts; and therefore it is, that advanced Christians dwell on very little else; for as a man enters into living views of Christ, the world becomes crucified to him, and he to the world.

ON CHRISTIAN STEADFASTNESS.

Cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompence of reward.—Heb. x. 36.

The main device of Satan is to loosen the Christian from his hold—no matter how, whether by flesh and blood being

counsellors, or by false doctrines, or by evil company, or by getting on some enchanted ground, so that he may be beguiled as the serpent beguiled Eve: any thing, so he may but succeed in weakening his confidence. In this way, dreadful havoc has been made in many a believer's conscience.

Satan is an old sophist, and therefore we need not be curious to know all that he has to say against the truth. In such a day as the present, we must turn away our ears from vain speculations. And if our confidence is already shaken, and the breath of poison *has* entered at all into our minds, let us carry it to Christ, according to the example of St. Paul.

Let every Christian beware how he casts away a dear-bought experience.

Cast not away your confidence—that is, your shield: Consider, how it has defended you already; call to mind, how that after ye were illuminated, what a fight of afflictions ye endured; and yet, the wounds never entered your vitals, to destroy you. Suffering never injures: but, consider, the dreadful alternative of losing your shield! See Heb. x. 29.

Men cast away their confidence, when they take flesh and blood into their council. St. Paul was aware of this danger: (See Gal. i. 15.) "When it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace, to reveal his Son in me; immediately, I conferred not with flesh and blood." But Israel, when they found difficulties in the way, remembered the flesh-pots in Egypt. See Exod. xvi.

When the principles of our faith have laid hold of our *judgments*, *affections* and *habits*, then will our profession be steadfast.

There are occasions when the real believer may for a time waver; either from temptation, or from some new opinion or sentiment, or from some bias of the affections. But suppose this to be the case for a season, yet enquire, Is not the bent of your soul after Christ? when your judgment is attacked, yet are not your affections still fixed? or if your affections are under any bias, does not your judgment say, "Lord to whom shall we go!" It seldom happens, in a true character, that the judgment and the affections are both shaken at once; one or the other generally remains firm. This may serve to encourage the timid believer, who is no hypocrite, although he may have been assaulted by temptation.

A believer should beware how he makes unfavourable conclusions against himself, when he has fallen, by the devices of the enemy, into some sinful snare. Satan then comes in with

a flood of hard despairing thoughts, and suggests to us,—That we never had any grace—that we have been deceiving ourselves—that if we had ever been God's children, he would not have suffered our feet thus to have been taken in the snare: or, that if we have had any degree of grace, it is so small, and we are so apt to err, that we shall be continually falling, and never hold out: and, therefore, that we may as well give up our Christian hope and profession, and turn back to the world altogether—for religious people will never put any confidence in us, but will consider us only as pretenders. But God forbid that any one should reason thus: this is just as the devil would have it. No! Let us, when every thing is against us—facts and friends—let us go, like Peter, and make our appeal to Him from whom no secret is hid; and He will give us tokens of his forgiving love; and, in due time, clear up our characters to others. The relation which subsists between God and his children is a strong ground of confidence. God is a Father; and "as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

Perseverance and reward are inseparable. *Cast not away your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward.* Has a man, then, any *claim* because he has trusted God? He has a claim upon the faithfulness of God; and the more he pleads his claim, the more he thereby honours God.

That grace which begins the good work—which enables the soldier to fight—the racer to run—will, one day, crown the work which it begins. The grand object which the Christian soldier keeps his eye upon, is that "crown of glory which fadeth not away." There is also a *present* reward—there is "the peace of God which passeth all understanding," which, through all events, keeps our hearts and minds as in a garrison.

Some of the most ignorant, as well as the most wicked, persons will say—"I always had confidence in God—I always did trust Him. But beware of a counterfeit here: they that *always* trusted, it is to be feared *never* trusted. To trust rightly is to expect, upon the ground of God's perfections and promises, that he will do for us in all circumstances that which is wisest and best—that which is most for his own glory and our good. It is not the blind confidence of the ignorant, nor the presumptuous confidence of the proud and wicked: we must know God through Christ, and as reconciled to us through Him. We shall then see how the Divine perfections are calculated to inspire confidence. "They that know thy name will trust in thee."

That confidence is vain and delusive, to which God does not set his seal. The confidence spoken of by the apostle, is one well grounded, and is the same with that mentioned, verse 15: "Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering;" and with that which, in verse 19, is called "boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Christ:" courage to endure hardships, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and confidence to go as children to a Father, laying hold of a promise which cannot be broken.

Those who have long made a profession should shew that they are no more children. Let not those who ought to be teachers, have to learn what are the *first principles;* but let them endeavour to retain their first love in its simplicity and ardour. The wisdom of a Christian, is simplicity of *aim*, and simplicity of *dependence.*

THE CHRISTIAN TRAVELLER.

For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.
Heb. xiii. 14.

The grand reason for going "without the camp," bearing the reproach of Christ, is because we want a more abiding city than this world affords. All Christians are pilgrims: this world affords them no resting place—no tower of safety—no true shelter.

When the world has shewn all its glory—one mortifying question makes it sicken and fade, namely,—How long will it last?

While the splendour and affluence of a great city, like this, strikes the eye of every beholder, a Christian weeps over it, as the prophet did over Babylon.

The philosopher, the poet, the moralist, all allow that "the world passeth away:" but it is only the true believer who acts upon this truth. All allow the fact, but he alone takes it up *practically;* and declares by his conduct and conversation, that *here there is no continuing city.* He therefore goes through the world like a traveller; and as he passes on, he casts a look of observation on the things around him: but his

heart and affections are not set on them. He is content with what he meets with in his way, knowing that if the road be painful, the journey is short and the end is sure. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

The Bible is our directory through this perishing world. In it we trace the footsteps of the flock—in it are set up way-marks, to warn us when we come near danger; and as we travel on, light and strength are afforded us sufficient for our journey. *The Holy Ghost shall take of the things of Christ, and shew them unto us.*

It is not enough to tumble over the leaves of our Bible—it is not enough to talk of the greatness of the promises—unless we know what part and lot we have in them.

What steps does a Christian take, who says he has no abiding city here? He *seeks one to come:* he does not only talk about it, and inquire after it, but he seeks it. Two men sit down and converse about a certain place—the distance—the nature of the road, &c., and yet never take one step towards it. But, observe, religion is a *seeking*—a *setting out*—a travelling.

We have warning every day of the truth of the Apostle's assertion—We *have here no continuing city.*

But we seek one to come. The eye of faith can see out of this dark world into a brighter: it has a glorious prospect opened; and looks, as Abraham did, for a "city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." See what a Christian, even in this world can discover! When God gives a man eyes to behold the glorious things prepared for him in a better world, he is often ready to say, (though a poor afflicted sojourner in this,) "Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace —for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

While every man is in pursuit after something, it is the Christian only who is pursuing SOLID GOOD.

A Christian's seeking a city, does not imply that he travels in the greatness of his strength—or that he has a smooth road: but, it implies that he is in earnest about seeking it—that he considers there is nothing else which can be put in competition with it: the language of his heart is—God hath given me great and precious promises of a glorious kingdom, and hath drawn my heart towards it: and shall I stay in the plain? I would fain sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven: then "all tears shall be wiped away."

A Christian doth not turn his back upon the fine things of this world, because he has no natural capacity to enjoy them —no taste for them—but, because the Holy Spirit hath shewn him *greater* and *better* things: he wants flowers that will never fade—he wants something that he can take with him into another world. He is like a man who hath had notice to quit his house, and having secured a new one, he is no more anxious to repair, much less to embellish and beautify the old one—his thoughts are upon the REMOVAL. If you hear him converse, it is upon the house to which he is going: thither he is sending his goods: thus he declares plainly, what he is seeking.

Christians who profess to seek a city to come, should demonstrate it by their conduct. If our conversation and hearts are worldly and vain, it matters but little what our profession is.

A Christian should remember he is not at home: he is only at an Inn, and therefore he should not be nice about the accommodation—the treatment he meets with. If we have troubles, distresses, stripping dispensations, let them be as a *memento* that we are not at home in this world.

Where religion is not, there is little to be found but envy, discontent, and dissatisfaction: a grasping after something greater, something higher, an eager pursuit after trifles. The child is not more delighted with its toys, than its father is with his fine house and large estate. All have their baubles.

Whatever this world can give, it can never give *contentment;* even when the heart has as much as it can wish, the thought of how soon it must be left, dims all its glory.

How guilty a state is that man in, who while he knows there is here *no continuing city*—yet prefers perishing in it, to seeking one above! This is not a mere spirit of carelessness, but it implies contempt—he will pay more attention to the meanest of his fellow-creatures, than to the grandest proposal made to him by God.

True pilgrims have no hope of entering the heavenly city, but through the blood of Christ.

Since the Christian traveller must persevere to the end, whatever be the road or the weather, however rough or dreary —for it is only he that endureth to the end who shall receive the crown; let him look to the cloud of witnesses who have gone before, and see how they were led; and let him stand upon the same ground, leaning upon the same arm, and rejoicing in the full assurance of hope that he also shall come off a conqueror.

Remarks on various Subjects.

ON CHRISTIAN HOPE.

We are saved by hope.—Rom. viii. 24.

The apostle is here speaking of the vanity brought upon the creation by sin.—We are stripped of *all ;*—but "we are saved by *hope.*"

Faith and hope differ very little except in the aspect of them: they each have reference to something *not seen.* The hope of the enthusiast is nothing but fancy: the hope of a worldly man is a lie—the mere bait of the devil. To all this the apostle opposes a *Christian Hope.* What does this hope do? Wait, in a constant expectation of attaining its object. If a man is to pay my debt on a certain day, I meet that man accordingly, in belief of his word: but until that time, I *hope* for it.

Faith is that which lays hold upon the promise as a ground of *expectation ;* Hope is waiting for the *fulfilment.* Hope therefore lies at anchor in the storm, and says, "Let the billows beat,—they will soon cease to rage; my deliverance is sure." Hope remains quiet amidst the ruins that are around, and even amidst those that are *within ;* and says, notwithstanding all, there is a door of hope, in looking not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen. "We reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." We are candidates for glory; our eye is upon it; and our hope waits for it.

Now what *is* being "*saved by hope*"?

The Scripture holds forth both terror and consolation. It says to the righteous, "it shall be well with him,"—well beyond all conception: but it also says to the wicked, it shall be

ill with him. Salvation refers not only to future rewards, but to deliverance from present troubles; therefore you narrow the ground by only hoping for something *future*. For instance, Moses was brought up at Pharaoh's court,—but he was saved from the blandishments, allurements, and snares of the Egyptian court by *hope*.

Thus every believer purifies himself by hope; or by a more valuable consideration, which enables him to abstain. Whatever philosophers may say, I never knew any one saved from the temptations of this present world,—but by the Christian hope. Lectures on philosophy, to prove that "virtue is better than vice," will not accomplish it.

But you ask, "How far will *necessity* do it?" I answer,—at a great distance, you may cover Windsor Castle with your little finger. Mr. Wilberforce says in his book on Christianity, "I do not know any consideration strong enough to keep a sinner from evil, but the principle of *hope*." Therefore, what does move him? *This more valuable consideration*—this hope—for which Abraham, Moses, and others went on, and gave up the things men usually make idols of. As St. Paul says, "when I was a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things." All who are not endued with the grace of God have *not* put away their childish things.

By this hope the Christian is saved from fatal error. He has a spiritual hope on spiritual grounds;—a certain object pointed out, and also the way to obtain it. How many snares have we passed through, which, upon looking back, we may see we might have escaped, and been saved from, by the exercise of hope. Without this hope, a man is the mere sport of the devil, by his power over the imagination.

So with respect to afflictions;—a Christian may say, these are temporary trifling things, and work a far more exceeding weight of glory:—but take away his hope, and he sinks; and flies to a knife, or a halter, in despair.

There is hardly any thing men have not weathered, in natural things, by a principle of *hope*. For instance;—in a mutiny on board a ship, the mutineers have put the captain, and a few adherents, into a boat,—with only a bag of biscuits, a compass, and a bottle of rum; it was calculated, that only a teaspoonful of rum and a small portion of the biscuit could be the daily allowance. But on the bare portion of *hope*, those unfortunate seamen were contented to weather, and at length

reached a Dutch settlement on the island of Timor.[1] So also through the whole of the Martyrology, the single principle of *hope* saved the Martyrs from belying their consciences. This saved Marolles.

The ground of a believer's hope is in every age the same. (See Heb. vi. 18.) It fastens upon Christ as the chief corner-stone; it is nursed by experience; (see Rom. v.) and as the Christian grows older, his hope is stronger, and he gets firmer footing.

The Christian hope is the purchase of Christ; and the man who has communion with the Saviour enters, even now, into the possession of this blessed hope, and is supported by it under the heaviest burdens. It is one of the privileges of the sons of God. By this *hope*, the believer is saved from guilty fears, and from the defilements of sin. For "If any man sin, we have an advocate." We cannot pass one day without assistance from this hope—of which the Scriptures furnish many astonishing instances: thus Nehemiah had formidable difficulties,—but he prayed with faith and hope. So in the case of Jacob meeting with Esau;—He might say, I can go through life with a shrivelled joint: no matter; I can be "saved by hope." David went as far out of the way as any man; but when God sent to him Nathan the prophet, his penitential acknowledgments being founded on evangelical hope,—he was saved.

"We are saved by hope, and we are ruined by despair. Presumption is equally a state of temptation with despair. A man who throws himself desperately into the sea, is not more *lost*, than the man who falls in, and refuses the hand that is stretched out to save him.

"We are saved by hope," as the soldier in battle is saved by his helmet. A Christian in the exercise of hope, can look steadily at death, and say, "O grave, where is thy victory?"

Hope is very properly depicted by an *anchor*. When the

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[1] This alludes to Captain Bligh, who, in the year 1787, sailed from England, in his Majesty's armed vessel, the *Bounty*, on a voyage to the Society Islands, for bread-fruit trees, intended for the West India Settlements. Returning laden in 1789, while at some distance from Otaheite, a part of the crew mutinied, under a sub-officer, named Fletcher Christian; and put the Captain, with the loyal part of the crew, on board an open boat; which, after a passage of 1200 leagues, providentially arrived at a Dutch Settlement on the Island of Timor, in the Eastern Archipelago. (See Gent's. Mag. Vol. 60, page 463.)—Ed.

seamen can do nothing else, they throw out the anchor; that is, they are saved by hope. So that a man who has this Scriptural hope in his heart, is, I imagine, saved *ipso facto*.

But there is a *false* hope, which is sometimes mistaken for the true. Look at Simon Stylites on his pillar: look at the pope prostrating himself with his cardinals: they are perhaps contemplating mischief while they are kneeling down: grace is not in their hearts: it is all a farce. You may *compel* a man! but this is only like pushing a dead corpse into form: you cannot make it receive life.

True hope is the confident expectation of something which faith has given God credit for; and in this point of view, it may be distinguished from presumption,—because there is a foundation for it to build upon.

If our hope be *real*, it will be *tried;* and the value of it will be known when the emptiness of all other things is discovered. The disciples did not apply to Christ till they were ready to *sink*. This is a strong picture of the way of us all. We have recourse to every thing else *first*: the man who brought his son to Christ, felt it was the last expedient; he was "saved by hope."

But a doubt sometimes comes across the mind of a person, with regard to the *attainment* of this hope. If I hold out a piece of money to a beggar, he takes it for granted that I mean to give it to him. It never enters into his head that sometimes I will give alms, but it is not certain that I mean to give it by holding out my hand.

Obj:—To those who say, "God is able to give me this hope, and therefore it is not my fault if I do not possess it."

Ans:—There is a perverseness in human nature disposed to follow the *exception* instead of the rule; and disposed also ingeniously to *invent* exceptions. If there is any thing upon earth which I value highly, I shall try to obtain it; otherwise it is a decisive proof that I do not want it. St. Austin prayed, "Lord, make me a good man, but *not now*."

Metaphysicians cannot connect the sovereign grace of God and the responsibility of man. I will not, however, go into their cobwebs: I will rather plead the Act of Parliament—"Why does he yet find fault?" He says he does; therefore he has a reason for it.

Both belief and unbelief are tending ultimately to one point, viz. an exhibition of the truth of God. Two things are clearly set forth in the Bible, namely, that man's salvation is entirely

of the free grace of God,—and that his damnation is only to be charged upon *himself.*

There never, I believe, died any one under this Dispensation, that would not stand speechless before God at the day of Judgment. None who could plead that they had not some conscientious struggles, convictions, or feelings,—though they might have stifled them,—if they were only derived, as Hopeful says in John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, *from the toll of a bell.*

From all this a corollary arises, viz. *That despair is a damning sin;* "Having no hope," said the Apostle, "and without God in the world;" that is, being without a desire *for* God.

ON CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

David says, in the Psalm, *Come and hear, all ye that fear God; and I will declare what He hath done for my soul.*

It is remarkable, that there is no art or science in which experience is not allowed to be of great importance. In modern philosophy there is scarcely any thing granted without previous experience. Men of science call for it; and if any thing is proposed that is not confirmed by experience, they deny it. A man who has been many years in a profession, observing effects, and trying experiments, expects to have some deference paid to him, because he is *a man of experience.* Why men should not pay a proper regard to a person of long experience in Religion, cannot be accounted for, but in this way—that every thing is impartially examined except religion: *that* is at once stigmatized by the term *enthusiasm*, or *fanaticism.* David says, *Come and hear, all ye that fear God*—He speaks solidly: he chooses proper persons; he does not cast his pearls before swine: he chooses proper occasions: he is a regarder of *time* as well as *truth:* he mixes good sense with good things: he does not enter into difficult points of controversy:

but he says, *Come and hear all ye that fear God, and I will tell you*,—not an idle imagination—but something *important*,—something that *concerns* you—the history of God's goodness and mercy to a fellow-worm—*I will declare what He hath done for my soul.*

A drunkard has been known to be stopping every one who came in his way to tell of his "experience:" dishonest persons, the same. Let a man talk as much as he will of free grace, and Christian experience; but does he hate *sin*, and seek deliverance from it? The greatest honour a bad man can put upon religion is to be *silent* about it—but never profess it. It is the greatest injury which religion can sustain when a bad man sets up for a saint.

It is a happy thing when we can, like St. Paul, say to our fellow Christians, "Be ye followers of *me*" in the Christian walk. I am in the midst of you: I challenge your notice: and "mark them who walk so." Observe strictly how we walk in contradistinction to those who are enemies to the cross of Christ; who do profess to walk; who wear the garb; assemble among christians, &c., and then he distinguishes them, —"whose God is their belly; who mind earthly things."

Sincerity is most valuable in religion, if you do not make a *title* of it. I have known persons who could tell long experiences, talk of extraordinary raptures and manifestations, make high pretensions: but I have had no comfort at all in hearing them, but far more pain than if they had talked the wildest nonsense; because of all things in the world, there is nothing so distressing, or shocking as a prostitution of religion. There has been evidently one thing lacking—SINCERITY—simplicity—singleness of heart—a good character—consistency—honesty; and if these be wanting, away with all religious talk and cant upon earth! It makes me sick at heart: a profane swearer is not more offensive than such a man, nor more hurtful to christianity. I have known others who would say but little—perhaps not very clearly discerning the things which they have spoken of—who spoke very humbly: I have seen them *mean much*: in their conduct, spirit and transactions, I have seen them *mean much*; and to such I would hold out the strongest encouragements.

We must rather doubt that a person has not the grace which he professes to have, than doubt whether, if he have grace, he is not the better for it: for true conversion makes a person fill up every relation in life better than he did before; and if it can be proved that religion does not make us more patient, more

humble, and more forbearing and forgiving, more tender than we formerly were, there is good ground to suspect that we have it only in name. We should always be careful not to invalidate our experience by our conduct.

It is a sad truth, that much harm has been done under the *name* of Christianity; for there have been hypocrites in the church in all ages, and under all forms. But Christianity cries out against every such false character; it still keeps its eye upon, and weighs actions by *the only true standard*—the word of God.

Although an advanced stage of grace shews itself by humility and self-abasement, under a sense of *what we are not*, rather than by any very high attainments,—yet there will be a *ripeness* in the fruit; our motives will be more pure, our dependence more simple: there will be less of self-confidence, and more of teachableness, patience, and holiness: there will be more lowliness and more love.

It is the duty of every man to turn back the book of his past life, and see how God has taught him to go. "I taught Ephraim also to go, taking them by their arms." Hosea xi. 3. "And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee." Deut. viii. 2, 3.

What is the whole experience of a Christian, but to teach him to look to Jesus? to raise his grovelling mind from earth to heaven?

A Christian feels, not only the necessity of going forward, but of going *apart*—of taking time for private retirement. The mere professor is to be found every where but in his secret chamber. What is a Christian, but a man who has access to God by one Spirit? A man who has divine fellowship? "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ."

Learn the importance of understanding the nature of what is called Christian Experience, or *internal evidence*. You must enter into the thing, in order to enjoy it. We cannot indeed say with St. John, "That which we have *handled* and *seen* declare we unto you:" but we can say what amounts to this, namely, that we have fled to him for refuge—that we can lean upon his arm through deep waters. This is a high privilege of human nature, that it is capable of such a friendship. It is our happiness that we may enjoy this privilege independent of time and place: it may be enjoyed in a dungeon; and though interrupted, yet it returns.

In order to distinguish this from enthusiasm, enquire, is your

experience agreeable to the Scripture? Does it bring forth the fruits of patience, faith, love? Does it humble *you*, and exalt Christ? Has it a holy tendency?

The hypocrite in the church feels that the mere *name* of religion does not bring this joy and privilege, and therefore supposes it does not exist, save in a warm imagination. No wonder that such are among the number of those who go back into the world, and say, "there is nothing in it!" But we deny the fact: there is a knowledge of God in Christianity—there is a sensible enjoyment of Christ—healing the corrupt spring of nature, and turning the heart from its idols: and putting this language into the heart, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of thee." There must not only be knowledge, but a sensible enjoyment of God before the heart will really adopt this language.

God forms a man for himself by *solid experience*. He leads him on step by step, giving him fresh assurances every step of the way, so that he shall know that he is in the right path: like St. Paul, he shall be able to say, "I *know* in whom I have believed."

The nature of that *assurance of hope* which the Scripture speaks of as attainable, which has been experienced by many believers, and which *all* are exhorted to seek after in the methods of God's appointment, is, by too many, much misunderstood. Perhaps many of those who say that they are so far assured of their interest in the gospel salvation, as to have *no perplexing doubt*, may have but a very slight perception of the evil of sin, of the deceitfulness of their own hearts, of the force and subtility of their spiritual enemies, or of the awful majesty and holiness of the great God with whom they have to do. Were their minds more powerfully impressed with just views on these subjects, their strongest assurances, (unless their faith was likewise proportionably strengthened,) might be made to totter and tremble.

Simplicity and obedience generally lead to assurance. Mr. Newton remarks, "I would not give a straw for that assurance that sin would not damp. If David had come from his adultery, and talked of assurance at that time, I should have despised his speech."

A solid experience may be estimated by its *effects*. It will surely make us humble, spiritual, peaceful, and patient. Those are to be pitied who talk confidently, as if they were out of

the reach of doubts and fears ; while their tempers are unsanctified, and their hearts sensibly attached to the love of the present world.

ON TROUBLE AND PERPLEXITY.

The Bible is a new standard by which to measure every occurrence. Who would ever have thought of *counting it all joy* to be afflicted, had they not learnt it from the Word of God? But he who carries the cross on his back, needs the crown in his eye.

Every believer has to meet *real* trials: therefore he should be careful to have real, vital faith, which will be sufficient to lay hold of God. God in Christ, is the rock of sinners: it is so *strong* that it is able to protect us from all our enemies: and so *high* as to be above them. We are led to Christ our Rock by humbling dispensations. (See Hosea xiv.) No man will prize the Rock like him who thinks of *sinking*. God says, "Set your face towards the Rock, and I will undertake for the billows."

The best rule a Christian can go by in dark and difficult cases, is to ask, "What would Christ have done in similar circumstances?' And if this is not sufficient, let him further ask, "What would a man do, who shuns the cross instead of taking it up?" And again, "What is it that calls forth self-denial?" These three rules will generally make any case tolerably clear.

True religion is,—"deny thyself," "take up thy cross," and "follow Christ." Human nature will do *any thing* but this.

There are certain seasons when it is our privilege to commit our affairs into the hands of God, and *be still*. "He that believeth shall not make haste:" that is, he shall not be in confusion, running hither and thither as one who has no resources. He shall stand still, and wait for my teaching :—not like one who is insensible ; but as one who is *dependent*. God says, Give me time, and trust, and you shall not wait in vain.

Every dark and mysterious providence is a special season in which we should *stand still* in the way laid down. If your

way is hedged about with thorns—if you know not where to fetch your next step—yet this rule will hold good—*Be still and know that I am God.* Say to Him, Thy way is in the sea, and thy footsteps are not known: but they may be *trusted.* The same may be said in bereavements: we should hear God speaking in that loss.

When death enters the house, we are made to say of laughter, "it is mad;" and to say it with *feeling.*

Satan is never more busy than when we are under the greatest bereavements. He then often suggests hard and unbelieving thoughts of God, and would lead us to think lightly of the efficacy of prayer; as though the Lord was regardless of the supplications of his people, or did not hear them because they had not what they asked for.

Many good people have said of laughter, "it is mad," but they have not been aware that melancholy is often madness. A gloomy drooping spirit is unscriptural; and the greatest repellant in religious exercises. Many have been disheartened by it: the enemy has made use of this with great success to frighten others, and to represent religion as *odious.* No man has a constant source of joy but the true Christian: he only has a ground on which he may *rejoice evermore.*

Standing still, is sometimes found the hardest work a Christian has to do: therefore while we stand silent before our King, we stand encouraged also that we shall reign with him. He endured the cross: therefore God hath highly exalted him.

"Enter into thy chamber till the indignation be overpast:" as though God should say, "I will take the matter into my own hands: I hold the scale, and the sword; and will maintain my power."

Beware how you enter into vain conjectures, and say, "This or that would be better." Rather say with Habakkuk, "I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what He shall say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved."

God may sometimes bring us into perplexing circumstances, but we more frequently bring ourselves into them. We are allured by some shining vanity; some darling idol; till our way is hedged about with thorns.

It is melancholy when men can only find out God by his judgments.

As servants we are called to stand in a certain place—we are called to stand *waiting*, but *expecting.*

A thousand cases will occur in life in which *haste* will mar,

and ruin: while the man who stands still, in God's way, has a prospect of making his way through the deepest waters. See Exod. xiv. 13. and 2 Chron. xx. 17.

That only can properly be called a *depth* when a man has lost his comfort in God. While *this* remains, afflictions, losses, and perplexities do not properly deserve the name of *depth*. A gracious heart cannot rest under the displeasure of God: a gracious man will always be turning to God as his anchor in the lowest depths. Some of God's people are so assaulted and tossed about, so tried and afflicted, that they may be said to be like persons out at sea: others seem to live on shore; but such can form little idea of the *storm*.

We cannot get on one step but in trusting to our great Leader. And the less sense has to build upon—the more obscure and intricate our way—the more should we rest with an unlimited confidence in Him who sits as a Refiner, watching over the gold while it is in the fire, that none of it be lost: and while He is refining, we may safely trust Him.

What a vast weight is taken off the believer's shoulders by his leaving all consequences to God! A Christian has done with—How shall *I* bear this trouble?—how shall *I* act in this difficulty?—how shall *I* get through these deep waters? He leaves it all to God.

Most of our difficulties arise from discussing what belongs to God: our business is generally allowed to be *clear;* and we may rest satisfied that His way is *right*.

God's way is not more obscure than our way is *plain*. His way is in the sea, and his path in the mighty waters, i. e., *untraceable*. *Our* way is to follow Him according to his revealed will. "Thou leddest thy people like a flock:"—This truth is of universal concern.

The infinite disproportion between God and us, should make us tremble at the attempt to follow him in the *deep waters*. God giveth no account of his matters: but the believer may give thanks and say, "He giveth me account of mine."

We have an account of what God is doing in *general*, though not in *particular*. He is using divine means to a divine end.

The faith of God's people is not concerned so much with his power, as with his *promise;* which is made only to faith. We know that God is *able* to do us good; and we know also that He is *willing*, because He hath promised it. There can be no faith where there is no promise; and where there *is* a promise, there can be no presumption.

It is a very natural thing for us to say in difficulties, "There

is but *one* way in which I can be helped." But this is our mistake; there are *ten thousand ways* by which Christ can help us.

It is a grand defect in the Christian life—that of placing the Divine Arm at too great a distance from us. Faith is a perpetual miracle: we do not enough mark its power and its effects; we do not enough realize unseen things.

God sometimes seems to say to us—"If within, and without, you have ever so much cause for despondency, yet—do not limit ME."

Whenever we expect special interference of God, it should be in the way of *prayer*, and reminding Him of his promises: for God never raises expectations to disappoint them.

Prayer is the believers universal remedy for all disorders *within*, and his invincible shield against every enemy *without*.

Frequently after God has mercifully answered the believer's prayers, and his heart is ready to be lifted up, there is sent a thorn in the flesh to humble him and to send him with tears and cries again to Christ. "I endeavour," said a good man, "to take my troubles to *Him*, who exchanges them for favours: He alters their *quality* if not their mode."

There is a time to *act* as well as pray; "Wherefore criest thou to me?—Go forward."

Let every Christian remember—he is to number his difficulties and trials among his *good things:* for without them, we should become like Jeshurun. See Deut. xxxii. 15.

God does not grant any place upon the whole earth for a believer to set his foot upon, so as to say, "*Here* will I rest:" but says to him as He did to Abraham, "Get thee out of thy country, into a land that I will shew thee."

"That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises." Our depraved nature wants an easier way, It cries, "Shew me an easier path:" rather cry, "Shew me a *safe* path." There never was a character who disliked the old way of going to heaven by faith and patience—by the way of the cross—and found out a smoother road, but matter of fact proved it was the *wrong* way. Infirmities may sometimes make us travel *slowly*, but we must take heed of travelling *slothfully*.

Christian patience, or the grace of patience, is an ability to suffer hard things, or heavy things, according to the will of God—and in this respect differs Patience the christian grace, from Patience the moral virtue. 1 Peter iv. 19. "Let them that suffer according to the will of God,"—that is, who exer-

cise patience as God would have them—"commit the keeping of their souls to him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator."

The fear of the Lord, and the comfort of the Holy Ghost will enable a man to encounter great difficulties, and bring him through dangerous temptations. See the history of Joseph, Gen. xxxix. 9.

Past deliverances should sound loudly in our ears in present trouble.

God sometimes suffers his enemies to make great preparation, and then shews them their folly, and disappoints their pride and malice; and that often by the easiest and most simple methods. Paul was let down by a basket over a wall. The providence of God was as much concerned in this as in the miracle by which Peter was released from prison. God appoints the bounds of our habitation: the *house* from whence Paul was let down, was on the town wall: the safety of Rahab depended eventually on her house being on the wall. See Joshua ii. 15.

As believers we should ask a blessing on every change of place and circumstances; much may depend thereon which may affect us to the end of our lives. We should accustom ourselves to connect God with every thing, both spiritual and temporal: we then enter into the blessed legacy left us by our master, "My peace I give unto you."

A Christian when things have gone wrong in his heart, and with the creature, and with his God, often gets into greater darkness and difficulty by endeavouring first to settle matters with the *former*, whereas he should first go to *God*, and then every thing else would soon get into its right place.

It is one of the highest lessons in the school of Christ to learn to deny the reports of *sense*. Christians are sufferers, to teach them to look to the *end*, and to give God glory *by the way*.

There is scarcely any earthly joy which we have tasted, and paid dearly for too, that has not left a *sting*, and cause for repentance. On the contrary, we shall go to the end of our lives praising God for things at which our hearts have recoiled, and under which we have trembled. What a contrast is this to the sorrow of the world which worketh death!

True religion is a blessed remedy which cures all disorders, and which sanctifies both prosperity and adversity. A good man in affliction is a patient under cure; and we can but congratulate him though the operation may be severe. That is best for a man which keeps his soul near to God, and teaches him his need of watchfulnes, and the necessity of keeping his armour on.

This should be written on the forehead of him that has to go through life, "There is a sanctuary in the order of providence." When the sea is raging, wait for a calm: act thus through all the vicissitudes that are constantly occurring: things are stronger than we.

We are called to wait through our dispensation: we must have the night as well as the morning; and it is the business of the Christian to go and state the circumstances of the night to Christ. We may tell him how difficult it is to call up our belief, and trust simply to his promises: we can tell him how hard the combat is with our corruptions, and how apt we are to limit and narrow the plan of God with respect to his operations.

Oh that faith could tell him these things, as though we saw him standing at the grave of Lazarus weeping! and as if we saw his tears drop;—remembering *they did so!*

If faith and patience can send to Christ, and *wait* for him, he can no more refuse to come to the believer's help, than he can break his own sacred word.

We may comfort a poor afflicted creature who is sitting in darkness, but we cannot give him *light:* we cannot do Christ's work.

Do we ever think of afflictions as a *kind grant?* A Christian should take care how he gets out of God's way to escape pain. See the consequences of such an attempt in Jonah; and when we act like him, God will arrest us as truants in his school, or else he will deal more awfully with us, and say, "Ephraim is joined to idols, let him alone."

When we are in the path of duty, difficulties, so far from discouraging us, ought to be considered as the trial of our faith.

Under any confusion and disorder of mind, we should beg of God that as he did once order and methodise chaos, so he would settle and quiet our minds. He that trusts a deceitful heart, and a deceitful world, is near ruin: but he that is able to trust the firm word of Christ, shall be *established.*

It is founded upon experience, that the Christian flourishes most in storms and trials. Every believer is ready to acknowledge the *danger*, and often the *loss*, of a long-continued calm. I never talked to any godly man, who did not prize the lessons which he had received, and the enjoyments which had been granted to him, under the severest trials; and who did not consider them, as some of the choicest moments of his life.

ON THE DANGER OF GOING OUT OF THE PATH OF DUTY.

What we call taking steps in life, is a most serious thing, especially if there be in the motive any portion of *ambition*. "Wherefore gaddest thou about to change thy way? Though all things work together for good to true believers, yet God will visit their transgressions with a rod. "Thou wast a God that forgavest them, though thou tookest vengeance of their inventions." There may be things occur in our lives, for which we shall smart all our lives.

It is easy to master an arrow and set it right ere the string be drawn; but when once it is shot in the air, and the flight is begun, the power to command it is lost.

We should take heed of calling every thing *providential:* sometimes things come before us as a *temptation*. See Jonah i. 3. We should not build upon *success*, but rather take a rule of *right* and *duty*. There is neither safety nor comfort for a man, but in the path of duty.

We must take care not to mistake our own will for the permission of God. Presumption often has the appearance of faith: it will often attempt the same things. The event will prove its false pretences.

All our actions take their value from their conformity to the will of God.

It is a serious thing for a Christian to *move:* he should wait God's call, and when he has it, *attend* to it; but *on no account whatever* go out of the path of duty. Never leave a *certain* command for a *precarious* one: see the case of the Prophet slain by the lion. 1 Kings xiii. 26.

If a man will venture out without God, let his advantages be what they may, he will blunder every step of the way, and fall a prey to the meanest enemy. "They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercies."

Holy fear is to be cherished as much as a low servile fear is to be avoided. We are never right till we can say in this or that—*God is in it.* In God's way we may tread on scorpions and not be hurt; but woe be to the man who thinks to go out of God's way, and escape being hurt! He must, with patience, tread the same steps back again.

A good conscience is tender, and shrinks at the approach of

danger. It ventures not in the way of temptation: it is like the sensitive plant: it cannot bear the very breath of the wicked. If it has been overtaken in a fault, it refuses to be comforted, till it is washed from its stains by "the blood of sprinkling."

There is nothing more common than for God to make the very person who has seduced us from the path of duty, the person that shall *punish* us, The man who refuses to be led by *wisdom*, shall be given up to be led by *folly*.

When you are tempted to step a little out of the straight path, and the enemy tells you, "It is but a little one,"—recollect that this little one is the budding of the root of bitterness —and this root will eat as doth a canker. Our wisdom lies in marking small beginnings.

It is a melancholy truth, that frequently a man gets out of the way of duty, and knows it not: nor will he be convinced of it by his best friends. Nothing, but "looking to Jesus," can restore such an one to a right path.

We must persevere in the path of duty although we are sure to meet with nothing but contempt and scorn. It is probable that the people of Jericho mocked the believing Israelites when, at God's command, they were surrounding the city.

Take care how you say—This way is impassable—let me go by some other. If poverty and contempt lie in your way, shun them not. Attend to the teaching of the Holy Spirit. Unbelief raises walls as high as those of Jericho: be not afraid, nor step out of the right path to get over them: prayer, faith, and patience, shall make them fall before you. The Christian's motto is, Watch! Endure! Wait! we are safe in suffering, but not in sinning. God is all-sufficient in the time of adversity as well as in prosperity. See St. Paul, 2 Cor. xii. 8—10.

Satan is ever tempting us to seek relief in some by-path: his language is—"Enjoy the world at any rate, and listen not to the calls of conscience." But our Lord's example teaches us, that no extremity should lead us to seek relief out of the path of duty.

When we have true grace, and true faith, we know where to find relief in all extremities.

Even in the path of duty—and with our eye fixed on Christ —and while simply following Him—we are liable to storms. See the disciples, "Master, Master! we perish!" If, however, we are not secure from *trials*, we are secure from *harm*. Christ is ever nigh his people: but the eye of faith is sometimes clouded, that it cannot see him.

Nothing is more opposed to religion than *idleness*. There is the duty that respects the soul, the body, the family, and society at large; nor must we quit our post because of discouragements. "We have toiled all night," says Peter, "and have taken nothing: nevertheless at thy word I will let down the net." We are only safe in following infallible direction —in doing as we are bid by Christ.

It is always the believer's infirmity when he cannot give God unlimited confidence; and it is his weakness when he trusts any where else.

Peter was "astonished at the draught of fishes;" (See Luke v. 8, 9.) It is the duty of every man to be found diligent in his business and profession: Christ puts honour upon the path of duty. The first step to the most profitable business is frequently taken in great fear and obscurity. It is the pleasure of God that we should show our faith by our *obedience*.

Men frequently enquire what is their duty, when their hearts are divided. If the heart is *simple*, it will put a name upon ten thousand things that are brought before it. Singleness and principle always produce uniformity of pursuit: see the miser. The schisms and separations which have arisen in the Church, have arisen from the want of this simplicity of aim.

There are some sins which appear specious and plausible: but these of all others the true believer most dreads—as *secret* poison is most mischievous.

The true servant of God cares not how he is employed, if he is but where God has placed him, and he is doing his duty therein. His diligence is that of love, and hope, and intense desire after Christ; an earnest seeking Him, and gratitude to Him: his question is—"What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits?"

A christian sets out on a special *warrant*, and with a special *dependence*. He walks by faith. "If thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence." It is the plan of God in all his various dispensations with us to *reduce* us to this. Our security lies in owning, and trusting our great *Leader*. We should make it a point to *advance*, but we should take every step according to *direction*.

MISCELLANEOUS REMARKS.

We are often saying of this and the other person, that he is by nature so amiable, that he seems to want but a step to be a Christian ; and on the contrary, such and such a person is so unamiable, that it seems beyond expectation for him ever to become a christian. But this is imitating the Heathen, who exalted Nature into a God. Human nature, in its most amiable state, is low and grovelling: it knows not its Maker. "The world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not." Since the fall of man, whatever is good must spring up under the cross.

We are often shocked at the heathen idols; but we forget that the greatest idol that was ever set up, is the *human understanding ;* which produces fond conceptions, false notions, and a thousand errors. It was the first sin of Adam, and it is found to be, perhaps the most difficult to overcome.

Man is a feeble creature, and whether in his fits of pride and haughtiness he chooses it or not, he is made to feel that he must lean *somewhere.*

A Christian is not told that he must not *use* his understanding, but that he must not trust to it, so as to make it an infallible guide. There are many important questions which it cannot answer: it can never of itself tell how God can be just, and yet at the same time justify the sinner: it is fallacious : it starts aside like a broken bow : it is corrupt and blind, proud and daring, and will often call a man to lean where he ought not. A wise man will not trust to another's understanding more than to his own : he will not lean on human nature: he knows it is a broken staff, "Whereon if a man lean, it will go into his hand, and pierce it."

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him : " thou art encouraged thereto by his stooping *very low* to acknowledge thee.

It is urged by Infidels, that under pretence of exalting Revelation, we insult and trample upon *reason,* which also is the gift of God. But they should show what is the use and extent of reason, and what are the subjects which fall under its

cognizance. Reason was made to *learn*, not to *teach*. What the eye is to the body, reason, or understanding, is to the soul. Eph. i. 18. The eye, though ever so good, cannot see without light: reason though ever so perfect, cannot know without instruction. Reason is that which knows: but instruction is the cause of its knowing; and it would be as absurd to make the eye give itself light because it sees by the light, as to make reason instruct itself because it knows by instruction. The phrase, therefore, *light of reason*, is improper, since reason is not the light, but an organ for the light of instruction to act upon. Nor do we any more derogate from the perfection of reason when we affirm, it cannot know without instruction, than we derogate from the perfection of the eye when we deny it has a power of seeing in the dark. Christ alone who is the Sun of Righteousness, has in him the perfection of light, even all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge; and it is the office of the Holy Spirit to take of the things of Christ and show them unto us. The things which are above, can only be manifested to us by the light which is above. What sort of revelation would that be wherein there is no mystery, and wherein nothing was told but what we might know without a revelation?

While error, and unbelief lie at the root, a sneer is often the sinner's best argument. See the unbelieving lord, 2 Kings vii. "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish." There are not a few, who would rather stand beford a *sword* than a *sneer:* duels testify this. But it is the property of sound judgment, to detect the difference between a sneer and an *argument.*

The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart: his words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords. Of this complexion are,—the cant of hypocrites, the charity of bigots and fanatics, the benevolence of atheists, the professions of the world, the allurements of the flesh, and the temptations of Satan when he appears as an angel of light.

We should get a well-grounded conviction of the vanity of popular opinion. "Opinion," says one, "is the queen of the world." Most certainly it is a tyrant which enslaves, and, in the end, destroys many.

He who lets the caprice of opinion be the rule of his actions will waver in uncertainty without precision or dependence upon himself.

The world does not want *me*, nor I *it:* My business is at *home*, and in a narrow compass.

Never oppose great names to divine declarations. From what God has done, we may collect what He will do.

As no great character should lead us to evil, so not the meanest instrument should make us treat truth lightly. Rather should we be willing to follow the smallest light, and use the least hint; especially should we attend to the most glimmering ray of truth, when it comes with divine authority. In so doing, God will send us further illumination, till our path becomes as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

We are equally in danger of making others a pattern for ourselves, or ourselves a pattern for others, and thus miss the true standard. "Call no man Master; neither be ye called Master."

When any thing presents itself as agreeable, desirable, or advantageous, always inquire, "How long will it *last?*" Few things can bear this mortifying question without shrinking.

Our difficulty as fallen creatures does not consist in knowing *what we like*, but in knowing *what is worth liking*, and *how* to like it. Some say, "I know what I like:"—so does the carrion crow that feeds upon a carcase.

We must not expect fine things to descend to us; but our taste must be made to ascend to them. Wisdom will not drop into the mouth at every yawn.

The vanity of present things, and the weight of unseen things, appear in proportion as we contemplate them.

Although in this world, our comfort and joy in the Lord is but like a *winter's sunbeam*, yet from hence we can form an idea of what is laid up for us in heaven; and though a poor and imperfect notion of the sun is given by its faint watery rays in winter, yet it is an idea which a *blind* man can never obtain.

One great advantage we derive from the historical parts of Scripture is, that they *embody* doctrines. We may see in the thief on the cross the nature of *repentance*. We here see that what the law could not do, was easily effected by divine grace. No doubt if this poor creature had been unbound, the language of his heart would have been, "Let me devote hands and feet, as well as heart and tongue, to thy service."

An ability and an opportunity to do good, ought to be considered as a *call* to do it.

Nothing discovers more the presence of God in the soul than *self-possession:* it is one effect of having put on those graces

described. Col. iii. 12, 14. The presence of God is a great antidote to fear. Ps. cxii. 7. Isaiah xliii.

The Christian's heart, like a clock, has a continual tendency to go down, and equally needs winding up again. Sabbaths are good days for this purpose; but the business must also be repeated *every day;* and the most advantageous time is the morning, before the cares and anxieties of the day begin to intrude. There is no better way to end a truly spiritual life, than daily to begin such a life.

It is but a partial view which many pious persons seem to have of the church at this day with respect to its ordinances. They are not satisfied if they do not individually receive some help and improvements from the preacher. They do not consider that going to church is rendering a homage to God: though that ordinance may impart much good to the hearer, it is rather intended as a public acknowledgement of God as a Governor and Protector. Sunday is particularly set apart for that consideration; it is an opportunity for manifesting our regard to Him, as God. Therefore there can be no excuse for our not frequenting the church, because the minister is not all we could wish. The children of Israel did not cease to frequent the Tabernacle, though Hophni and Phineas administered: they still made their acknowledgments. God has said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst." Abraham planted a grove: perhaps it was more convenient in hot countries. The sons of God presented themselves before the Lord: it is an act of homage: the place is nothing: it is the sentiment. The Israelites came only to the door of the Tabernacle, because there was no room for the whole congregation. I knew a clergyman who was so deaf that he could not hear, and yet would be in his pew on Sundays as constant as any one. I remarked to him that I thought he could not hear: he replied, that he felt it his duty to attend for example's sake. There is however no general position which will not meet with objections: but that is no argument against it; for the position is the same though *liable to objections.*

"We are come to the spirits of just men made perfect," and hold communion with them by our spirits. We have communion with them in their love to God, as children of the same Father—as claiming the same title—as having the same inheritance—the same blessed mansion; and we unite with them in the same praises.

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